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Collier's

OCTOBER 30, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

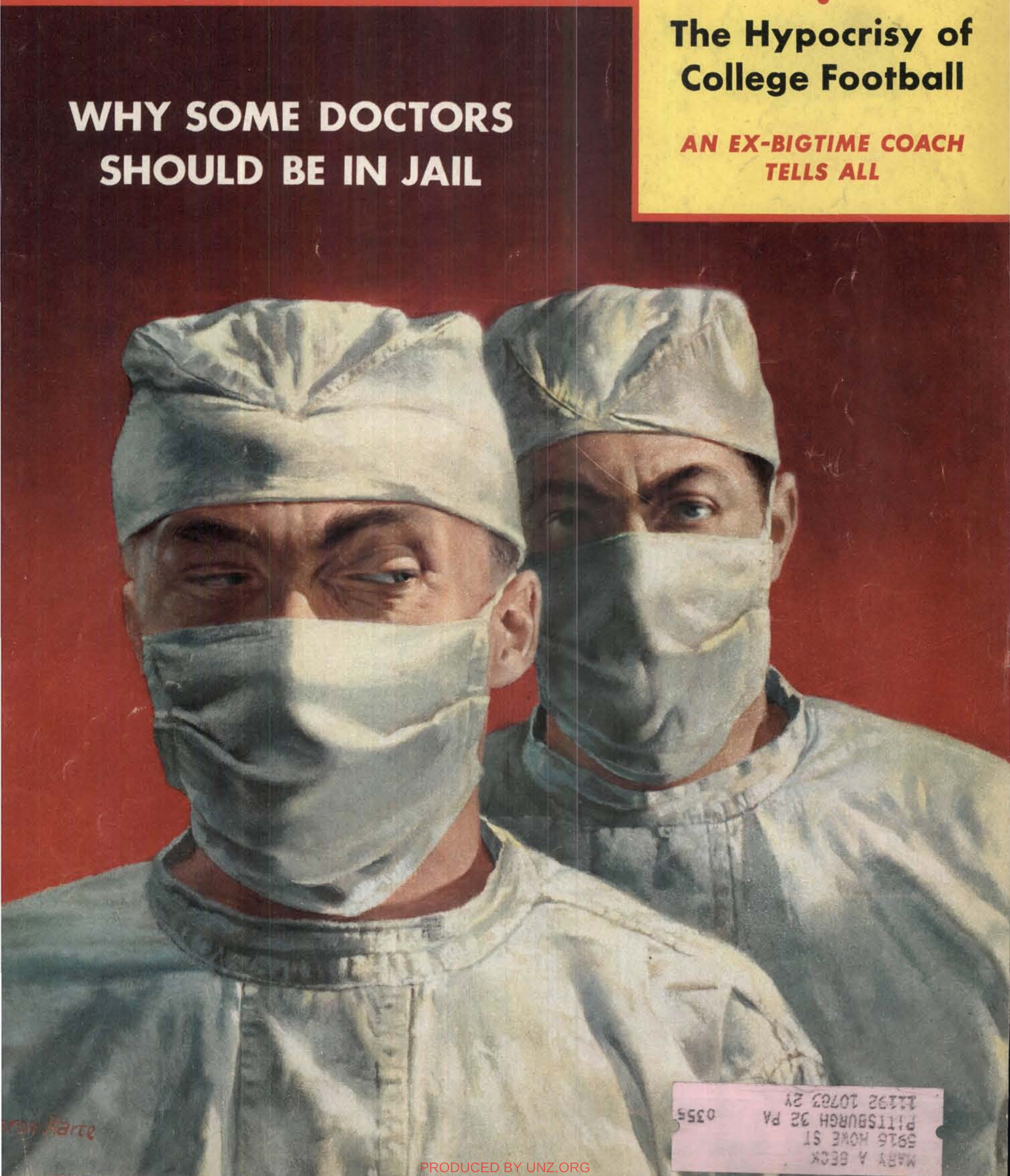
Inside Story of a GIRLS REFORMATORY

•

The Hypocrisy of College Football

AN EX-BIGTIME COACH TELLS ALL

WHY SOME DOCTORS SHOULD BE IN JAIL



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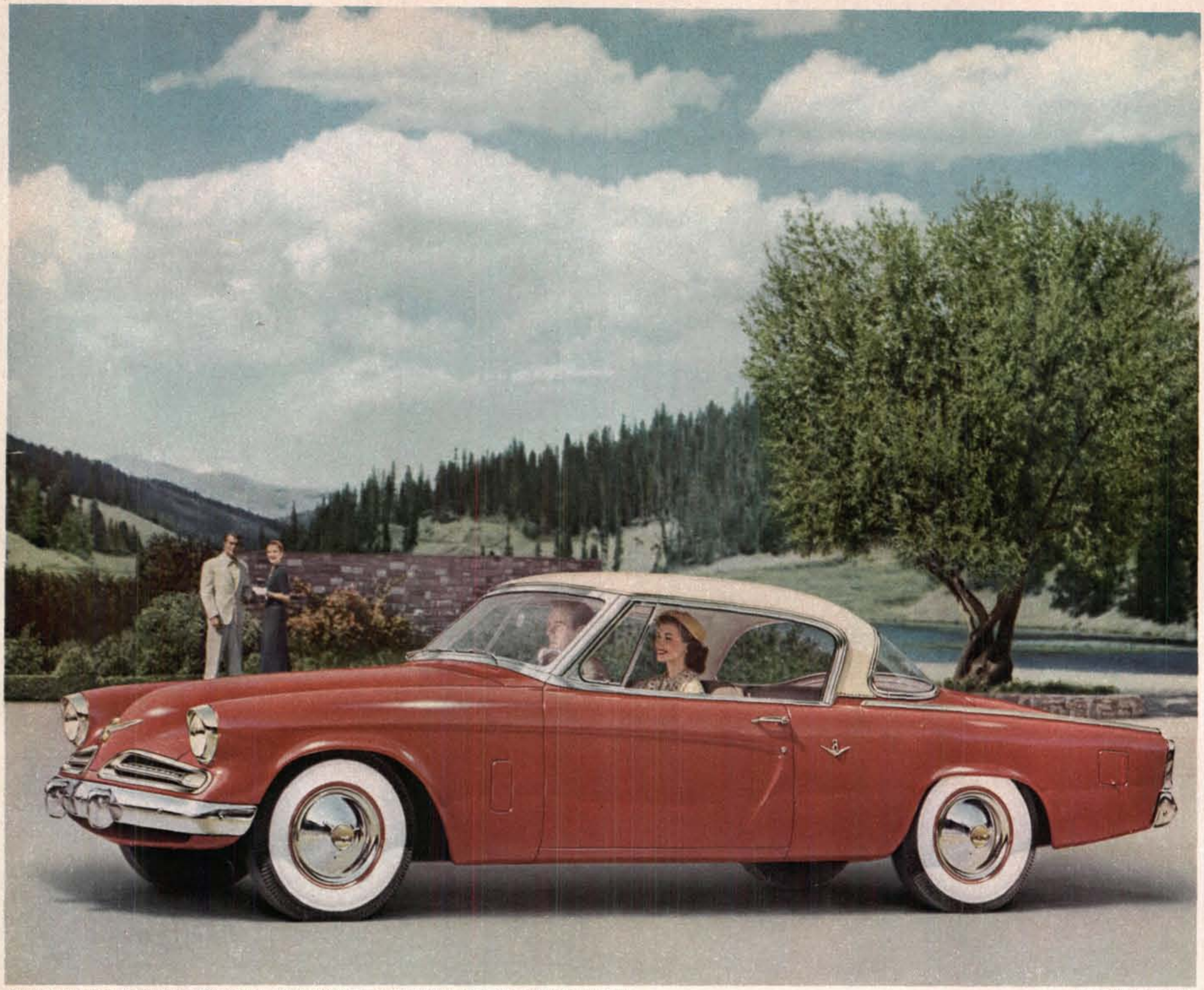

Studebaker Commander V-8 hard-top. White sidewalls, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

Actual color photograph.

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Noted New York school of fashion design names Studebaker outstanding in style

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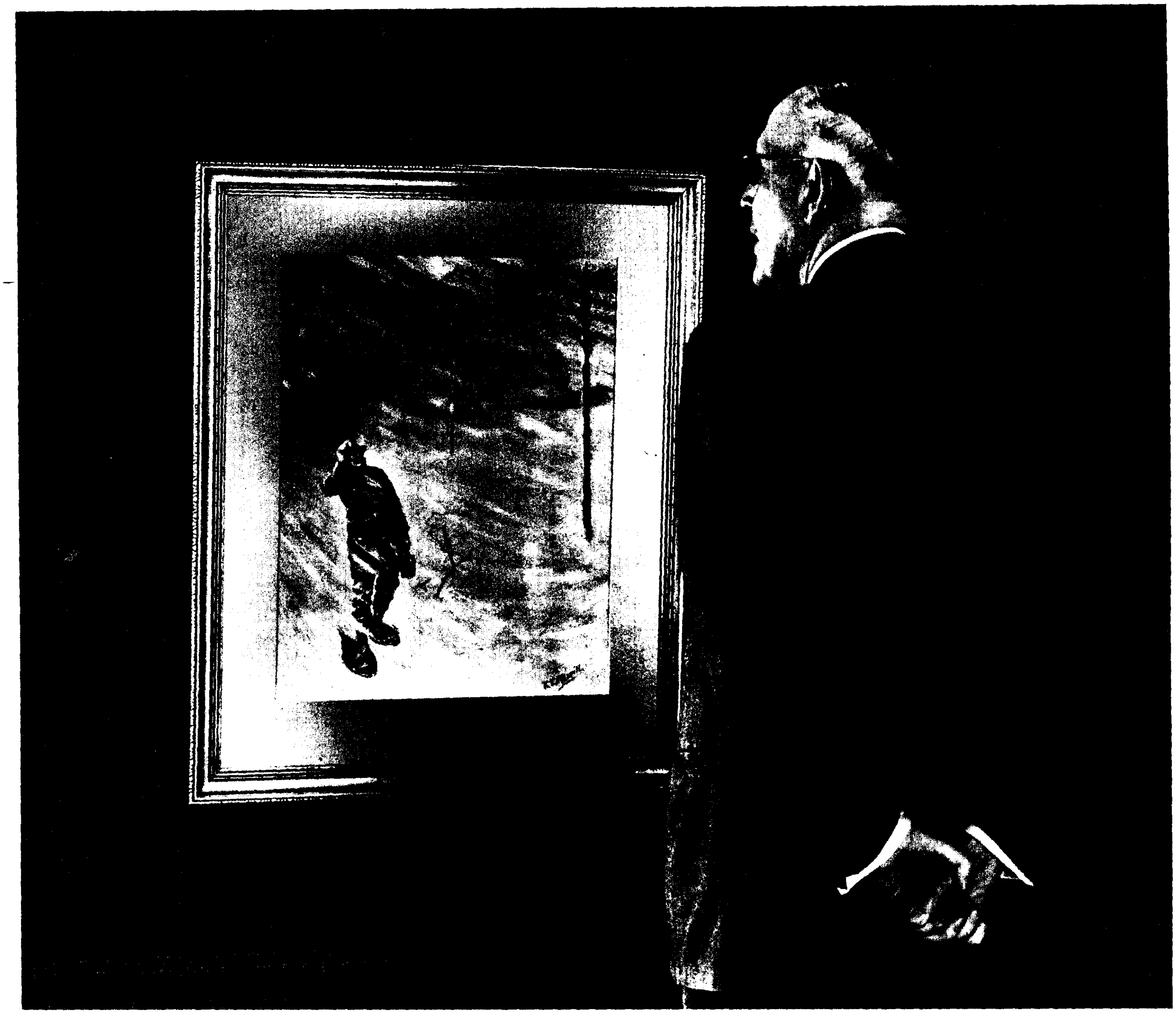

This photograph, taken recently, shows Angus Macdonald looking at the famous old painting, "The Spirit of Service," for which he posed after the great blizzard of 1888. Mr. Macdonald, now 88, has been retired on pension for many years.

Angus Macdonald Broke a Trail

Many telephone men and women have known the test of storm and fire and flood. One of the first was a young lineman named Angus Macdonald.

The year was 1888. The telephone was only twelve years old then, and Long Distance lines had just been placed in service between New York and Boston. Angus Macdonald was working on these lines when the great blizzard of '88 struck.

For three days and nights it snowed, piling drifts as high as houses, blocking roads, stalling trains. The wind and cold kept most folks inside their homes.

But Angus and other telephone men were out on snowshoes throughout the storm. Day and night they patrolled the lines, climbing poles and mending wires to keep the service going.

Out of their deeds was born a painting and a name for the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women. Angus Macdonald was asked to pose for this painting, "The Spirit of Service."

Today you will still see this picture in many telephone buildings. Today, too, you will still see the determination of telephone people, no matter what problems may arise, to get the message through.

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Collier's

OCTOBER 30, 1953

ARTICLES

WHY SOME DOCTORS SHOULD BE IN JAIL . . . . . . Howard Whitman 23
THE HYPOCRISY OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL . Jeff Cravath with Melvin Durslag 30
THEY'RE REDESIGNING YOUR LIFE . . . . Edmund L. Van Deusen 34
WHAT'S KRUPP UP TO NOW? . . . . Irving Wallace 48
TWO WAYS TO BE A WOMAN 52
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT AN HONEST MAYOR? The Ex-Mayor of X-Town 64
THE INSIDE STORY OF A GIRLS REFORMATORY. . . . . . Michela Robbins 74
IT TAKES EYES TO MAKE AN ACE . . . . Collier's Color Camera 88
A NEW ELECTRICK CAR . . . . Howard Cohn 106

SHORT STORIES

THE OLDEST ENEMY (The Short Short Story) . . . . Wesley Ford Davis 10
I LOVE VANESSA. S. A. Schreiner, Jr. 28
DIAMONDS IN THE SKY . . . . John Clare 38
TRICK OR TREAT . . . . Frances Shields 54
THIS HAPPENED AT HARVARD! . . . . Oliver Wyman 80

SERIAL

THE SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES . . . . William E. Barrett 92
(Part Three of Five Parts)

FEATURES

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Gurney Williams 8
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
ROOM FOR THOUGHT 16
LETTERS 20
EDITORIALS 110

THE COVER . . . . Aaron Harte

Fee-splitting—the practice by which one doctor agrees to share his fee with another for sending a patient to him—has been declared unethical by the medical profession and a crime punishable by a jail sentence or a fine by 23 states. Yet the vicious racket still goes on, and we, the public, are the unsuspecting victims. How wide-spread is fee-splitting? How can it be stopped? For the full story, read Why Some Doctors Should Be in Jail, by Howard Whitman, on pages 23-27 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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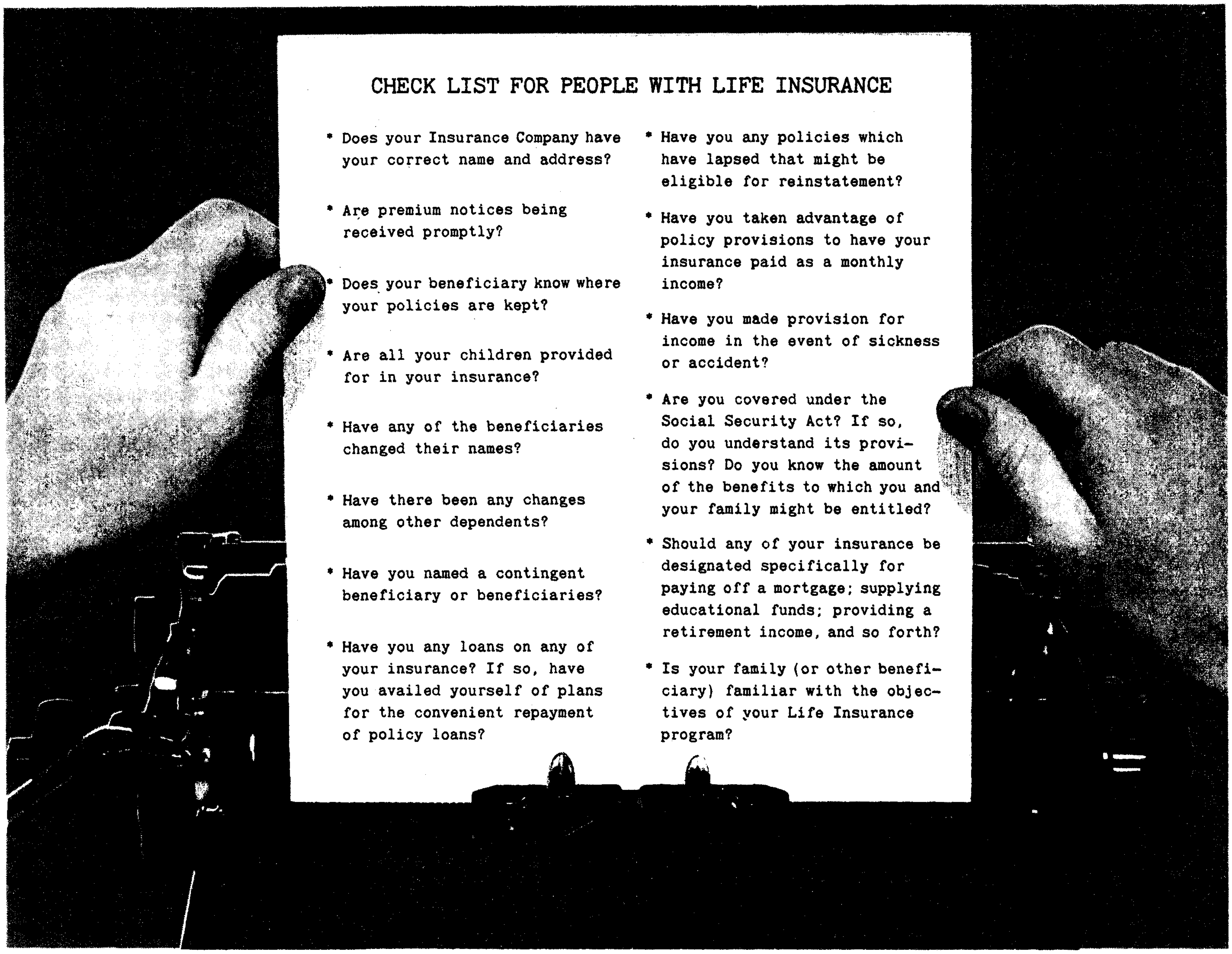

CHECK LIST FOR PEOPLE WITH LIFE INSURANCE

- Does your Insurance Company have your correct name and address?
- Are premium notices being received promptly?
- Does your beneficiary know where your policies are kept?
- Are all your children provided for in your insurance?
- Have any of the beneficiaries changed their names?
- Have there been any changes among other dependents?
- Have you named a contingent beneficiary or beneficiaries?
- Have you any loans on any of your insurance? If so, have you availed yourself of plans for the convenient repayment of policy loans?
- Have you any policies which have lapsed that might be eligible for reinstatement?
- Have you taken advantage of policy provisions to have your insurance paid as a monthly income?
- Have you made provision for income in the event of sickness or accident?
- Are you covered under the Social Security Act? If so, do you understand its provisions? Do you know the amount of the benefits to which you and your family might be entitled?
- Should any of your insurance be designated specifically for paying off a mortgage; supplying educational funds; providing a retirement income, and so forth?
- Is your family (or other beneficiary) familiar with the objectives of your Life Insurance program?

Is Your Life Insurance Program Up to Date?

How long has it been since you checked your Life Insurance? Is it still adequate to provide precisely the type and amount of protection you need?

Conditions may be different today than they were when you took out your Life Insurance. For example, you may have married, had additional children, or there might be other family situations which could require a change in beneficiary. There could have been changes in your business or other phases of your affairs that make it wise to review your Life Insurance program.

Listed above are some questions which you may apply to the Life Insurance you have in force. These will help you to decide whether or not your program is up to date.

It may well be that in order to find satisfactory answers to these questions you will need technical assistance. Any qualified Life Insurance agent will be glad to offer this assistance, but it would be wise to get in touch with the agent who originally helped you develop your program. In fact it is advisable that he review your program with you every year or so. Agents and companies welcome the opportunity to render this service because it enables policyholders to get the most out of their Life Insurance.

If you are a Metropolitan policyholder or if you do not have a Life Insurance agent to advise you, a good man to check with is your local Metropolitan Agent. Through him the Company's Policy Review Service is yours for the asking.

The intensive training and experience of the Metropolitan Agent have made him a competent life underwriter, capable of helping you review your program in the light of current circumstances. From the standpoint of experience, the average Metropolitan Agent has more than eleven years of service with our Company. Furthermore, each Metropolitan Agent has behind him the experience of his local district office and of experts in the home office.

As service to the policyholder is the very backbone of the Metropolitan Agent's business, you will find him ready and anxious to be of assistance whenever he can.

Get to know your Metropolitan Agent better. His advice will go a long way toward helping you secure, from your Life Insurance program, the greatest possible measure of protection for yourself and your family.

"They Even Put Waste to Work..."

EDWARD R. MURROW Interviews 5 Well-Known Oilmen—Hears How The Oil Industry Makes Sure You Get The Most From Each Drop of Oil

MEET THE PANEL:

I'm General Ernest O. Thompson, Chairman of the Texas Railroad Commission — a conservation agency of our state charged by law to prevent waste of natural resources like oil and gas. We set oil and gas production for Texas—controlling 146,000 wells.

My name is E. DeGolyer. I'm a geologist and an independent oil producer, Chairman of DeGolyer-McNaughton, Petroleum Engineers. My chief interest is in the exploration of oil and the estimation of oil reserves.

My name is George L. Parkhurst, I'm Chairman of the Board of the Oronite Chemical Company, San Francisco. I'm concerned with petro-chemicals and also with other phases of the oil industry.

I'm John M. Lovejoy, Chairman of the Board of the Seaboard Oil Company of Delaware. This is solely a producing oil company with a production of 33,000 barrels a day in various parts of the United States.

My name is John W. Newton. I am Vice-President of the Magnolia Petroleum Company, in charge of refining. At this time, I am also serving as Vice-President for refining, American Petroleum Institute.

Here are the highlights of Mr. Murrow's interview—one of the most important discussions ever held on conserving the nation's oil supply, and its significance to you as an American:

MURROW: ***Dr. DeGolyer—you're one of the greatest geologists in this or any other country—how much oil do we have available in the U.S.?***

De GOLYER: About 30 billion barrels in proven resources—almost 4 times what we had in 1925.

MURROW: ***Are we finding as much oil here as we're using up?***

De GOLYER: Available statistics show that, on the average, we have found as much oil each year as we've used.

MURROW: ***I'd like to ask—what's happened to the wasteful, old-fashioned gusher we used to see?***

THOMPSON: Well, in the old open flow days, every man got all he could under "devil-take-the-hindmost" production. That was very wasteful. Wells would blow their heads off, gush for a while, then go flat.

NEWTON: In 1901 in Beaumont, Texas, we had America's original gushers at "Spindletop." One flowed at the rate of 100,000 barrels a day, but only for a short time. In contrast with today's efficient practice, little of the oil in the ground was recovered.

THOMPSON: In those days we recovered only 25 to 30% of the oil in the ground. In East Texas today, by carefully conserving reservoir energy, we are not content unless we get up to 80% recovery.

MURROW: ***What do you mean by conserving reservoir energy? Is this a key problem in oil conservation?***

De GOLYER: It's the basic problem—keeping the pressure on the oil in the reservoir. An oil field has been best compared to a bottle of soda water. If the bottle is opened and the gas is allowed to escape, the thing goes flat. If an oil field is produced wide open and the pressure gets too low, then the field goes flat and you lose a lot of oil which you never recover.

EDWARD R. MURROW'S ROUNDTABLE on oil conser
tion practices brought 5 outstanding oilmen to his CBS Ra
studio in New York. Mr. Murrow questioned his guests (identif

MURROW: ***Would someone please explain to n
how oilmen inject gas or water to get more c
out of the ground?***

LOVEJOY: If your na
ural forces become e
hausted, then you ha
to pump in water or g
to provide artifici
forces. The best time
do this is before tl
natural forces are e
hausted. In the Ne
Hope Field of East Texa
natural forces were very small compared to the size
the reservoir. The wells stopped flowing before the fie
was completely drilled.

By putting in an artificial water flood before the nat
ral pressures were gone, we've maintained producti
there for many years.

MURROW: ***What are oilmen doing to conserve c
once it gets to the refinery?***

NEWTON: I'd like to comment on that. We've develop
new refining processes, principally catalytic crackin

For a new free booklet on oil conservation, "Oil Con-*Serves* For You," write to Oil Industry Information Committe

left) for over 2 hours. This entire interview was recorded on pe. Its highlights are reproduced on these pages to bring you e of the most important discussions ever held on conserving the nation's oil supply. The scale model of the oil derrick in background was used to illustrate technical questions on conservation in oil production.

kylation, polymerization, etc. and learned how to make etter use of gases formed in some of these operations. ompared to years ago, twice the quantity of useful roducts can now be obtained from a barrel of crude.

URROW: That's conservation indeed.

EWTON: We are now able to meet the requirements of e public out of 2½ billion barrels of crude yearly. ithout these many process improvements we would ave used about 5 billion barrels of crude oil last year. Also, oil products have constantly been made better. he fact that two gallons of today's gasoline do the work at three did in 1925 shows an outstanding achievement quality. This is real conservation.

URROW: ***Mr. Newton, I wonder if you could tell s a little about some of the other products you eople make from oil?***

EWTON: Petroleum products go into production of in-cticides, fungicides, antifreeze, detergents, etc. Today ere are something like a thousand different products f varying types made from petroleum.

URROW: ***This is down your line, Mr. Parkhurst. hat about the use of petroleum products in the anufacture of synthetic rubber?***

PARKHURST: That's very important. Nearly all synthetic rubber today comes from petroleum. Other things in the same general category are plastics, paints, textile fibres—great varieties of things we don't normally think of as petroleum products.

MURROW: ***Somebody told me you were even conserving the smell of oil these days. Is this true?***

NEWTON: Yes. There is one smell that is being conserved and actually being used. That's in the recovery of sulphur. With some oils, sulphur gases are generated, which we can recover and so make possible their conversion to sulphuric acid. This acid helps manufacture hundreds of products.

PARKHURST: That's an example of a by-product which was not only a waste—its smell was a nuisance. Taking that waste product and upgrading it into a valuable chemical is an excellent example of conservation.

MURROW: ***With all the thousands of companies engaged in the oil business, how much has competition contributed to oil conservation?***

LOVEJOY: I think competition is probably the secret of the success of the oil industry in this country. In the countries where governments themselves have tried to develop their own resources, they have been completely unsuccessful. To illustrate, in Russia they have not been able to increase their oil production materially over the last twenty years—and their oil potentialities are vast.

De GOLYER: The 13,000 small and large producers in the U.S. don't all think alike. I might look at all the data on a certain prospect and decide it didn't justify the cost of a well. Mr. Lovejoy might think differently and drill it. Even if both of us thought it was bad, there would be some third fellow who came along and drilled it. That's one reason we find as much oil as we do, and find it as fast as we have.

PARKHURST: Mr. Newton has mentioned new refining processes and improvements in products. This has been stimulated greatly by competition in research. Companies large and small, all competing to bring out a better product and do a better job of processing the crude oil, have made a great contribution—

MURROW: ***—So that good conservation practices extend throughout the entire industry?***

PARKHURST: That's true. Going beyond production and refineries, conservation never ceases. The oil industry has worked with the automotive people, equipment manufacturers and consumers to get better use out of oil products and to give better value.

Our lubricating oils have been improved to the point where engine overhauls are much less frequent. An automobile will go farther on a gallon of gasoline. Fuel oil has been upgraded by more efficient combustion and better oil burners. And, so, conservation extends from the oil in the ground to the final, individual user.

EDWARD R. MURROW SUMS UP...

It seems to me, that these five distinguished oilmen say this:

Nature has given us a wealth of petroleum, but it is not necessarily inexhaustible. Man, through his skills and ingenuity, has converted petroleum to his own use. And now man—the oil industry—is trying through sound conservation to assure us:

FIRST, that the maximum amount of oil is produced from each field.

SECOND, that researchers are finding new ways to provide new oil supplies for the future.

THIRD, that oil, once taken from the ground, is processed efficiently to meet the consumer's needs.

The one thing I already knew was that all this pays off in effective service to the public.

Hear Edward R. Murrow on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday; see "Person to Person," his new TV show, CBS-TV Friday nights.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Jeff Cravath, by Harry Devlin

OUR front cover habitually heralds what the editors deem the most arresting article in the issue; but now and again another piece, considered of more interest to more people, pops into the shop at the last minute and the art department perforce opens all burners to provide another painting (in this case, by Aaron Harte) in a hurry. The switch was made when Howard Whitman came through with his revelations about some doctors we have known. Not to deprive you of the cover originally scheduled to preface the revealing article by Jeff Cravath (written with Melvin Durslag) on page 30, we present in miniature the excellent job rendered by Harry Devlin, the able creator of many Collier's editorial cartoons, including that on page 110.

Since you have followed us so far, we now turn you over to writer Whitman, who is colorfully portrayed at the end of this column. "A great change has come over doctors," he says. "They're not so frightened as they used to be. Perhaps that's because the spook of socialized medicine is no longer under the bed. In gathering material for Why Some Doctors Should Be in Jail (page 23), I was pleasantly surprised to find the good men in the profession no longer acting like Dr. Milquetoasts but willing to fight openly against abuses. They know that loss of confidence in the profession results from trying to cover up, trying to kid the public, when the public knows better. Americans are intelligent, thinking people who insist upon knowing what's going on."

* * *

SPEAKING of reporters, Michela Robbins, who wrote the girls reformatory article beginning on page 74, asked us almost shyly if we'd be interested in knowing that the California State Board of Correction's investigating committee had her testifying for two hours on her conclusions about the institution. Yes, we'd be interested, we said. "By the time I finished the article," the author then informed us, "I knew as much as the experts, it seems. They all wanted to know when it would appear in Collier's, meanwhile holding up their final report." All set, now?

* * *

WE SHARE a small secret in announcing that the Oliver Wyman by-line on page 81 is the pseudonym of Olive and Wyman Holmes (Mr. and Mrs.), who met in the classroom of John Mason Brown's playwriting course at Harvard Summer School. New Englanders, the Holmeses collaborate on the typewriter, operated sometimes on the family island off the coast of Maine, or at their home in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where they live with daughter Anne (eight), niece June (sixteen) and mother-in-law Mrs. Cousens, who sweeps the manuscripts off the dining-room table when dinnertime comes around. This Happened at Harvard! is their first fiction sale.

* * *

ASIDE light from Irving Wallace, whose interview with Germany's Alfried Krupp starts on page 48: "Krupp is very inquisitive. If you are in his presence and pull out a gadget—a new kind of lighter, let's say—he'll ask for it, examine it, pull it apart, put it back together and announce he's figured out a way to improve it. He's a cool customer. While his $150,000,000 deal was in the final stages, he was not on the scene. He was skiing in Davos, Switzerland. Since my return from Germany I've talked to dozens of people who all think they know something about Krupp, but, generally, almost no one knows anything about him.

"Incidentally, for years I have specialized in these difficult, exclusive interviews. En route to South America in 1934, I stopped in New Orleans to talk to Huey Long, who was attired in silk pajamas, and whose lieutenants frisked me before I entered his bedroom. He told me he'd live to be 100. A year or less later he was dead . . . There were many others . . . But, getting back to Krupp, I think the facts will be eye openers for a lot of our citizens." They probably will be.

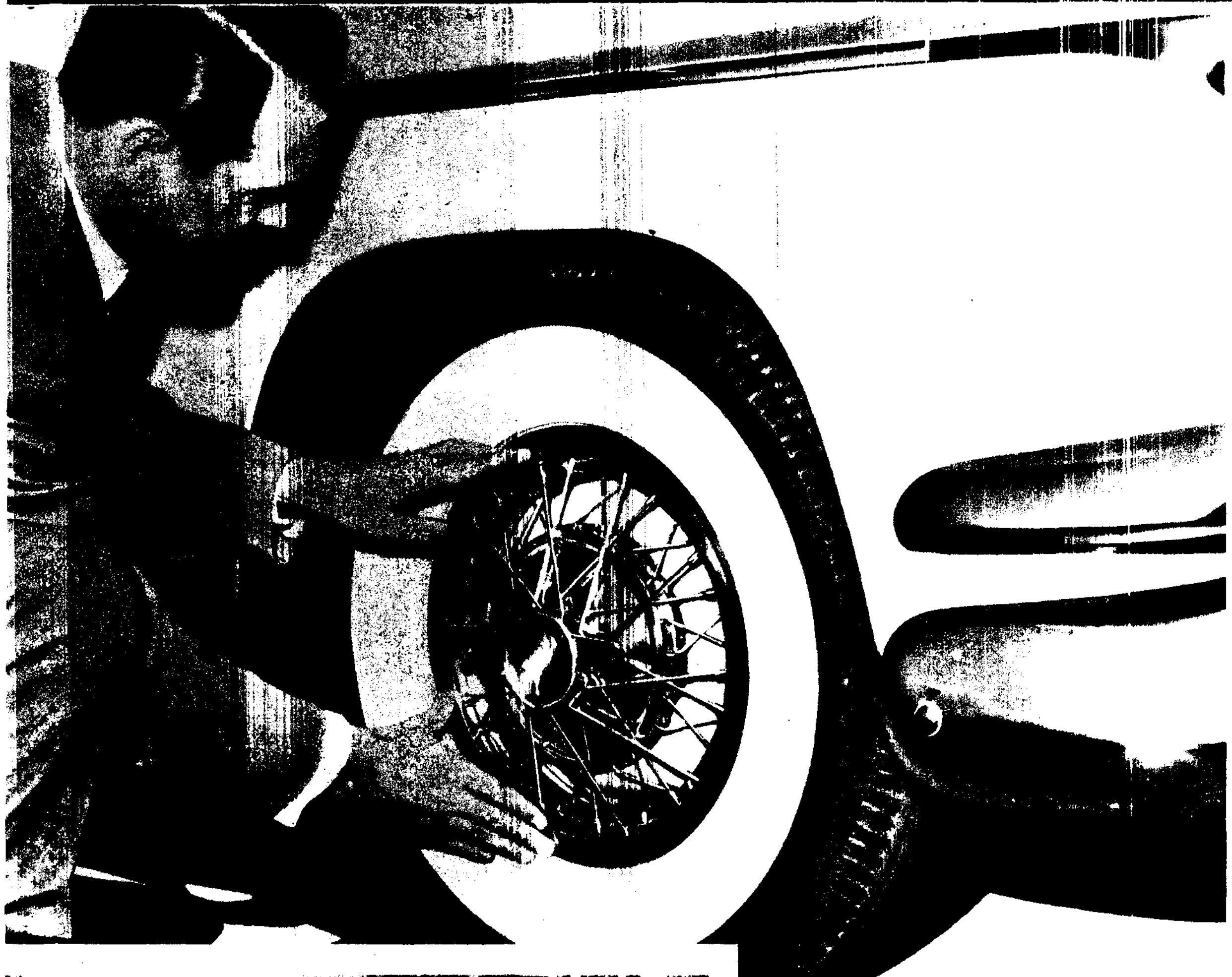
* * *

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance of installment three of William E. Barrett's The Shadows of the Images in this issue, bookstores will be selling—briskly, we predict—Doubleday's hard-cover version of this controversial story. So far as we know, this is the first time magazine readers will have been given the opportunity to beat the editors to the last sentence of a serial. —GURNEY WILLIAMS

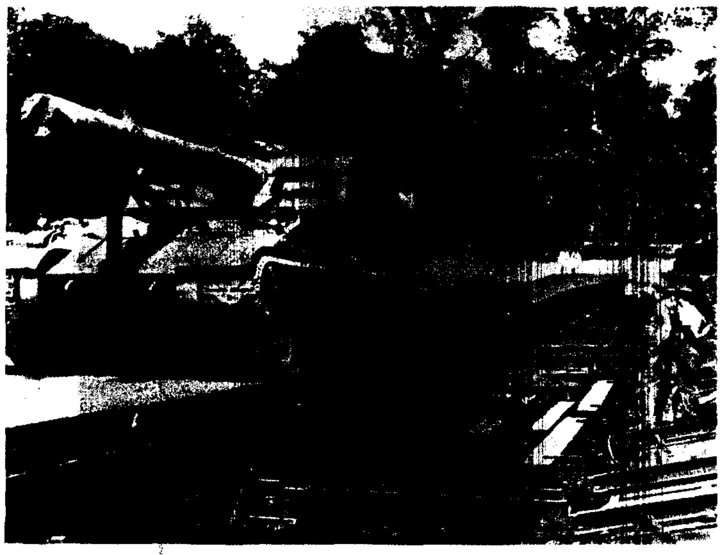
HANS KNOPF

Howard and Kenneth Whitman. Their collie answers to Sebena

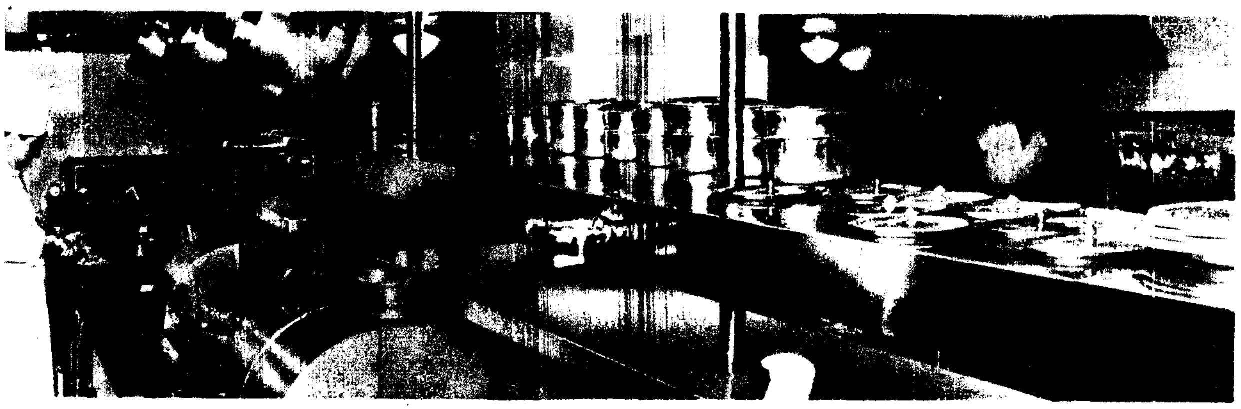
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well



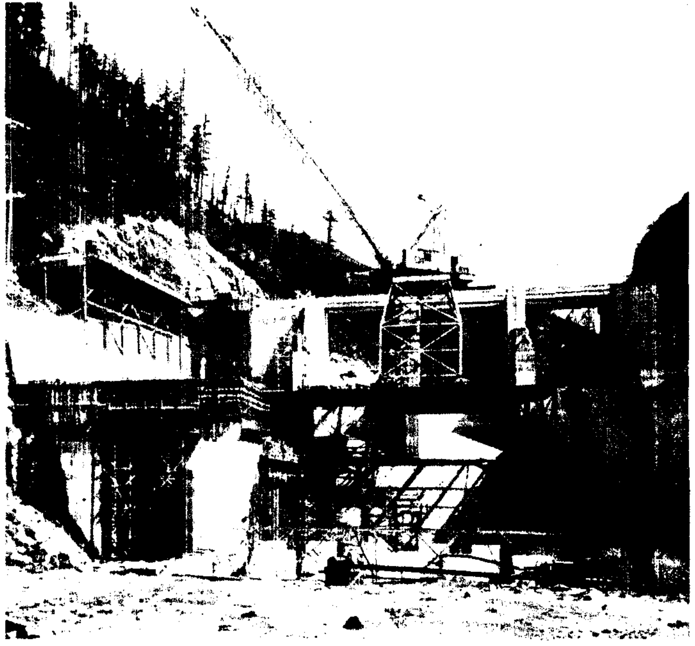
All Dressed Up and ready to join the style parade on any boulevard are auto wheels that wear smart new wire wheel inserts of U·S·S Stainless Steel. The qualities of stainless steel are exactly right for uses such as this. For stainless steel is strong yet light in weight; it resists corrosion; it stays bright and new-looking.



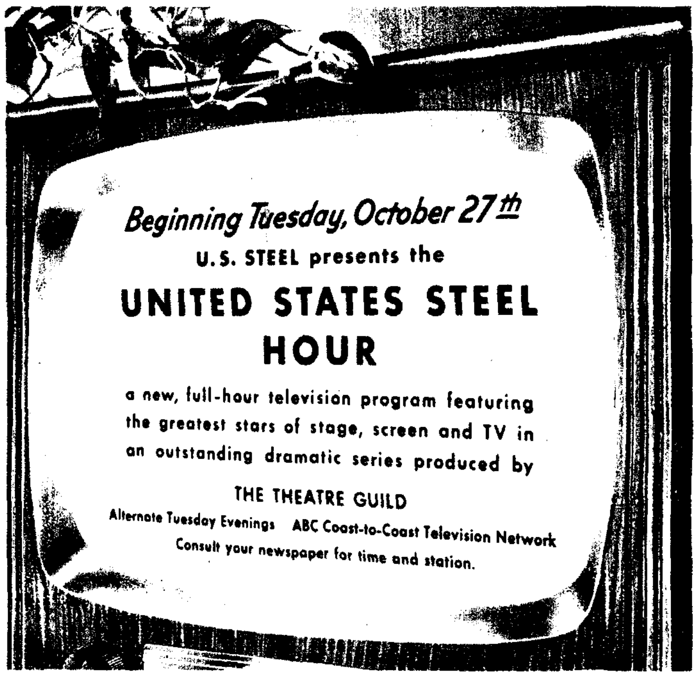
Wider, Stronger Bridges that can be erected quickly are needed by the Army today—because of larger, heavier mechanized equipment and the necessity for rapid movement. Here's one of the new Division Floating Bridges undergoing a gruelling load test . . . bearing the enormous weight of a motor gun carriage. Many of these Army bridges are floored with U·S·S I-Beam-Lok Steel Flooring.



Back-stage . . . at a Restaurant Here you see what's behind the scenes at one of the finest of Los Angeles restaurants. And what's behind the scenes is U·S·S Stainless Steel . . . sparkling, easy-to-keep-spotless stainless steel kitchen equipment that helps to guard food flavors, helps to assure maximum cleanliness, helps to make kitchen tasks easier and more sanitary.



Big Cliff Dam in Oregon, like most modern dams, is arresting evidence of the truth that only steel can do so many jobs so well. For steel plays a vital part in all phases of construction and operation: from steel craneways to enormous penstocks; from huge steel gates to countless steel reinforcing bars buried in the concrete. Big Cliff Dam is 180 feet high from foundation to deck, 295 feet long.



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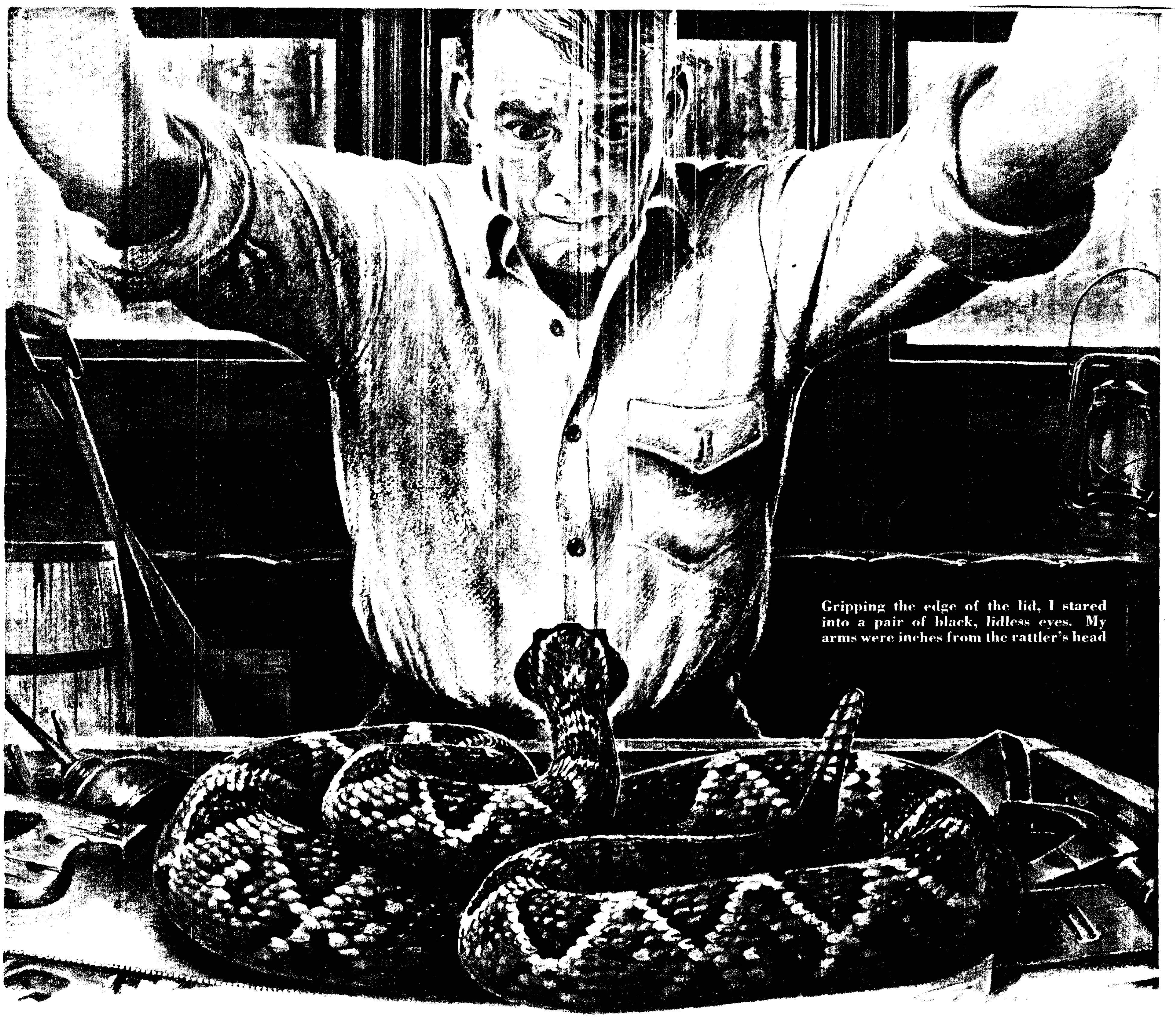

Gripping the edge of the lid, I stared into a pair of black, lidless eyes. My arms were inches from the rattler's head

THE OLDEST ENEMY

By WESLEY FORD DAVIS

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

I OUGHT to have changed to a pistol long before Red Gannett finished his time up at Raiford and came back, but I put it off. I had always used a rifle. A rifle will kill a snake or a deer, a rat or a man. There's one drawback though: you have to carry a rifle in your hands or slung over your shoulder, and there comes a time when a man, even a careful man, will lay it down or lean it against a tree.

But now it was too late to change. Red Gannett was back and he would come for me. I knew that. All that day, while the rain fell in a slow, steady drizzle, I waited in the cabin, with the door bolted and a straight chair by each of the two windows, placed a few feet back so that I could look out without being seen. Since a little before daylight I had sat in first one chair and then the other, watching, with the rifle across my knees.

I wasn't afraid. I just wanted a fair shake when he came. I knew Red Gannett as well as I knew my own brothers, almost as well as I knew myself. If he had decided to kill a man, he would kill him like he would a rattlesnake or a panther.

My brother Ben had come just before daylight. It had taken him most of the night to ride the eighteen rough, wet miles from his place over on Lake Okeechobee, but I wouldn't listen to any of his arguments. He said that Red Gannett was worse than a rattlesnake because a rattlesnake will sometimes give a man a warning. He offered to stay with me a few days or have me come to his place for as long as I wanted. But I said no. And he made a last try. He said, "Maybe I could head him off, Ad. Maybe I could make him see that you had nothing to do with him gettin' caught and sent up."

I shook my head. "You know better than that,

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Ben," I said. "Ain't nothing you could say to make Red Gannett believe what he decided not to believe." And so I sent him back home.

Just before dark the rain stopped, and from the edge of the pinewoods came the croaking of a rain crow. The tree frogs joined in, their trilling getting louder and shriller—which was a pretty good sign the weather had cleared, for a few hours anyway. I decided I better do something about the windows before dark.

I had never bothered to put latches or bolts on the wooden shutters. When they had to be closed I propped them shut from the outside with a board. Now I decided to nail them up. My tools were out back, about a hundred feet from the shack.

Opening the door quickly, I stood to one side, listening to the frogs. I went out and made for the tool shed, holding the rifle high and ready.

My tool shed was the discarded body of a big yellow school bus. When the owner junked it, I bought the body cheap and had it hauled in. It had a good top and good glass and it was watertight. It was set on blocks a foot clear of the ground, and as I stooped to enter the door at one end, I set the rifle down, leaning it against the bus.

Even as I did it I knew it was a foolish thing to do. But I figured it would take me about a quarter of a minute to get the tools and be outside again.

The old bus was my workshop for sitting work, like mending traps and saddles. The two long seats that ran the length of the bus on each side were useful and comfortable. They were hinged to swing up like the lid of a box, to make more floor space, and, once released, the strong spring hinges held them tight against the wall.

My tools were in a shallow box without a lid, shoved up under one of the long seats. I dropped to my knees and raised up the seat until the spring hinges caught. Then I froze. Gripping the edge of the leather-cushioned seat, I stared between my arms into a pair of black, lidless eyes. My bare arms were only ten or twelve inches from the head of a coiled rattler.

I couldn't move. My mind said: The long rain. He crawled in here to keep dry.

MOST things are reasonable; they may mean death but there's some sense to them. The snake made sense. My mind was still telling itself why the rattler was there when a voice spoke from just outside the door—Red Gannett's voice, slow and easy and sure, with each separate word like a blow on the head: "All right, Adam Jarrad, come on out. I know you're in there."

Then there was silence. The tree frogs had stopped. A quiet trickle of sweat started at my left temple and ran down toward my eyebrow. Red Gannett spoke again: "You oughtn't to've left your gun out here."

Staring at the rattler's eyes I saw, now, not just the rattler's head inches away, but at the same time I saw the man outside, with a rifle of his own and my rifle leaning against the bus.

Then I almost laughed out loud. The man outside, he wouldn't believe it. If Red Gannett knew what was going on in here, I thought, he wouldn't believe it. Then he was speaking again: "What are you waiting for in there? You want me to shoot you in the back of the head? I'm looking at you through one of the windows." And again I almost laughed out loud. All he could see was the top of my head.

I looked into the eyes of the rattler and listened to the man with a rifle and thought of my own rifle. I had one advantage over Red Gannett. I could see the whole picture. He could see my rifle and just the top of my head. I had to gamble twice—both long shots, but I took them.

A rattler strikes fast, but not as fast as most people think. He can strike faster than a man who's on his knees with a low roof over his head; but a man can move his hand fast.

But he was coiled, his head raised, his neck like the letter S. Suddenly the S curve tightened, to strike. My right hand moved, across and down like I was picking up a housefly off the smooth top of a table. I took him just below the head and squeezed him. He twisted and uncoiled, and the tremor of his uncoiling was like an electric shock through my arm and down my back. But I held him, with his jaws open and his curved fangs extended.

I GOT up and walked as fast as I could, crouched over, to the door. As I walked, squeezing his neck, he began to rattle. He shook his rattles like dry peas in a paper sack, and it was like the clicking and whirring was inside my arm. But I kept walking and squeezing him, and the sound filled the bus like a whole flight of locusts. And I thought: Let him listen to this! "I'm coming out, Red Gannett," I hollered.

I moved through the doorway fast, jumping clear of the single step, and flung the snake at his face.

It didn't hit him. I hadn't hoped for that. But, by damn, it gave him something to do while I went for my rifle. He jumped back and I heard his shot almost at once, a quick snap shot without sighting. And as I spun to face him again, my hand was squeezing the stock and the trigger of my rifle. But I didn't fire. Slowly my hands relaxed.

Red Gannett stood with the butt of his rifle resting on the ground, his hands on the muzzle, trembling. The rattler lay writhing, its rattle whirring faintly, one side of its head shot away. Beneath the flaming hair, Red Gannett's face was like a sheet, the freckles on his face like daubs of mud.

He stood silent, staring at the ground, waiting for me to shoot. Finally he looked up, his hands steady now, the color returning to his face. "You can kill me if you want to," he said slowly, "but you don't need to. I won't be fooling with you any more."

I didn't answer; I just watched him while I held the rifle on him. He went on talking: "When you figure you've got a man cornered like a rat, and he comes at you waving a big rattler, it's sort of like getting a *sign*."

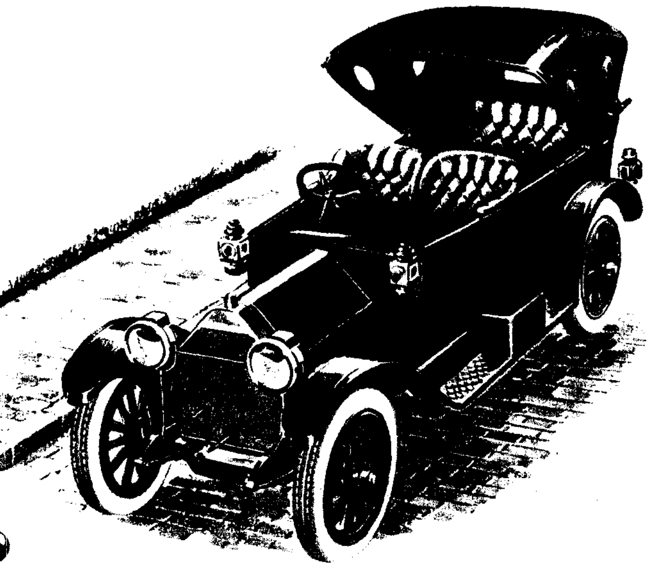
I watched his face closely. I had already gambled twice, both long shots, once on the nature of snakes and once on the nature of a man. I had won on both. I figured I knew Red Gannett well enough to gamble on him again. I said, "All right, turn around and start walking."

He walked into the darkening pinewoods. I never saw him again.

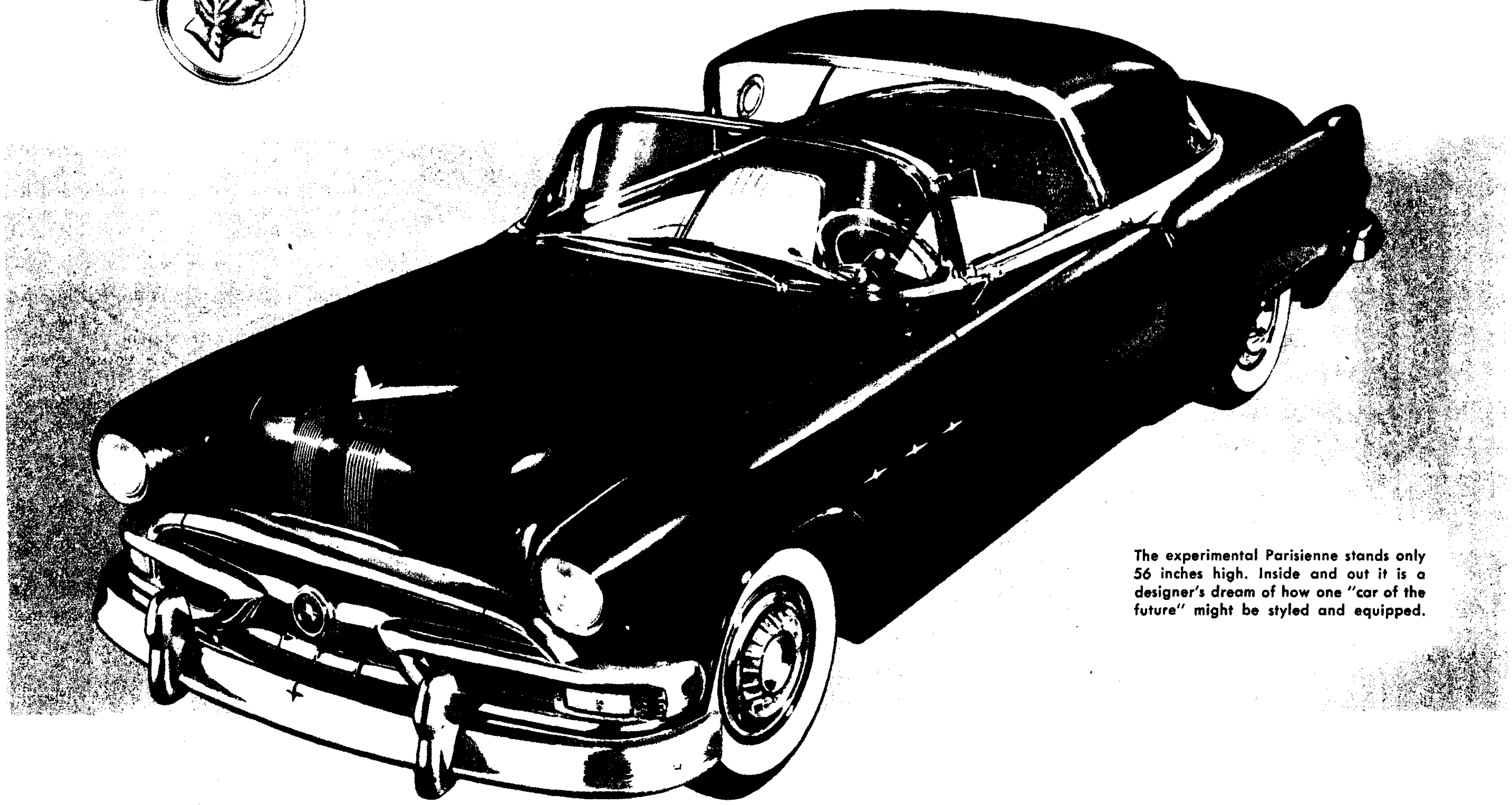
—WESLEY FORD DAVIS

From OAKLAND "Victoria"

To Pontiac PARISIENNE



The Oakland Model "40" Victoria was a style leader of its day. Priced at $1450, the top was extra. It had no windshield.



The experimental Parisienne stands only 56 inches high. Inside and out it is a designer's dream of how one "car of the future" might be styled and equipped.

ACs Have Been Factory Equipment On Nearly as Many New Cars as All Other Makes Combined

Two widely separated pages from the same style book—one of Pontiac's predecessors, the 1912 Oakland Victoria — and the proud Pontiac Parisienne—both sparked by AC.

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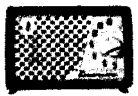
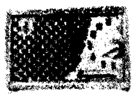
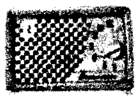
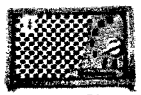

Forest Green

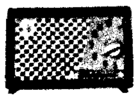

Sand

Hot Chocolate

Cloud Grey


Willow Green


Cerulean Blue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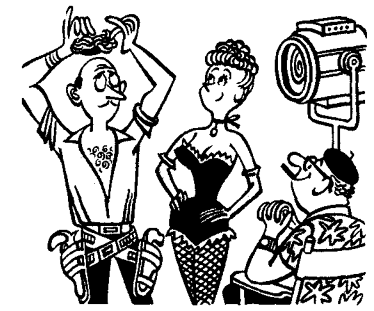
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. S. Hyman, of San Diego, California, notifies us that a character in San Francisco makes daily visits to antique shops, looks around and then asks the proprietor: "What's new?"

★ ★ ★

It's all very well for those scientists to announce that bald-headed guys are more virile than their nature-thatched brothers, but our West Coast bureau assures us that Hollywood has as yet issued no orders to male stars to get rid of their toupees.



★ ★ ★

Understand they're having quite a little trouble with those Georgia mules sent to Palestine farms. Instead of being told to whoa, giddap, gee and haw, they're being urged to *amod, lech, jemina* and *smole*. Mules just ain't responding. Maybe it's because they miss the Southern accent.

★ ★ ★

All kinds of deep and cosmic thinking going on all round us. For example, we've just caught a paragraph in a Montana newspaper which tells us that "the reason government is more expensive today than it was when George Washington was President is that the country is much bigger."

★ ★ ★

We don't know whether the lady's name *is* Mrs. Delicious McNamara, but that's the name she gives us in her letter from St. Louis. What we're getting at is that she says there's a saloon in a nearby town with a sign notifying the public that it's The Office. Very popular place to have been detained in should you arrive home late for dinner and need an explanation.

★ ★ ★

One of the better points about flying to Europe at 600 miles an hour is that you get there so soon you will not have had time to forget why you were going there so fast. The man who told us this was badly damaged when run down by a perambulator.

★ ★ ★

Last time we dropped in on Mr. Leslie Scott, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, he was deep in a mess of caloric figuring. Mr. Scott had found that while walking at a fairly fast clip, you are burning up 1.95 calories per pound of body weight. Going downstairs, you dispose of 2.38. Going upstairs, you spend 7.18. But if you just lie down on the nearest couch, it costs you only 0.5 calories. Just the paperwork required to arrive at all this information incinerated 5.47 of Mr. Scott's best. So letting himself down gently on the nearest couch, he told us the moral: It's a great waste of energy to keep the stuff in the cellar.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Grover C. Hall, Jr., editor of the Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser, received a letter from a young lady asking his opinion on The Attitudes and Opinions of Composers and Critics toward the Functions and Criteria of Musical Criticism. Mr. Hall replied in an editorial a bit too long for reproduction here, but made it clear that it is a most pertinent situation and that he certainly has one.

★ ★ ★

Just in case you're interested in another reason why Alaska has not yet been admitted to statehood, listen. Such action by Congress would reduce Texas to the humiliation of being second largest and our guess is that the Eisenhower administration refuses to offend its Lone-Star friends.

★ ★ ★

Feeling that you may be too busy to run down to Lake Jackson, Texas, to see for yourself, old 48 assures you that there is one street there named This Way. Also another called That Way. You may take either, depending on which way you want to went.

★ ★ ★

Being in a sort of informational mood, the Census Bureau notified Mr. John J. Appeltower that the average farm family travels six miles to do its shopping. From his home in Chicago, Mr. Appeltower came right back at the Census Bureau with the information that he drives farther than that just to find a place to park.

★ ★ ★

Two touring Yankees were having road trouble in western Virginia and asked an ancient native how to get to Richmond. Native asked where they'd come from. They said Massachusetts. He said: "Seems you found it in 1863. Let's see you find it now." ▲▲▲

IRWIN CAPLAN

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Because only Lee is so new...all the way through!

duck's back has nothing on a Lee!
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Fact is—you haven't bought a really new hat in 25 years! You couldn't! Nobody's made a really new hat since Grandpa chucked his derby!

First new-all-the-way-through man's hat is the Lee of '53. Mister, you're in for a surprise!

Today, your Lee Hat is Pre-shaped to hold its shape *forever!* Crumple it, *crush it*—a finger flick pops it back into shape!

Lee's soft luxury conceals the tough ruggedness of fur fibres imported all the way from Australia's bush country. Lee's exclusive Water Bloc process interlocks these fibres so stubbornly a Hercules couldn't pull them apart.

See the Lee of '53 today—the kind of value that makes $7.50 to $15 buy the best hat you ever owned!

A great new Lee "Adventure" *(above)—introducing a new hat-wearing experience for millions! Wonderfully lightweight, with comfort and durability built in for keeps! $10.*

Why take less than the best . . . why take less than a Lee?

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Lee Baden. Rich blend of multi-hued fur fibres. Ideal for sports wear! $10.00

DEAR SIRS:

"By 1960 please send me these items..."

The facts in this letter are not imaginary. They merely sum up what economists predict for the United States by 1960.

To American Industries

Dear Sirs:

By 1960, please arrange to be making thirty per cent more goods than you made for me in 1950.

I expect a growth of about twenty million people in my family, the same as in the past decade. Part of my order is because of them. Part is to increase my standard of living.

If possible, arrange more leisure time for me. I do not wish to work longer hours to pay for increased purchases.

You will, of course, find me new products better than the old. You have done this in the past, but please increase your efforts.

Please tell the electrical manufacturers to be making two times as much by 1960. I am increasing particularly my purchases from them.

Very truly yours,

(*signed*) The American Public

What this letter calls for is clearly understood by any company or industry that has earned public good will and hopes to keep it.

Here are three moves that General Electric is accordingly making:

First, if production and leisure are to increase at the same time, the nation's skilled man power must be used with increased effectiveness. To help create more goods to meet America's needs, General Electric is in the middle of a billion-dollar expansion program.

Second, products now on sale must *do* more if people are to get more for their money. Examples may help here. Engineers at General Electric have multiplied the efficiency of turbines, the light from lamps, the power of x-rays, and so on. Such engineering is and must be an always expanding program.

Third, new products must be found to make known products obsolete by comparison. To find new truths, research in America must increase. At General Electric, new research facilities and people are being added.

Here are some fields where scientists say new discoveries could make a big difference to all of us...ways to convert atomic energy into useful power ...ways to store heat for later use... ways to create light from now invisible infrared rays... "fuel cells" to convert energy of gaseous combustion directly into electricity... new metals to stand higher heat (for jet engines and turbines).

October 15th marks General Electric's 75th anniversary. We start the next 75 years with greater experience, more capacity and, we hope, more efficient planning. We hesitate to look back over our shoulders at what has been developed—modern x-ray, electrically driven trains and ships, the tungsten lamp, the fluorescent lamp and such—for we are convinced that the findings of the future will be more significant.

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JOE COVELLO

ROOM FOR THOUGHT

A bare and simple chamber symbolizes the spirit, the soul and the heart of the UN

THE rooms of the United Nations Building on the shores of New York's East River are heroically conceived and magnificently decorated. But the least of them is perhaps the most impressive. It is known simply as the Meditation Room. It is the only place in the United Nations set aside for communion with one's self or with one's God.

The UN almost didn't build the room. No provisions were made for prayer in its headquarters. But the designers soon found that the omission was an error. They were besieged by requests for a prayer room from visitors and delegates. The strongest came from the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World Inc., a nondenominational group whose membership includes President Eisenhower. The movement was responsible for $5,300 in small gifts sent to the UN Secretariat. The room was built. It is neither a church nor a synagogue, a mosque nor a temple. It is only a room with chairs, a huge mahogany block, a UN flag and an illuminated globe on a pedestal. But since it was completed on October 14, 1952, an estimated 2,000 tourists a day have paused within it, many of them for a moment or two of solemn reflection or prayer.

Do the delegates use the room? Many do, but most feel that it is too public a place for so personal a thing as communion. Yet all believe that the Meditation Room is vital. "On October 24th," says one representative, "the UN celebrates its eighth anniversary. Our beautiful modern halls have always had spirit, but now, with that little room off the public corridor, we have the symbol of a soul, too—and a heart." ▲▲▲

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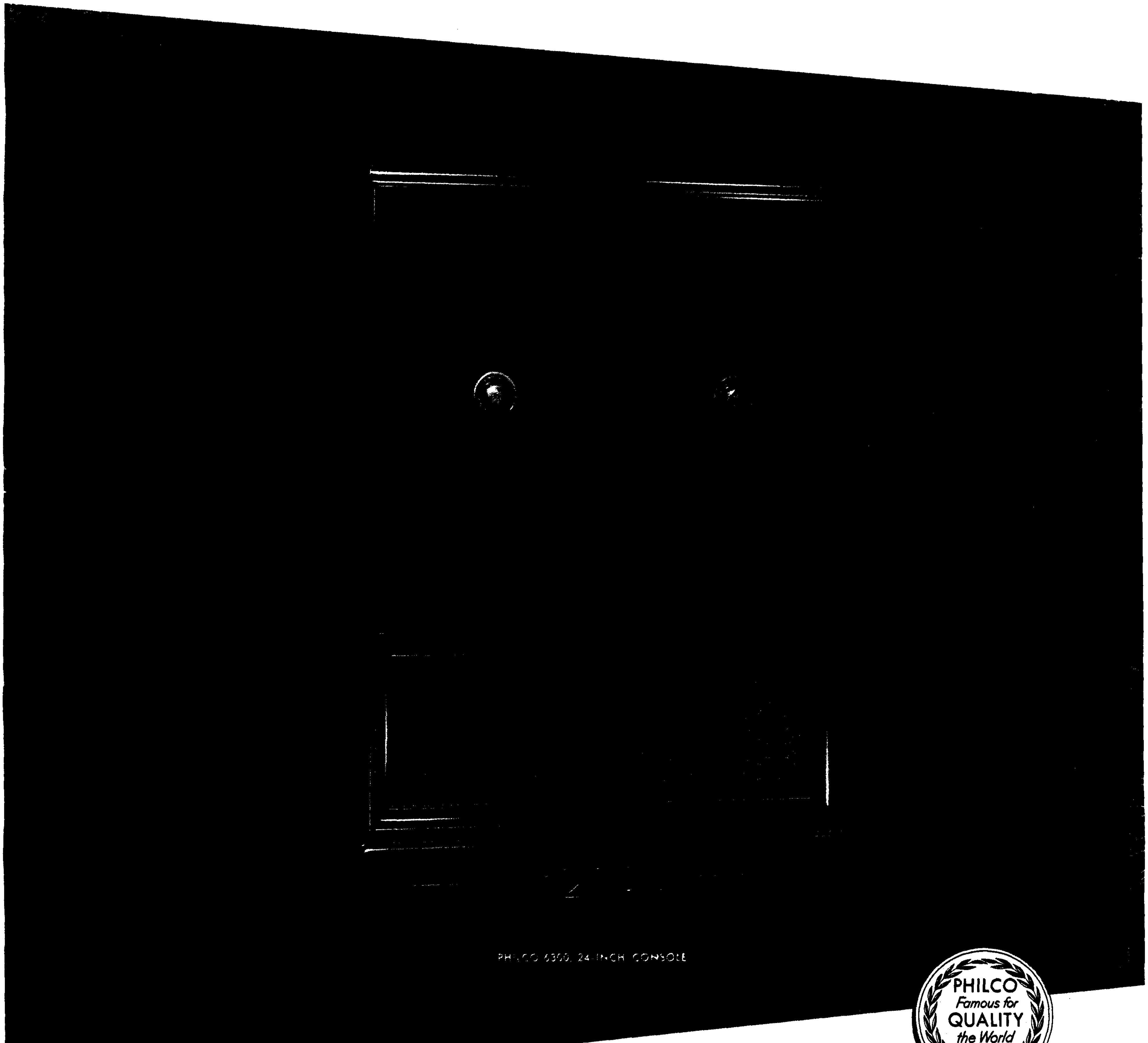

PHILCO 6300, 24-INCH CONSOLE

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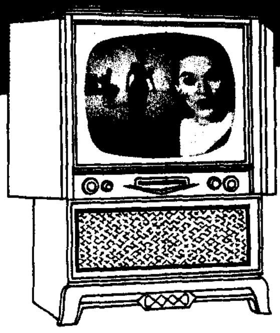

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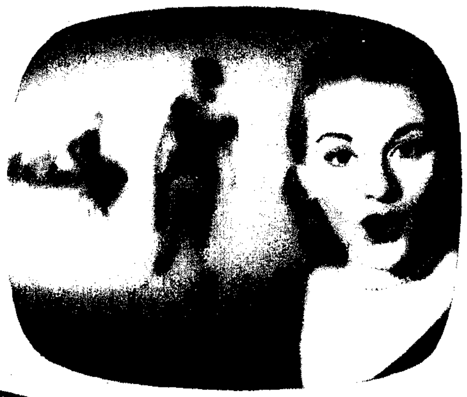

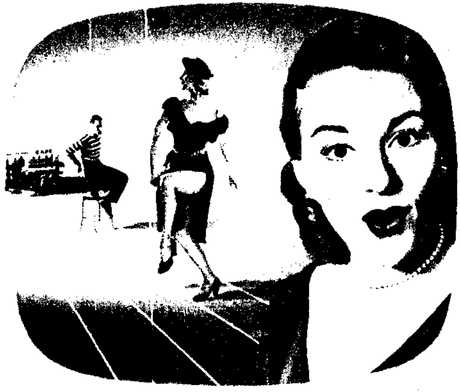

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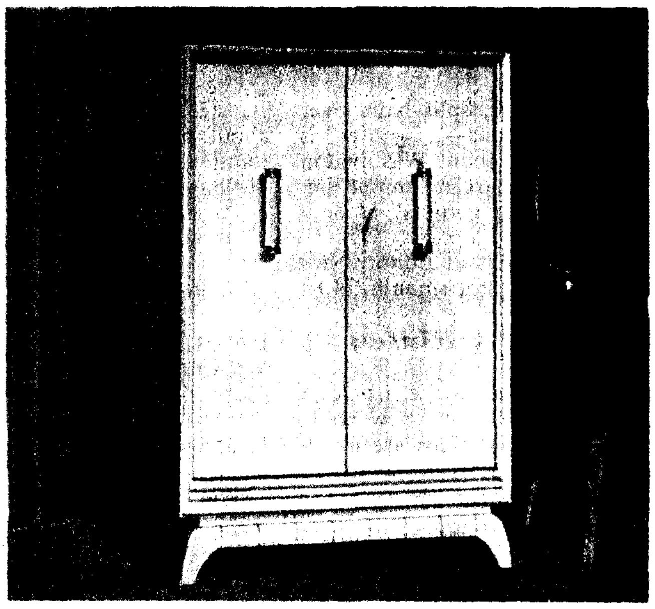
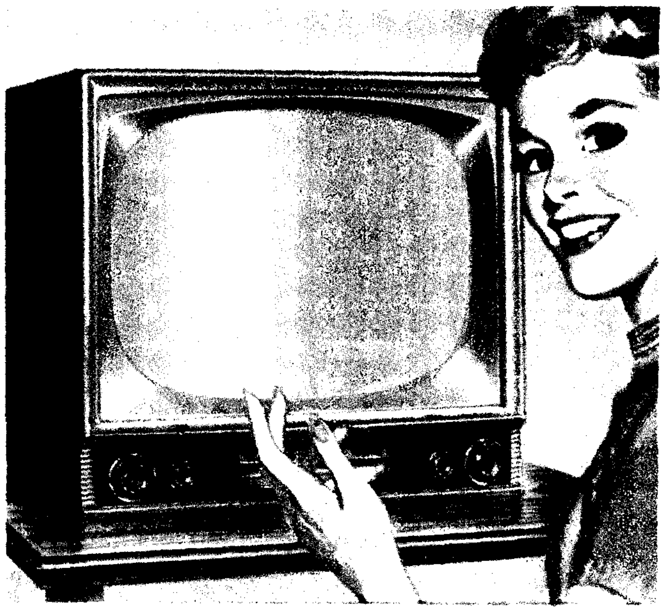
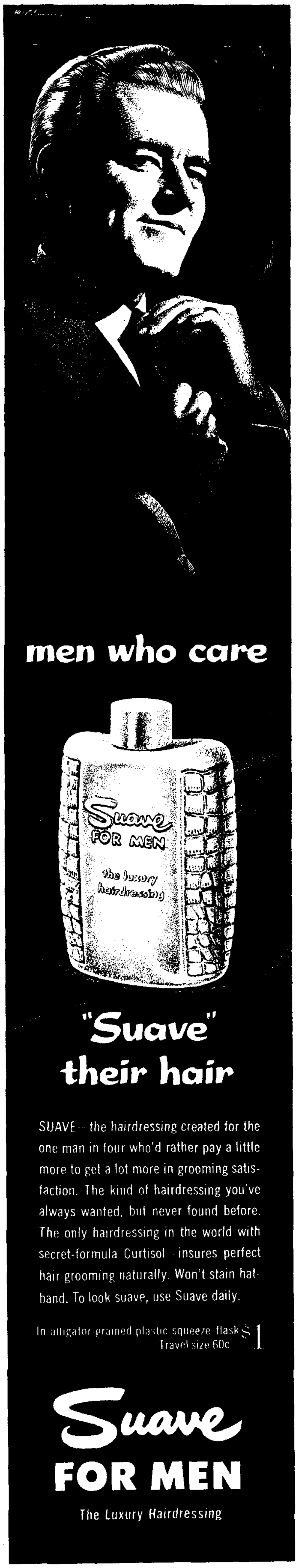


Famous Golden Grid television in blond 21-inch console of oak solids and veneers. Philco 4306-L.



Spectacular Golden Grid 21-inch table model, the Philco 4004. Available with matching table.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Letters...

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Psychiatric Horse Sense

EDITOR: Emotional Upsets Are *Good* For You (Sept. 4th) should be very helpful. It is encouraging to see a reputable psychiatrist who can use some good common horse sense instead of stale alibis in solving the problems of life.
MISS GENOA COLE,
Sweetwater, Texas

Civil Defense

EDITOR: I should like to commend you for your splendid contribution to the cause of civil defense and disaster relief by publishing the article Panic—The Ultimate Weapon? (August 21st). Val Peterson, Director of Federal Civil Defense Administration, did a remarkably good job of clear, practical writing, but your staff gave it the big punch through layout and dramatic pictures.

I purchased several copies on the first morning they appeared on the newsstands and was so impressed with the subject that I mimeographed and mailed to select persons and groups over 100 letters calling attention to the issue and article. I hope they all bought and read it.
L. A. (DAN) PATCH,
Assistant Director, Civil Defense and
Disaster Relief Council,
Santa Ana, Cal.

... Val Peterson writes in his interesting article on Panic—The Ultimate Weapon?: "The Eisenhower administration feels there's a great deal we can do about panic" and that the major task of the FCDA is to "provide the public with a continuous flow of information on the danger we face."

I guess the administration expects to accomplish these goals better after having cut the already inadequate civil defense funds by millions of dollars!
JOANNA G. RIESSER,
Redondo Beach, Cal.

The administration asked for a $125,000,000 total civil defense appropriation, but Congress cut it to $46,525,000. Nevertheless, the appropriation this year is $2,925,000 higher than last.

You, too, Can Be a "Goofer"

EDITOR: Congratulations for your excellent feature on the Mount Washington Cog Railway (The Ho-Ho & Ha-Ha Railroad, Sept. 4th).

May we, however, split hairs over one of your definitions—a "goofer" is *anyone* who visits Mount Washington and has no official part in summit life. Mr. Stevens classes "goofers" as only those who ride to the top.
PAUL ESTAVER, Assistant Editor, New Hampshire Profiles, Portsmouth, N.H.

Drs. Mudd & Kinsey

EDITOR: I have read all the articles I could find on Dr. Kinsey's new book, and I think congratulations are in order to Dr. Emily Hartshorne Mudd and Bill Davidson for showing the proper relationship between the book and education (How Dr. Kinsey's Report on Women May Help Your Marriage, Sept. 18th). Instead of merely reviewing the findings, they have made them practical for education by showing the information workable.
MRS. JAMES KNOWLES, Detroit, Mich.

... I have read Dr. Mudd's article on Dr. Kinsey's report, also all the articles in the current magazines on the same subject, and I must say that yours is the best! It is simple, understandable and vitally interesting.

More power to Dr. Kinsey and his good work. It takes lots of courage to carry out a program such as his.
LUCY Y. ALLEN, West Roxbury, Mass.

... In regard to Dr. Mudd's article on Dr. Kinsey's book, we feel that she shows to what positive use the study can be made. Will this positive aspect be the momentous consequence of the Kinsey Report?
M. GIGUÈRE, J. BRETON, Lewiston, Me.

The Bergman Story

EDITOR: I just have to write to say thanks a million for a wonderful story about my favorite actress, Ingrid Bergman (Ingrid's New Role, Sept. 18th).

It's so easy to hurt another fellow human when things go wrong, and that's why I'm so delighted to find your magazine printing such a grand account of her. Incidentally, I'm not a teen-ager, nor do I belong to any fan clubs of the stars.
IRENE AMASS, Baltimore, Md.

... I do hope that you will forget about publishing her name and anything about her because I think the viewing public is not anxious to see her again.
CHARLES J. OLSEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Will to Economize

EDITOR: Whoever wrote the editorial We Can All Work on This Problem (Sept. 4th) hit the nail on the head in the statement: "—spending which is fixed by law can only be changed by changes in basic legislation."

Well, why are there not changes *made* in basic legislation?

It seems to me that Congress has the power to eliminate a lot of overhead, if it has the will.

The whole trouble is that no one really wants to economize in federal spending. No one in a position to effect an economy wants to "stick his neck out" because of the effect it would have on his constituents. He might not be re-elected; then he'd be out of a job.
ROY E. BAXTER, Cedarville, Mich.

... If we are to reduce governmental expenditures, something needs to be *done* about the matter.

We have 55,000 people (I think this is the correct number) in the Internal Revenue Service who are out to see that the last penny of revenue due the government is collected. Why not employ half that number of trained people to watch how we spend the money thus collected? Let's give wide factual and documented publicity to wasteful expenditure, and dismiss from government service or penalize those guilty of wasteful expenditure.
M. W. DOBRZENSKY, Oakland, Cal.

Praise for the Honest Cop

EDITOR: I have just read your editorial Help the Honest Cop and installment number one of Albert Deutsch's The Plight of the Honest Cop (Sept. 18th).

I should like to commend Collier's for devoting space to this type of article. We all know that the cops have a difficult time with all the pressures on them, including those of "honest" people who believe a law is good for "everyone but me."

We in Edwardsville at the present time have a fine police department, though very small. It is strict and impartial in enforcing traffic regulations and diligent in watching for attempted crimes. Still, for this fine effort they are sometimes severely criticized by business people who feel that strictness in traffic enforcement might drive some customers to other cities to do business. One said, "Let's live recklessly and make some money."

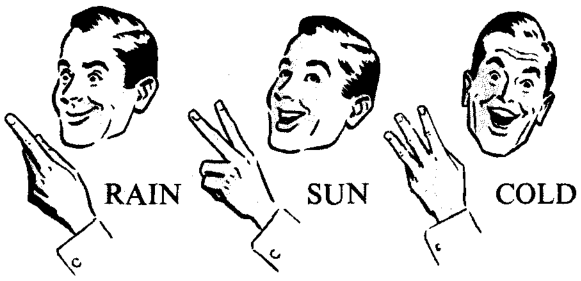
Through the efforts of our police, accidents have been reduced both in frequency and severity, open gambling has been driven from town, and conditions have generally improved.
GEO. L. MOORMAN, JR., Mayor,
Edwardsville, Ill.

Thought Provoker

EDITOR: To have George Fielding Eliot quote me as a "mine expert" in his article Now Russia Threatens Our Sea Power (Sept. 4th) is most gratifying, though an undeserved bouquet. I am not a mine expert in the technical sense, though I have had an unusual amount of mine-sweeping experience for so junior an officer—much of it in Korea.

The point of my letter is this—I want to thank Collier's and George Fielding Eliot for a highly significant and worth-while article, which will do one thing you did not suspect when you published it! It will make many officers in the Navy stop and think. It will impress the service with the importance of mine warfare as no other publication could.
LIEUTENANT P. W. RAIRDEN, JR.,
USN, Monterey, Cal.

AN Alligator COAT MAKES SENSE



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Man! An Alligator coat does make sense.

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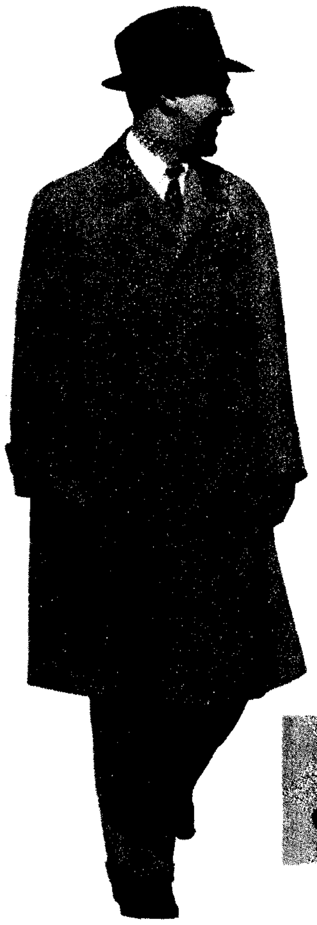
ABOVE left. America's most wanted gabardine . . . GOLD LABEL all wool worsted! An outstanding value at $40.75. CENTER, Alligator WEATHERSTYLE all wool worsted in smart patterns and colors . . $37.75. RIGHT, ALLIGATOR WEATHERSTYLE Shetland, an exciting outercoat value at just $33.75. All are water repellent processed.

LEFT. Why look bedraggled in the rain when you look so smart in a lighter weight Alligator—wet or dry. Model shown, single breasted TRAVELWEIGHT . . . $19.75, trench model $20.75. Many other Alligators, water repellent or waterproof . . . from $8.50.



DACRON GABARDINE! Exciting new Alligator gabardine, finely woven of 50% DACRON, 50% WOOL WORSTED. Amazing wrinkle resistance and super water repellency . . . $40.75.

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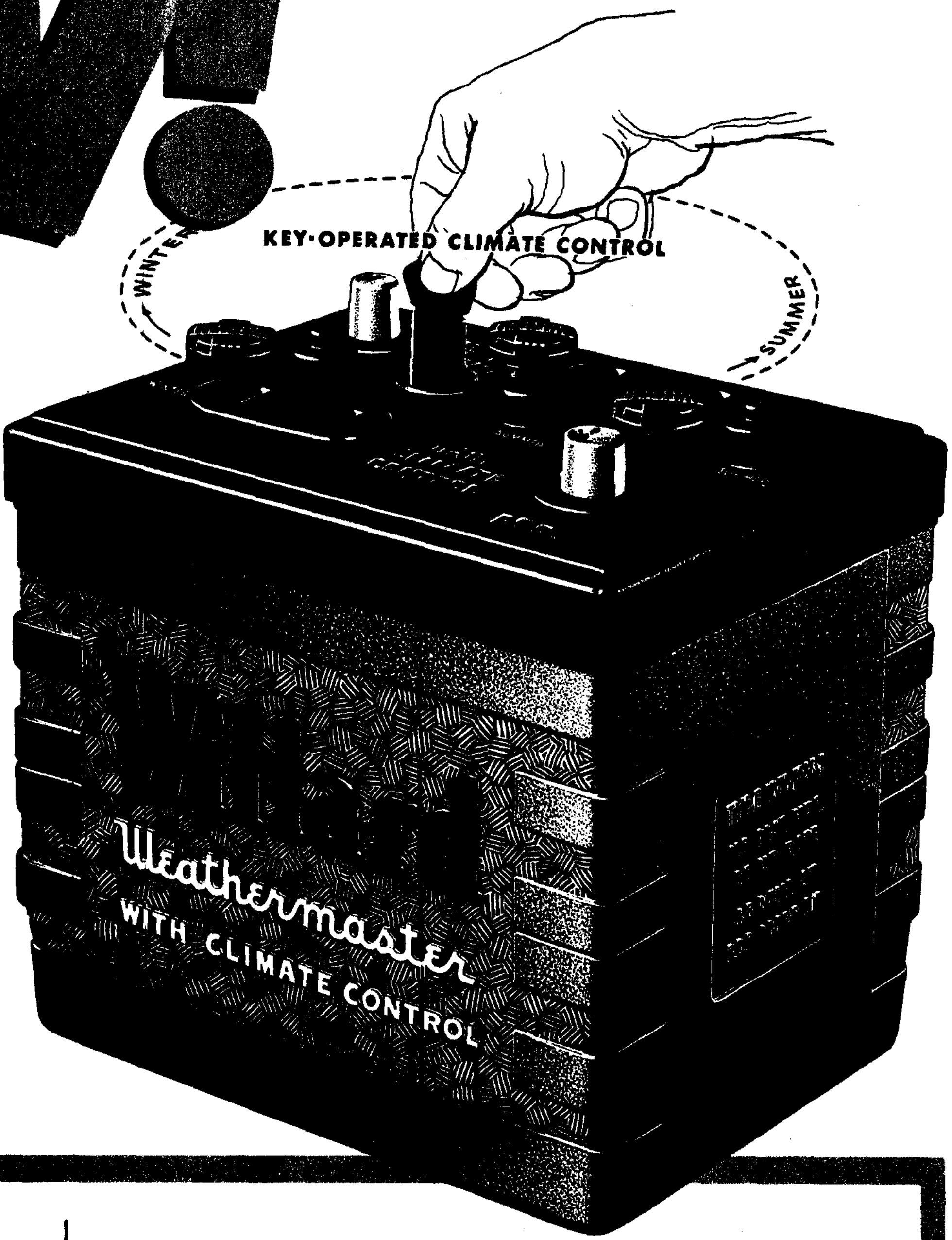

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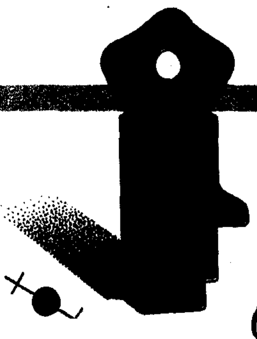

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Why S
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JAIL

Laws in 23 states ban medical fee-splitting, but nobody has ever been convicted under them—and the racket is flourishing. To end the evils of padded bills and unneeded operations, more help is needed—your help

How the A.M.A. Feels about Fee-Splitting

Fee-splitting is an evil which the American Medical Association has consistently opposed. It is a violation of the A.M.A. Principles of Medical Ethics and an abuse of the trust which should always exist between doctor and patient. While, as Howard Whitman points out, the great majority of doctors in this country are ethical and decry the evils of fee-splitting, the small minority who flout medical ethics for financial gain must be effectively disciplined. Fee-splitting is unfair to the patient and injurious to the moral fiber of the profession.

GEORGE F. LULL, M.D.
Secretary-General Manager
American Medical Association

THE nation's ethical doctors—and they are unquestionably the great majority—want to clean the chiselers out of their profession, but they need help. No one ought to be more anxious to help than you and I, the potential victims of medicine's fee-splitters. The profession's ethical codes are being outraged, but it is you and I who are getting hurt.

We're hurt when the fee-splitting doctors send us their padded bills, when they refer us to incompetent surgeons for operations we don't really need, when they trade us back and forth to cash in on our illnesses.

If you want to know how medical fee-splitting works—and why some doctors should go to jail for it—there is no better place to get the facts than from doctors themselves. From New York to San Francisco, I have gathered the testimony of honest doctors who want to spike this evil.

Dr. James B. Blodgett, president-elect of the Detroit Surgical Society, cited this typical illustration of the mechanics of fee-splitting:

Mrs. Smith goes to a general practitioner for an examination and he finds that she has a lump in her uterus. He promptly sends her to a fee-splitting surgeon with whom he has a standing "business arrangement"—which in effect is: "I send you the patients, you operate on them, and hand me a 50-50 split of the fee, *sub rosa,* of course."

When Mrs. Smith goes to the surgeon's office, he examines her and thinks to himself: That's harmless fibroid. Ordinarily I wouldn't recommend surgery here at all. But what he says to Mrs. Smith is, "Um hum, um hum—we'll operate as soon as possible."

"You see," Dr. Blodgett explained, "the fee-splitting surgeon can't say no because the G.P.'s (general practitioner's) split is involved and if the surgeon doesn't operate, the G.P. won't throw him any more business." So he removes the fibroid even though it isn't necessary; he bills Mrs. Smith for $300, and when the money comes in, the G.P. gets his split of $150.

On the Subject of Fee-splitting

One of Dr. Blodgett's colleagues in Detroit described another fee-splitting technique:

A general practitioner telephones a surgeon at his home at 10:30 P.M. He says, "I meant to call you earlier, but it just slipped my mind. Mrs. So-and-so is at Such-and-such Hospital. Gall bladder. I've got her booked for 8:00 A.M. Can you do it?"

The surgeon knows exactly what the telephone call means. The G.P. phoned him at the last minute purposely; he didn't want to give the surgeon time to examine the patient to see whether the gall bladder really should be removed. The call means, "Go ahead and do this one if you want my referrals in the future." And—of course—the call means a fee-split.

"Sure," the surgeon answers.

The next morning when he gets to the hospital, the G.P. is there with his patient all prepared. Members of the family are there. All are convinced of the need for surgery; they've even made arrangements to raise the money. Then—when the operation is all but a *fait accompli*—the surgeon enters the picture. He doesn't venture an opinion for fear of giving away the show. Anyway, he knows he's only there to cut and tie, not to reason why.

So he scrubs, he cuts, he sutures. Then, as he is taking off his gloves, the G.P. drops him the unmistakable hint, "Do you want to send the bill or should I?" Or he may put it, "No sense both of us sending bills. Suppose I bill her and give you your share?" Or, having established the split, he may drop a $100 check in the surgeon's mailbox at the hospital next morning with a note describing it as "your share." Or he may let the surgeon collect the money; then the surgeon sends his nurse around to the G.P.'s office later with an envelope containing half the fee in cash.

In Los Angeles, Dr. Eugene Hoffman, former head of the fee committee of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, described a kind of fee-splitting in which the surgeon doesn't even know what his patient looks like—except inside. The surgeon simply gets a call from the general practitioner, who says in the lingo of the trade, "Look, I've got an acute belly (acute appendicitis case). I'm bringing the man in at 8:00 A.M." It is understood from past transactions that the split will be 50-50. When the surgeon appears, the patient is already draped and under the anesthetic mask so

The family doctor didn't charge for advising an operation. But he took half the

that, as Dr. Hoffman pointed out, "the surgeon may never even see the face of the person he is operating on."

Appendectomies are a fertile field for fee-splitting because, necessary or not, such surgery usually can be justified or at least rationalized. A typical routine was cited by Dr. Thomas Mullen, chief of surgery at the Franklin Hospital in San Francisco.

A general practitioner finds a patient with a pain in the abdomen. He hurriedly calls in a surgeon with whom he has a fee-splitting arrangement, while direly warning the patient, "You may have acute appendicitis." The surgeon arrives on the scene and quickly chimes in, "Well, you certainly have." He arranges to operate, later bills the patient for $250 and kicks back $125 to the general practitioner just for steering him the business.

After describing the routine, Dr. Mullen added, "That's plain robbery." It's robbery because the cost of operations must obviously be hiked if there is a hidden fee-split, a 50 per cent commission or sucker fee which the patient knows nothing about. But there are elements here worse than robbery. It's only money when you are mulcted by a fee-splitter—but what is it when, instead of being referred to a competent, ethical surgeon, you are referred to the hack who pays the highest kickback?

"Where fees are split, the patient is routed not to the best medical care, but to the most satisfactory financial arrangement for the referring doctor," remarked Dr. William Bromme, council chairman of the Michigan State Medical Society. In areas where fee-splitting is rampant, kickbacks range as high as 60 and 70 per cent. The less skilled the surgeon, the higher the kickback he must give in order to get the business. Thus split-fee cases gravitate to the highest bidders, the worst surgeons.

"The venality of fee-splitting is all the worse because most people trust their doctors," commented Dr. Ralph Johnson, president of the Wayne County Medical Society, in Detroit. "If the doctor says you must have your gall bladder taken out, you do. You can't have financial chicanerv in back of such a relationship."

A prime example of what Dr. Johnson meant was a case related by one of his colleagues: A family doctor, prescribing surgery for a patient, said, "I've known you for twenty years. I wouldn't take anything for this"; then he took half the surgeon's fee under the table.

Surgeons in Role of "Supreme Heroes"

In an editorial on medical abuses, the Journal of the Medical Association of Georgia referred to "surgeons who paradoxically are often cast in the role of the supreme hero by the patient and family and at the same time may be doing the greatest amount of harm to the individual."

Unnecessary operations on women, stemming from the combination of a trusting patient and a split fee, have been so deplored by honest doctors that the phrase "rape of the pelvis" has been used to describe them. The American College of Surgeons, impassioned foe of fee-splitting, has denounced unnecessary hysterectomies, uterine suspensions, Caesarean sections.

The honest surgeon's job is to *prevent* surgery as well as to perform it. But when the fee-splitting G.P.—the "feeder" upon whom the surgeon depends for referrals—is on his neck, the surgeon is torn between money and medicine. "One of our toughest problems—from a business standpoint—is having to tell the patient he *doesn't* need an operation," one surgeon candidly told me.

Young surgeons get caught in the worst squeeze. They are full of ideals when they hang out their shingles, but if they happen to be in a community where the older doctors split fees, their choice is a rigid one: split or starve or move. One doctor told me that two young surgeons had to leave a town in New Jersey after they refused to split; they couldn't get enough cases to make a living. Another doctor told of a competent young man who set up practice near Detroit and got only one case in two months because he wouldn't "play ball." He moved, too.

"Dear Doctor," a young surgeon wrote to his former teacher in September, 1952, ". . . As far as I could determine, the American College of Surgeons hasn't made a dent in fee-splitting. I visited my friends in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas. I visited them to find out the possibility of doing their surgery if I started up in their town. All said sure—for 50 per cent of the fee. That was the standard arrangement. . . .

"I had a wonderful offer, as far as money goes, in Texas from a group of five or six doctors. The head doctor wined and dined my wife and me for the afternoon and into the night before he finally told us the setup. What it amounted to was that each of the doctors scheduled his own surgery and told the patient he would do the case; then I would do the surgery. They would collect the fee and give me one half. . . .

"My wife spoke up and said it didn't sound very ethical to her. . . . I had to laugh at her because she doesn't know that goes on all the time."

How Doctors Feel About Kickbacks

How do fee-splitting doctors get away with it? Many honest doctors themselves wonder. At the surgical section of the American Medical Association convention in 1951, Dr. Isidor S. Ravdin, professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, said, "We shudder when we read about the kickback in industry and the 'five percenters.' . . . Yet we turn our backs on the same iniquitous practice in surgery."

We can't blame organized medicine for the prevalence of fee-splitting. The organized profession quite clearly condemns 50 percenters. The American Medical Association's ethical code unequivocally states, "When a patient is referred by one physician to another for consultation or for treatment, whether the physician in charge accompanies the patient or not, the giving or receiving of a commission by whatever term it may be called or under any guise or pretext whatsoever is unethical."

The A.M.A.'s new president, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, Ohio, said at his inauguration in June, "We have in our midst a small minority who are not worthy members of an honorable profession. . . . We cannot protect or condone the few who bring disgrace upon us. We owe to the American people protection from the small number of greedy and godless physicians who flagrantly violate the noble traditions of the medical profession."

The American College of Surgeons and its aggressive director, Dr. Paul R. Hawley, of Chicago, do more than just condemn fee-splitting. The college demands of each of its 18,250 surgeons a stiff pledge against the evil practice. Every year it bounces a few Fellows (member surgeons) who are caught violating it. Last February the college quarantined two Illinois communities for fee-splitting, refusing temporarily to admit any more of their surgeons to membership. It similarly ruled off limits the entire state of Iowa when that state's Medical Society adopted an Elaboration of Medical Ethics—the society's detailed interpretation of acceptable medical practices—which the college thought opened the door to fee-splits.

"We don't care if we only take in one hundred Fellows a year instead of the usual thousand," Dr. Hawley insists. "We're interested in the caliber of surgeons. If they're not ethical, we don't care if we don't take in a darned one."

A Detroit physician in a burst of righteousness last June set up a voluntary organization he christened the P.W.C.C.C. He announced as its purpose: "To acquaint the public with the fact that the large majority of M.D. physicians are intrinsically honest and do their best to improve the public's welfare and health." He invited to membership all who could measure up to the organization's title: "Physicians with Crystal Clear Consciences."

But despite the medical profession's ardor and good intentions, fee-splitting continues. It forms a spotty pattern, generally bad in the Midwest, not so bad on the East and West Coasts, sometimes flagrant in one city and entirely absent in another, often saturating a town on one side of a river while a town on the other is ethically sound. It depends on the moral stamina of the prevailing group of doctors.

The July-August 1953 Bulletin of the American College of Surgeons contained the statement: "It is common knowledge that fee-splitting, unheard of in some parts of the country, is deeply rooted and, indeed, the prevailing mode of practice in other sections. No honest, well-informed man can deny this. . . ." A previous issue of the bulletin had pointed out, "Ethics, laws and pledges have been approximately as effective as was prohibition."

Why? Because fee-splitting is about as slippery a racket as there is. Some honest doctors don't even want the public to know fee-splitting exists because they think it gives the profession a bad name. The Hackensack, New Jersey, newspaper, Bergen Evening Record, aptly commented, "Fee-splitting has been like venereal disease was a few years ago; it existed, but nice people did not talk about it." One doctor who talked about it, Loyal Davis, head of the department of surgery at Northwestern University, was almost bounced out of the Chicago Medical Society for saying, "There is no question but that fee-splitting is on the increase in Chicago and surrounding areas."

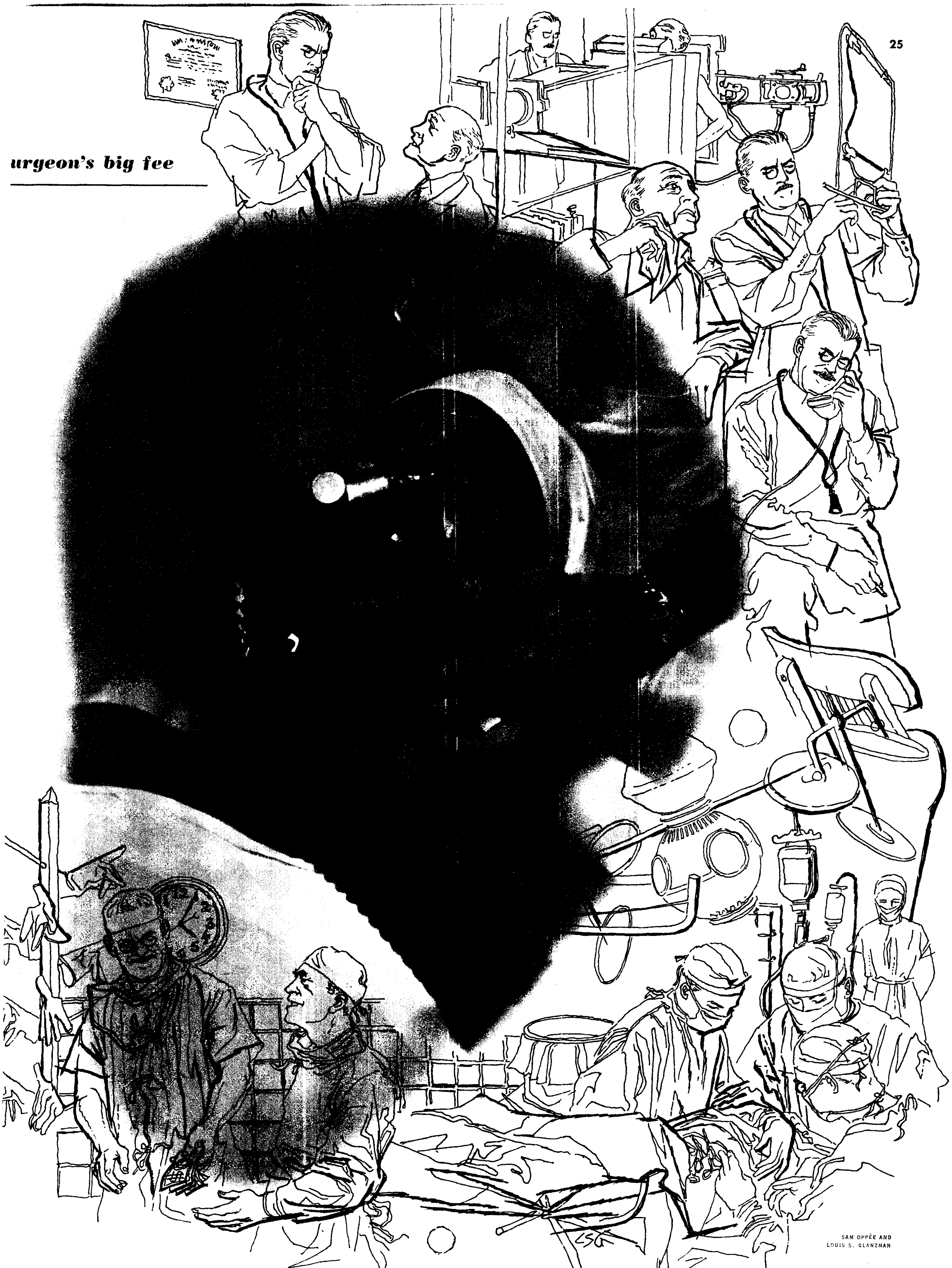
Public Only Occasionally Aroused

But the real reason why the A.M.A. and the American College of Surgeons (which has fought fee-splitting quietly since 1913 and loudly during the last year) cannot stamp out the racket is the very nature of the fee-splitting deal. Dr. Johnson, the Wayne County Medical Society president, summed it up very nicely when he told me, "You want to know why more hasn't been done? I'll tell you. There are only three parties involved in fee-splitting. One—the patient—doesn't know about it. And the other two are guilty!"

Actually fee-splitting and kickbacks have been with us through the years with the public only occasionally being roused by a strident investigation, then lulled again by silence. Though surgical fee-splitting is the current vogue, there have been similar kickback and commission rackets in X-ray and lab work, eyeglass fittings, medical tests (such as specimen analyses) and checkups, and the supplying of orthopedic devices. At one time in New York City, some physicians even demanded kick-

An unscrupulous doctor convinces patient he needs an operation and then arranges behind the scenes for a share of the surgeon's fee ▶

urgeon's big fee



SAM OPPÉE AND
LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Ethical doctors want you to help fight the fee-splitters. "Only the pressure of publi

backs of 20 to 50 per cent from companies supplying oxygen and oxygen tents—chiseling the patient right down to his last breath.

In 1943 and 1944, New York State's widely publicized Moreland Act investigation—one of the most revealing inquiries into medical malpractices ever made by a public agency—uncovered a wild medley of medical fee rackets in connection with workmen's compensation. Commissioners William F. Bleakley and Herman T. Stichman reported to Governor Thomas E. Dewey: "From 1941 to 1943, kickbacks ranging from 15 to 50 per cent were paid to more than 3,000 physicians in New York, Kings, Bronx and Queens Counties alone."

One X-ray specialist, who admitted kicking back 50 per cent to more than 200 doctors, said the doctors had told him that if there were nothing in it for them, they couldn't afford to send him their work. Proprietors of houses supplying trusses, braces and other surgical appliances said they frequently slipped doctors 33⅓ per cent of the price charged. A laboratory employee told of 30 per cent kickbacks for specimen analyses.

The situation changed sharply in New York after the crackdown.

Eye Men Also Accept Fees

In 1948, Robert J. Bauer, alert head of the Better Business Bureau of Los Angeles, blew the whistle on another fee-splitting hoax, the eyeglass racket. He discovered that oculists' kickbacks were forcing people who needed glasses to pay 25 to 50 per cent more than they should. Bauer, not one to use feather tactics, sent the Los Angeles County Medical Association an open letter charging:

"Literally hundreds of your members are receiving secret medical rebates or employing devices of one kind or another, which, from the patient's point of view, are tantamount to the same thing. The doctors referred to, in the interest of personal gain to themselves, channel their patients' prescription business to certain firms which reward the doctors for doing so. . . . The practice of such firms is to charge the patient about double the amount the firm wishes to retain and remit the overcharge to the doctor."

Bauer didn't stop there. He plastered Los Angeles with posters showing an eye doctor with a testing chart at his right hand while his left hand reached behind him for a bundle of kickback money. The poster read: "DOES YOUR OCULIST GET A KICKBACK? *ASK HIM!* . . . Some dispensing opticians kick back 40 per cent or more of your payment for eyeglasses!"

Bauer's shrill whistle blast echoed across the country. The Houston, Texas, Better Business Bureau launched a cleanup campaign of its own and reported, "The evidence is hard to get, but we have found that rebates to eye doctors by opticians furnishing glasses to patients amount to as much as 25 per cent of the retail price." A Houston optician, promptly halting his rebates and lowering his prices, announced he had been kicking back $18,000 a year to physicians. The U.S. Department of Justice swept into the act, charging that an eye doctor in El Paso had collected $20,000 in rebates; four doctors in Fort Dodge, Iowa, had collected $40,000, and one in Minneapolis $15,000.

The resulting outcry brought a quick end to the eyeglass racket. In Los Angeles, for example, the cost of glasses dropped more than a third. One common type of prescription which had cost $25 to fill fell to $16.

Surgical fee-splitting has been much more difficult to uncover. There are no supply companies involved, no employees to squeal and, in cash-under-the-table deals, no books to be examined. "Tissue Committees" have tightened the rein on unnecessary operations in some hospitals by holding surgeons to account when they remove tissue later found under laboratory examination to be normal. But even this measure doesn't prevent fee-splitting in necessary surgery. "About the only time we get a line on it," commented Detroit's Dr. Johnson, "is when a fee-splitting doctor comes to us himself and says, 'I'm going to be a God-fearing man from now on'—and spills the facts."

Last spring 400 surgeons in Detroit launched a campaign to make every surgeon in town "God-fearing" in respect to fee-splits. They founded the Detroit Surgical Society, a kind of honor group in which each member pledged "to refrain from fee-splitting in any form in the conduct of professional practice." It was predicted that eventually all of the 800 to 1,000 surgeons in the Detroit area would sign up because, as one doctor put it, "It's going to look kind of funny for those who don't."

To give surgeons a chance to ease into the Surgical Society, July 1st was set as the deadline on which all fee-splitting would stop. When that date rolled around, more than 500 surgeons had come into the fold. "We think that within a year the town will be clean," a member told me, confident that Detroit could do what one other American city, Columbus, Ohio, had done with a similar plan in 1945 and 1946.

There's a Pledge to Be Taken, Too

The no-split-fee pledge is not all that the Detroit Surgical Society requires of its members. Each also must agree "to allow an annual audit of his books to be carried out by a recognized auditor" and "to make available to the auditor any records necessary for proper audit, including certified copies of income-tax returns." The first audit is to be made next March.

Efforts have been made in the past to get at the fee-splitter through his Achilles' heel, his income-tax return. If a surgeon turns over $10,000 in a year to "feeder" doctors in split fees, he certainly doesn't want to pay tax on that amount and so (if he reports it at all) he deducts it as a necessary business expense. If Uncle Sam were to turn thumbs down and say, "You can't deduct that," the fee-splitter would be stuck for the tax on money he doesn't keep. Away would go the profits of the racket and a mortal blow would be dealt fee-splitting. At least that's the theory.

Here are the facts:

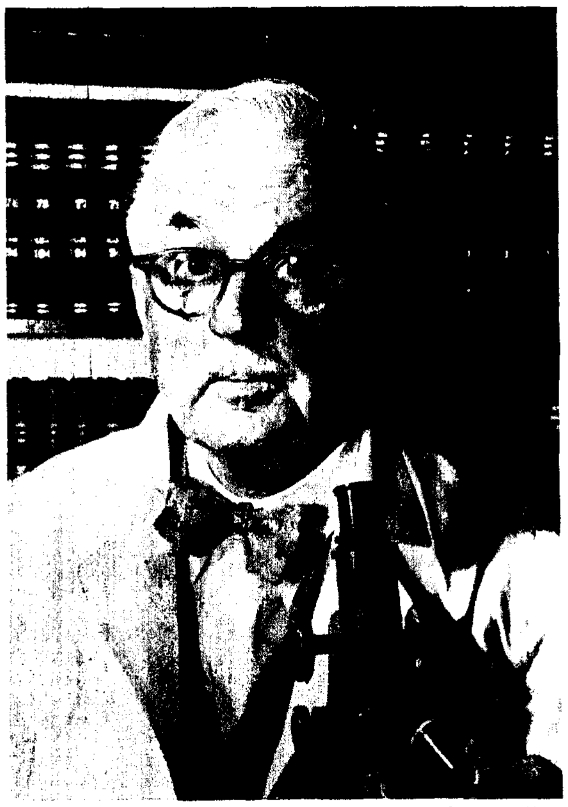
On April 2, 1951, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting at Richmond, Virginia, ruled in an eyeglass case that kickbacks could not be deducted

WIDE WORLD

American College of Surgeons, headed by Dr. Paul R. Hawley (above), requires members to take pledge against splitting medical fees

JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Dr. Ralph Johnson, president of Wayne County Medical Society, Michigan, is another leader in fight against "venality of fee-splitting"


MASON WEYMOUTH

Dr. Thomas Mullen, surgery chief at Franklin Hospital in San Francisco, says doctors who split fees are indulging in "plain robbery"

pinion can do the job"

JOERN GERDTS

Dr. Edward J. McCormick, president of American Medical Association, says, "We owe to the American people protection from the small number of greedy and godless physicians . . ."

as a business expense and branded such practices "unconscionable and reprehensible."

But on March 10, 1952, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the decision in what looked at first blush like a thumping victory for the fee-splitters. But a careful reading of the decision reveals quite the reverse. The high court felt the crux of the matter was whether fee-splitting was against public policy. In the particular case before it, public policy had not been enunciated at the time of the offense in question, though it was clearly spelled out—in the form of a state law—shortly afterward. Thus the Supreme Court, reversing the decision on an existing technicality, clearly opened the door for banning fee-split deductions in the future. If fee-splitting could be shown to be against public policy—no deduction.

Split Fee Against Public Policy

Five weeks later the American College of Surgeons leaped to the chance. Its Board of Regents, meeting at White Sulphur Springs, unanimously proclaimed that a split fee was against public policy and hence not a legitimate income-tax deduction. Besides this statement, the Internal Revenue Department could use as measuring sticks the American Medical Association's oft-repeated ethical bans on fee-splitting and the rash of new legislation in nearly half the states making fee-splitting not only a violation of public policy but a clear-cut crime.

But the theory that Uncle Sam can end all fee-splitting with tax prosecutions quickly breaks down in the light of cold facts. A doctor who will stoop to fee-splitting is not likely to shy away from disguising the fact on his tax return. There are many ruses, of which the secret slipping of cash is the most obvious. Here are some of the others which doctors in various cities described to me:

- The surgeon allows the referring doctor to stand around the operating room or hold retractors, and then covers up a split fee by calling him a "surgical assistant."
- The surgeon—whose name appears on the hospital records—gets, say, $140 from the patient's surgical insurance, while the referring physician, who originally quoted $280 for the operation, collects another $140 directly from the patient.
- The surgeon takes the entire fee in one case, then steps aside and lets the referring doctor take the entire fee in the next case. By alternating the fees, they go about their fee-splitting without any money changing hands.

In all such arrangements, an apparently lily-white tax return is handed to Uncle Sam.

How, then, *can* fee-splitting be stopped?

"Let's pass a law!" many observers have insisted.

But laws have been passed in 23 states. Alabama, which aptly defines fee-splitting as the "buying and selling of patients," holds the practice punishable by a fine of up to $500 for the first offense and imprisonment for up to five years for the second. Colorado can impose up to a $250 fine and 30 days in jail on anyone who either gives or receives a split fee. In Kansas the penalty is up to a $500 fine and six months in jail, not only for out-and-out splitting, but even for using the "surgical assistant" dodge. Virginia and Tennessee have penalties of up to a year in jail and $1,000 fine.

There are many such laws and their language is precise. But nothing happens.

In New York State, which has a law, Assistant Attorney General Sidney Tartikoff put it quite succinctly: "It's a nice law, but it doesn't mean anything. It's totally inoperative. We haven't had a single case under the law since it was enacted."

In California, which also has a law, prosecutor Don Redwine reported, "I've never heard of any action taken under it."

At the American College of Surgeons headquarters in Chicago, Dr. Hawley declared, "In all the twenty-three states put together, I haven't heard of a single conviction for fee-splitting or even a single case brought to trial." At the A.M.A.'s Chicago headquarters, J. W. Holloway, Jr., director of the Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation, similarly said, "No instance of prosecution has come to our attention."

Even a reformed fee-splitter, a New York laboratory man, complained:

"It is rather discouraging to try to put an end to this evil when the enforcing officers display a complete lack of interest!"

The solution seems clear to a great many observers and certainly to a great many honest doctors: if we have laws on the books, let's enforce them. The small minority of scoundrels in the medical profession, like the scoundrels in any profession, know only one rule: they do what they can get away with. A few of them in jail, as the law provides, would serve notice on all that the sick and defenseless patient must not be referred, or, as Dr. Hawley put it, "sold—to the unscrupulous specialist who will pay the highest price for him."

Obvious Methods for the Prosecution

By checking hospital records, by subpoenaing doctors' accounts, by asking patients just what they paid and by checking these amounts to see who got the money, by seeing how receipts from a given case appear on both the referring doctor's and the surgeon's records—by these obvious methods any competent prosecutor could smoke fee-splitting out of a community in short order.

We—the public—can help. It's not a job we can rush out and do at ten o'clock next Monday morning. Like most of the public's big jobs, this one is unspectacular but vital. We can help by *opening our eyes.* We can *see* the evil, then make up our minds to eradicate it.

It is time to stop calling on the medical profession to clean its own house; time to start giving it the helping hand it needs. Though the American College of Surgeons has been trying to stop fee-splitting since the college was founded in 1913, Dr. Hawley last year regretfully conceded: "That the college alone cannot win a quick or decisive victory is shown by the history of the past thirty-nine years."

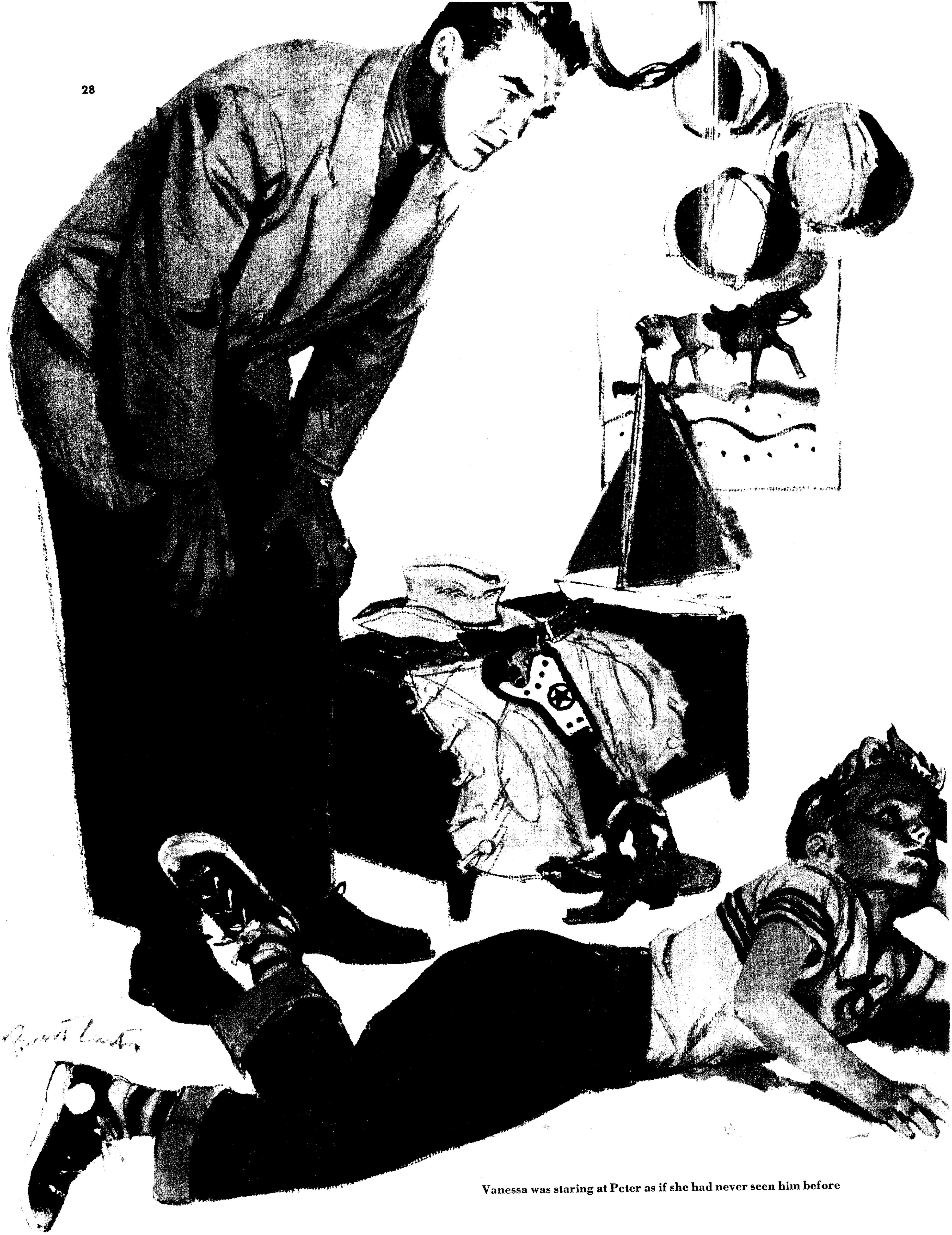
In San Francisco, Dr. Mullen clearly called for the public to step in. "The evil of fee-splitting has been brought up in our medical societies a thousand times and we don't get to first base," he said. "The public has got to step in. Only the pressure of public opinion can do the job."

It is that sort of pressure—public opinion—that will put our law enforcers to work. Prosecutors sleep when the public sleeps; they respond to public demand as firemen to the station gong.

In 23 states all that is needed is honest application of the law. If the laws were enforced, other states would be quick to adopt and enforce similar legislation. In reality, forthright prosecution of just a few cases would probably doom the racket. Chiselers, especially in respectable professions, straighten up pretty quickly when John Law puts his foot down.

After all, we've sentenced congressmen to jail for less—for taking kickbacks from office help, for taking campaign contributions from their clerks. That's bad enough. But when medicine's 50 percenters take kickbacks, it's not just dirty money. It's what Dr. Hawley calls "blood money."

Your blood? ▲▲▲



Vanessa was staring at Peter as if she had never seen him before

I Love Vanessa

I want to save our marriage, but my wife's social climbing is about to destroy it

By S. A. SCHREINER, Jr.

WHEN Vanessa asked, "What is the mystical meaning of words, dear? In seven letters, the mystical meaning of words in seven letters," I put down the financial section of the Sunday paper and took a good look at my wife. She looked perfectly normal. In fact, she looked disarmingly pretty, even with her horn-rimmed reading glasses slipping down her small, tilted nose and a pencil clutched like a pirate's knife between her teeth. She was sitting with one leg tucked under her on the white chair—the one young Peter and I never dared use because we might leave a spot. Lines of concentration marred her usually ice-smooth brow.

"In the name of Heaven, Vanessa, what kind of gibberish are you talking?" I asked. "Take that pencil out of your mouth."

"It's the puzzle, the crossword puzzle. I think it begins with A."

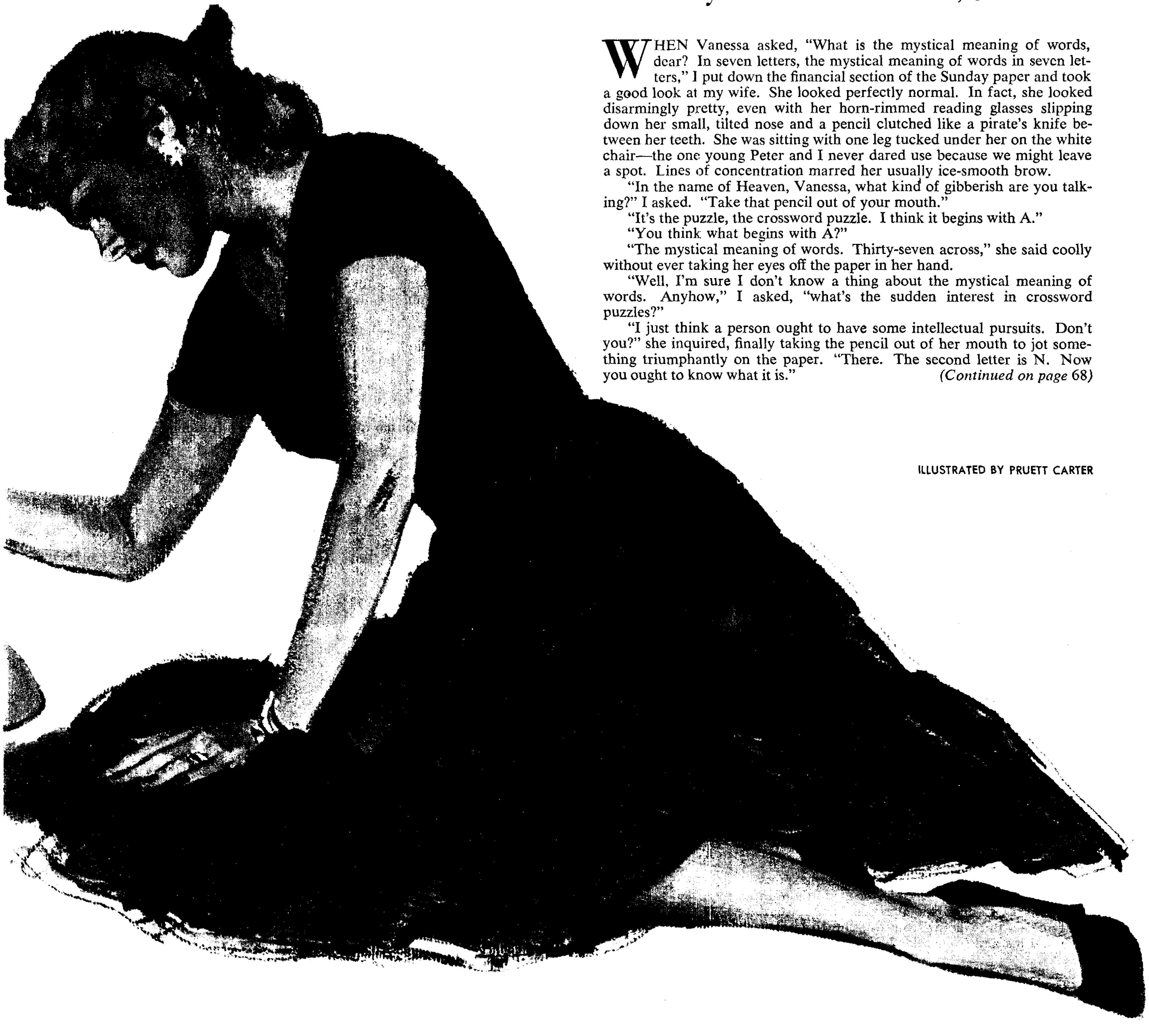
"You think what begins with A?"

"The mystical meaning of words. Thirty-seven across," she said coolly without ever taking her eyes off the paper in her hand.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know a thing about the mystical meaning of words. Anyhow," I asked, "what's the sudden interest in crossword puzzles?"

"I just think a person ought to have some intellectual pursuits. Don't you?" she inquired, finally taking the pencil out of her mouth to jot something triumphantly on the paper. "There. The second letter is N. Now you ought to know what it is."

(Continued on page 68)



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

The HYPOCRISY

An ex-coach tells how the present system reduces the star players to perjurers, scalpers and football gigolos. "I've broken the antiproselyting rules with the best of them," he says— and names names in revealing how. Who's to blame for the mess? What's the remedy?

By JEFF CRAVATH with MELVIN DURSLAG

Former Head Football Coach,
University of Southern California

IN THE summer of 1949, the year before I was fired as head football coach at the University of Southern California, I tried to make a deal to get a great high-school fullback named Johnny Olszewski.

I took the boy to dinner one night to discuss his college plans. The next day one of our wealthy alumni who lived in Johnny's home town of Long Beach, California, got in touch with him. From what I understand—and a coach isn't supposed to know about such matters—the alumnus offered the athlete (a) a new car, (b) $150 a month during his four-year college career, (c) expenses through law school and (d) a junior partnership in the alumnus' firm after graduation.

I knew all along that an alumnus of the University of California, a traditional rival of USC, had also been keeping close track of Johnny all summer. I suspected by late August, too, that California was winning the decision.

Still I wanted to make one last bid for Johnny's services. It was arranged for us to have dinner again. But when he drove up to my office in a new auto I knew I was dead.

Johnny became an All-America fullback at California—one of the finest in the history of the West. I can't say for certain what the California alumnus gave him. I only know what I heard about our offer to him—and we lost.

The scramble for Johnny Olszewski was the biggest proselyting deal in which I was ever involved, and although I lost Johnny-O, and other players, too, I came out on top often enough to take USC to the Rose Bowl four times in the nine years I coached there.

I have broken college football's antiproselyting rules with the best of them, but never without feeling that the methods by which all of us obtained and maintained players were rotten and corrupt. For obvious reasons, I refrained from speaking out publicly during my active coaching days. But now I've been retired to the pastures; I'm learning the cattle-and-produce business in California's Imperial Valley.

In the three years since I quit coaching, I've had a lot of time to think about the evils of the system. I have decided to sound off now because I know that most coaches active in college football share my opinions, but find it inadvisable to express them. What I have to say will deal mostly with conditions as I found them in the Pacific Coast Conference. But I know from what other coaches have told me and from what I have observed that the same evils are to be found elsewhere in the country.

Don't get me wrong. I haven't suddenly got religion now that I'm out of the game. In off-the-record bull sessions with the press and fellow coaches during the last 15 years, I've said just what I'll say here. And I still love college football. If it hadn't been for the game, I never would have had a college education myself, would never have met my wife, Peggy, and would not have had my two fine daughters. I probably would still be working in my home town of Santa Ana, California, fumigating fruit trees. I present my views with the sole aim of helping to preserve the sport.

What's wrong with college football today? There's nothing wrong with the game. But the system controlling the game is pure hypocrisy. You may read that faculty leaders have agreed to curtail spring practice, limit athletic scholarships or take other measures to de-emphasize college football. But the decrees actually have little effect.

Despite resolutions of purity, college football still has most of the evils it accumulated in becoming a big business. There are still million-dollar athletic plants to pay for, bowl games to compete for and athletic programs to be financed. Nearly all colleges still playing big-time schedules have been forced into the open market to obtain their raw material. They must bid for the best players—and make concessions to keep them. The fact that

Jeff Cravath coaches only his cattle on El Centro farm in California's Imperial Valley today . . .

# of COLLEGE FOOTBALL

. . . but only a few years ago he was coaching some of the best teams ever turned out by USC

the system reduces the boys to perjurers, scalpers and football gigolos is ignored.

To keep up the pretense of purity and still produce winning football teams is no small job. And the central figure in the intrigue is usually the college president. Consider his position. Colleges, even state institutions, need money to survive. In 99 cases out of 100, the money must come from wealthy alumni, or, in some state schools, from legislatures which are dominated by politically prominent alumni. The alumni demand winning football teams. To get winning teams, colleges must violate the rules they themselves have made.

A college president must know the corrupt practices that are being used to build his football squad. But if he tries to stop them, he runs afoul of prominent alumni on the board of trustees or board of regents, or alumni with endowment-available money. The president needs that money to keep his school going. What does he do? Except in the rare cases where the school has dropped big-time football, he usually turns over control of the sport to a member of the faculty whom he designates as faculty athletic representative.

The president tells the new appointee to introduce whatever rules are necessary to curb the evils. Then he turns his back on the activities of alumni and the football coaching staff, who must break these same rules if they are to produce winning teams. There isn't a coach of a major school in the nation who wouldn't like his president to call him in and say, "You stick to the rules and I'll stand behind you, win or lose."

I have been probing the brains of alumni for many years now and have found their thought processes to be strikingly similar. When a school has been losing consistently, the alumni demand that the coach be fired. They tell his successor the first year that they'll be happy if only he'll look good losing. Next year, they want him to win half his games. Then they want him to win them all.

Eventually the coach finds himself hopelessly confused. He tosses in bed at night asking himself: Does the college president really want me to live up to the rules 100 per cent? And if I live up to the rules and lose, will he back me up?

A former coach at the University of Oregon named Jim Aiken once gave the cynical but classic answer: "If you have to choose between breaking the rules and losing games, wouldn't it be better to break the rules? If you lose your games, you're certain to be fired. If you break the rules, you have to be caught before you're fired."

I have always considered Aiken, now in the lumber business in Oregon, a kind of martyr. He violated the code knowingly and made no pretense of abiding by the law, as the rest of us did. The coaches liked Aiken and admired his frankness. He finally was asked by Oregon officials to resign. His departure left us other college coaches with a feeling of guilt; many of us had been engaging in similar practices, but not so openly.

For example, a couple of years earlier, I had lined up Pat Cannamela, a first-class football player at California's Ventura Junior College. He came to our campus during the summer and lived in a dormitory. But a short time before fall registration, he disappeared. We discovered that a California alumnus had invited the boy to a downtown hotel, from where they telephoned Berkeley, site of the University of California. Fortunately for me, the long-distance operator at the hotel—a USC fan—eavesdropped on the conversation and phoned immediately to tell me what was happening. Apparently Pat was to visit Berkeley for a few days. I knew that most of his belongings were still in Ventura, so I called a USC alumnus there and told him to watch for Cannamela and not let him get away.

Waging a Total War of Inducements

Meanwhile, another California alumnus had lent Pat $500, which he sent to his mother in the East. Still another Cal alumnus, an auto dealer, provided him with a used car. When Pat finally returned to Ventura from Berkeley, our alumnus grabbed him and talked him into returning to USC. We lent him $500 to pay off his debt to California. He drove the car for about three months; then, at my request, he returned it. I might add that Pat repaid every cent of his loan—and he eventually became an All-Conference star.

Although I bitterly opposed the practice of stealing players off another school's campus, one of our alumni snatched a player from UCLA one night without my knowledge. The boy was Ed Demirjian, a passing star from Pasadena. On the eve of Ed's scheduled registration at UCLA, coach Red Sanders turned him over to three varsity players to put up in their fraternity house. The boys kept an eye on Demirjian until midnight, then went to sleep. The next morning, he was gone.

Later in the day, Demirjian turned up on our campus. He explained that one of our alumni had convinced him by telephone at 2:00 A.M. that Southern Cal's law school was far superior to that at UCLA. Red Sanders really was mad at me after that incident. Although we're close friends, I have never been able to convince him that I had nothing to do with the deal.

Still, for every good player you get in this business, another good one gets away. I lost Hugh McElhenny, an All-America fullback, to the University of Washington in a photo finish. We had Hugh enrolled in extension school at USC, but couldn't hold him. Washington's alumni came up with a better deal. Hugh wanted to get married and told me frankly he couldn't afford to pass up the Washington offer. I said I didn't blame him.

Yet for all the high-pressure deals involving the Olszewskis, the Cannamelas and the McElhennys, most stories you hear or read about the high salaries paid college football players are not true. In a typical major university, you'll find that three or four rookies on the varsity squad get nothing—not even a campus job. The majority of players get "scale," which in the Coast Conference

A bowl game means extra training. Some players have even demanded—an

when I was coaching included tuition, a campus job yielding a maximum of $75 a month, and $25 a month under the table from an alumnus sponsor—and I don't think the scale has decreased in the three years since I left. A few players get slightly above scale, $35 to $50 a month from alumni sponsors. And perhaps two or three get considerably more.

Actually, the minute a boy accepts money or a gift from an alumnus, he exposes himself to possible prosecution for perjury. In the Pacific Coast Conference and, I believe, in most other conferences, a player must sign an affidavit at the start of each season swearing that he has not accepted and will not accept any help whatever from persons outside his immediate family. Before he signs the affidavit, he is told by an alumnus, or perhaps someone connected officially with the university, that if he is ever questioned by the conference athletic commissioner he must deny he has received any outside aid. Educators say that football and other sports strengthen a boy's character; yet before a football player has appeared in a single game, he has been forced to become a perjurer.

Too Much Control by Professors

Most coaches believe this paradoxical situation and many other evils that mar college football today could be eliminated if control of the game were taken out of the hands of well-meaning but floundering faculty athletic representatives and given over to the men who know college football best—the athletic directors of the schools. A nationally famous coach remarked at a meeting of his colleagues recently, "Football is being run these days by professors who understand 10 per cent of what is going on, while the coaches and athletic directors, who understand 100 per cent, are totally without voice."

I estimate that 80 per cent of the faculty athletic representatives administering college football today have never competed in any sport. They are about as well qualified to supervise football as a football coach is to decide the curriculum for a law school.

I have no personal quarrel with faculty athletic representatives, almost all of whom are fine men. I feel they are out of their element in football.

Some of the rules conceived by faculty representatives of the Pacific Coast Conference, whose code is similar to that of the Big Ten and other major conferences, are so impractical and so outdated that a coach has no choice but to cheat if he is to produce the teams demanded by his own administration.

One Pacific Coast rule stipulates that an athlete must not be paid more than $75 a month for a campus job, with the rate of pay computed on an hourly basis. To receive the maximum, the athlete must work the same number of hours every month. Yet it is physically impossible for a boy to attend classes, keep up with his studying, practice football five days a week, attend chalk talks and movies at night, travel back and forth across the country to games—and still put in enough hours to earn his money.

As a result, there is fudging on time cards, or the work is assigned on a "job" basis so that the boy is not required to punch the clock. He is told, "You're the janitor for that hall. Get it swept anytime between 5:00 P.M. and tomorrow morning." The boy probably will put in five hours a week sweeping the hall and get credit for 12.

Then, too, the $75 limit is too low. The rule was initiated seven years ago, when a boy conceivably could get room, board and tooth-paste money for that sum. But a room in the vicinity of the USC, UCLA or California campuses now costs $40 a month and more. The only solution for those without outside support is to accept extra money from alumni.

The blanket limit of $75 a month is unfair for another reason, too: living costs vary from campus to campus. If a boy going to school in Los Angeles is entitled to $75, his counterpart at the University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho, where living costs are lower, should get only $50.

Equally absurd is the Coast Conference rule dealing with the entertainment of football prospects. The code says there is nothing to prohibit the "entertainment of groups of high-school students or junior-college students, provided the groups entertained are chosen on the basis of some interest other than athletics."

How do you get around such a rule? Well, you might ask a star prospect, as we often did, "Are you interested in pretty coeds?" The answer was always "yes"—and we could then say we had invited the player on the basis of an interest other than athletics.

Still another ridiculous rule in the Pacific Coast Conference forbids a coach to talk to a high-school athlete anywhere except in the vicinity of the university campus, and then only when the athlete has requested an interview. The coach is not permitted to enter a boy's home, talk to him on a street corner or even witness a high-school football game unless it is played off the high-school campus in a public enclosure—for example, the Los Angeles Coliseum or San Francisco's Kezar Stadium.

High-School Stars Scouted by Proxy

How then do coaches get a look at high-school prospects? They usually give scouting assignments to assistant coaches who can sneak into high-school athletic fields with less chance of being caught, or to alumni with a working knowledge of football. In relegating the job to others, however, the coach must get his information secondhand, and more often than not it isn't good. I have taken several high-school players who turned out to be duds, but kept them around so as not to embarrass the proselyter in his community. Then some alumni will recommend second-grade talent purely to advance themselves politically in business. The kid might be the son of the boss, or perhaps of a good customer.

My efforts to line up outstanding players sometimes got me in hot water, and not always for deliberate violations of the conference rules. Take the time I was after Al Pollard of Los Angeles, now a halfback with the Philadelphia Eagles. Pollard was then the hottest prep prospect in the state. He met me at my office and we started for an eating place called Carl's, close to the campus and designated by the conference commissioner as "in bounds" to USC. Carl's was closed that night, however, so we drove six miles to the Sarnez Restaurant in Beverly Hills. A man from Loyola University spotted us there and apparently reported the incident to the commissioner. The tab for the dinner was $260—$10 to the restaurant and $250 in a fine imposed on the university. Pollard wound up at Loyola.

USC team carries coach Jeff Cravath off the field after beating Notre Dame, 9-7, in big 1950 upset. Three days later Cravath was fired

INTERNATIONAL

ot—additional money for it

JOHN FLOREA

Cravath calls time out on El Centro, California, cattle and produce farm. He says that he's glad "those wild frustrating days" as one of the country's foremost coaches are behind him

That fine was certainly more justified than one levied on USC a year earlier. On my way home from a game with Tulane in New Orleans, I stopped in Iowa City to see my friend, Dr. Eddie Anderson, then head coach at Iowa. He told me about a good high-school prospect in that area named Mearl Naber. Mearl had been set to go to Iowa, but was being influenced toward USC by a disgruntled Iowa alumnus who had been given season tickets that year on the 10-yard line instead of the 50.

I told Eddie I hadn't known anything about the negotiations and didn't want the boy under those circumstances. I offered to advise him to go to Iowa. Bob Kirk, an Iowa alumnus, and I drove to the boy's home town of Tipton and met Mearl at the place of business of a former Iowa letter man. I suggested that Naber attend college in his home state, and he did. Somebody spotted me talking to the athlete, however, and reported it to the Coast Conference commissioner.

At the next meeting of the conference, the faculty athletic representatives decided to fine me $500 for illegal recruiting. I went to our faculty man and protested, offering to get affidavits from the boy, from the witnesses and from Anderson. But our faculty man told me the school did not want to fight the fine.

It's interesting to note that faculty athletic leaders about the country make a major issue of curtailing or eliminating spring practice, but do nothing about postseason bowl games. The last meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference decided to abolish spring practice, beginning in 1956, on the grounds that it contributes to overemphasis of football and takes the players away from their studies. Yet the professors have no qualms about taking the boys away from their families during the Christmas holidays to play in bowl games. The faculty leaders and the college presidents are yielding to the temptations of fat gate receipts and to the pressure of alumni who want their schools in the national spotlight on New Year's Day.

Bowl Games Cause Too Much Pressure

My teams played four times in the Rose Bowl, winning twice, and I hold nothing against the Tournament of Roses people personally, or against the sponsors of any of the other bowl games. I simply feel that the football season should end each year on the last Saturday in November, possibly with interconference play-offs. I think the great pressure that mounts between the end of the regular season and New Year's Day could be eliminated.

Preparing for a bowl game is hard work. Some teams even have held secret meetings to demand that they be paid for this extra duty. The boys have argued, with certain justification, that the football game was costing them at least two weeks' salary on a Christmas job. They wanted compensation—and occasionally they have got it.

In the Pacific Coast Conference, the procedure is more subtle. Each player competing in the Rose Bowl is given six tickets free and the privilege of buying six more at the listed price of $5.50 each—a maximum total of $33 for 12 tickets. He usually can sell the tickets for a total of at least $200.

The coaches and alumni not only are aware that the athletes are scalping, but they help the boys unload their tickets while the presidents and faculty leaders look the other way.

Most coaches are aware that something must be done about college football—but what? First, I believe, the administration of the game should be placed in the hands of the athletic directors and the office of faculty athletic representative abolished. Next, college presidents should inform their alumni that every school can't win every year, then stand unswervingly behind their coaches and athletic directors.

Once the athletic directors were in charge, I feel that their first step to eliminate cheating in football would be to establish a uniform National Collegiate Athletic Association scholarship plan. The scholarships should provide athletes with room, board, tuition, books, school supplies and part-time jobs yielding a modest amount of spending money each month.

I think the rule prohibiting material inducements to high-school prospects should be rigidly enforced, with the responsibility falling on the athletes as well as on the institutions. If a boy should be convicted of accepting anything beyond that permitted by the NCAA, he should be declared ineligible at every school in the organization. Under such circumstances, no coach would be likely to encourage alumni to make reckless offers that would jeopardize a boy's athletic future. Nor would the boy's father and mother be inclined to place their son on the auction block—as parents of football stars have frequently done—and peddle him to the highest bidder.

Coaches would welcome the chance to abolish under-the-table arrangements. Premium athletes invariably pop off about their deals in front of other boys who were not so fortunate, and team morale soon sags. Then again, once you start giving to a boy, there may be no end to it. A USC alumnus complained not long ago that he started out buying a boy some clothes. Next, the kid wanted a used car, and then money to fly home over the week end.

"When he finally asked for a tuxedo," said the deflated alumnus, "I told him to look for another sponsor."

Finally, gifts to athletes can create undue pressure on a coach in another way. Some alumni who sponsor players want to see their boys in the game so that they can boast to their friends that they are sending the kids through school. You can play only 11 men at a time, so the alumni whose boys are on the bench make it hot for the coach.

It takes a mighty clever football coach to keep all the alumni happy all the time. I didn't do too badly at my alma mater, USC, during the first eight years I coached there.

But in 1950, I had the worst season of my career, losing five games against two wins and two ties.

In our final game, against Notre Dame, we were rated an 18-point underdog. On the day before the game, university officials asked me to address a service-club luncheon. I refused on the ground that I had scheduled a meeting with my quarterbacks that afternoon. But I soon got a telephone call from our athletic director, who asked me to attend as a "special favor" to our university president, Dr. Fred Fagg. I was told that a number of important alumni would be present.

I said I'd go. What else could I do? But I told the service club that if USC lost to Notre Dame the next day, I would blame them because they had demanded I attend their luncheon rather than the quarterback meeting.

I also told them that each school should have two head football coaches—a tactical coach to teach the boys the game and a social coach to tour the lunch-and-dinner circuit.

In any event—and maybe it's because I *didn't* talk to my quarterbacks—we whipped Notre Dame in a big upset the next day, by a score of 9-7. I suddenly became a hero. The players carried me off the field on their shoulders on that glorious Saturday afternoon—and on the following Tuesday I was fired.

President Fagg said he deeply regretted having to ask me to resign, but that his "hands were tied." He added that the "boys downtown"—those with the endowment-available money—had wanted it that way and had suggested the school pay me off on my contract, which still had two years and nine months to run.

Into the job stepped a dark horse, Jess Hill, USC track coach and former freshman football coach.

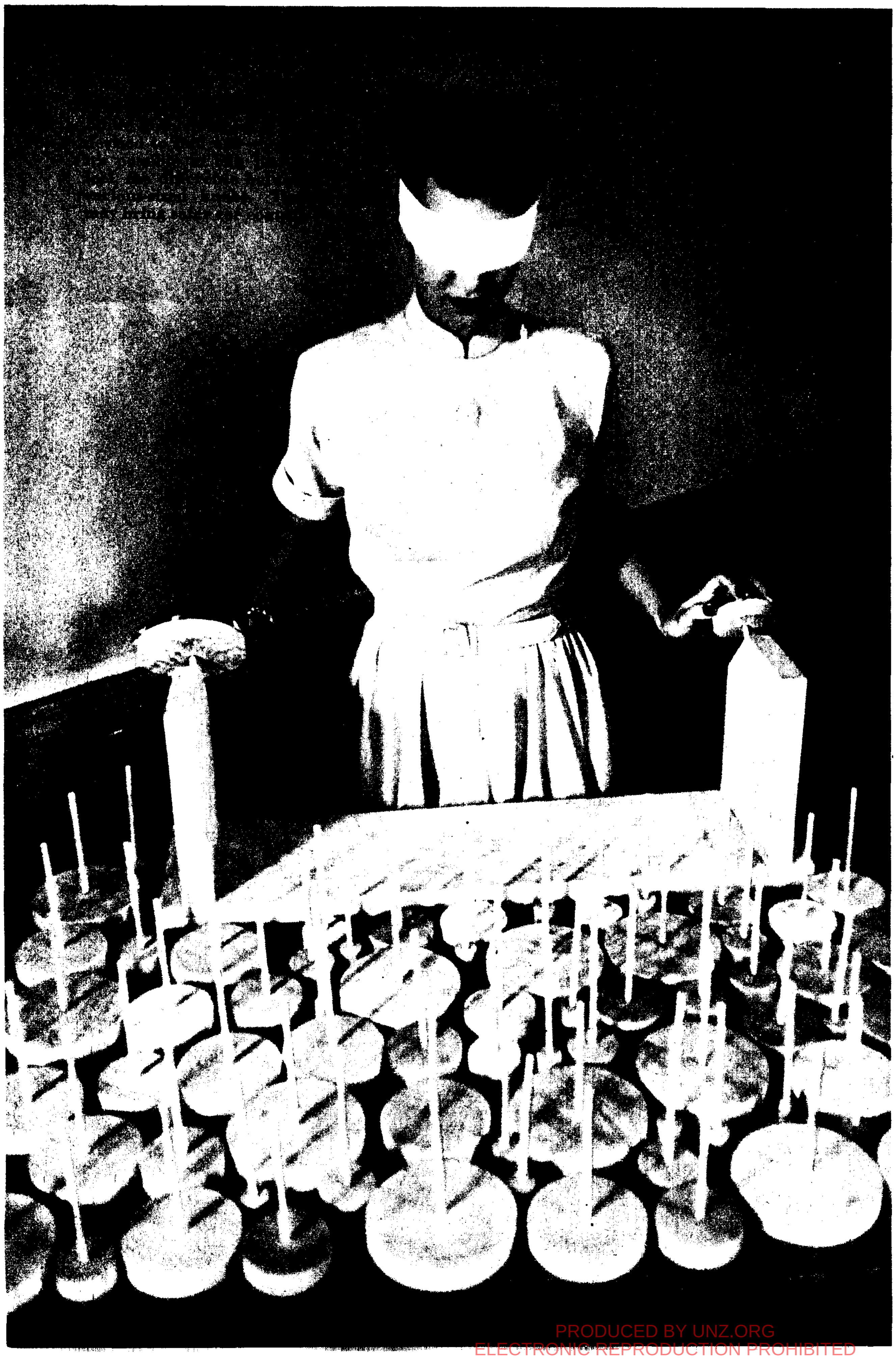
He has done a fine job, becoming the first Pacific Coast Conference coach to beat the Big Ten in their Rose Bowl series. But even so, he still is under pressure from alumni who think he should change his offense or use the players they sponsor.

Well, those wild, frustrating days are over for Old Man Cravath. Now I'm tending my cattle in the quiet little town of El Centro, California. Football is still my first love, but so far as coaching is concerned, I'm sort of reminded of what tourists are supposed to say about New York—"It's nice for a visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

Besides, I'm fond of my cows. They don't have alumni. ▲▲▲

THEY'RE REDESIGNING

As the headline above shows, human engineers have even begun redrawing the alphabe



JACK MANNING

“FFIF *feffeffe if feff faff fo feaf.*”

Know what that means? It's just English—but slightly distorted. Try reading it out loud. Sounds like some strange foreign tongue, doesn't it? But don't feel discouraged. Here's another distortion that will be easier to understand:

“Thus luks und sunds much sumplur.”

Notice the difference? Turning all the consonants—*t, h, s, n* and so on—into *f*'s, as I did in the first sentence, resulted in gibberish; put the consonants back in and the meaning would be: “This sentence is very hard to read.” But converting all the vowels—*a, e, i, o* and *u*—into *u*'s, as I did in the second sentence, hardly affected the sense of what was said.

In fact, engineers are redesigning electronic circuits to produce this second distortion because it has proved more understandable in radio and telephone communication than normal speech. The new circuits cut down the normally louder vowel sounds so as to give more emphasis to the softer consonants—the listening clues we need for understanding. Those consonants can mean the difference between a safe landing and a crash for an airliner pilot straining to catch his landing instructions over the roar of motors and static.

What's more, this new machine-made “voice”—redesigned to fit our listening habits—is not just an isolated development. It is a product of human engineering, a new science dedicated to the redesigning of machines—from electric toasters to jet fighters—to fit the habits and abilities of the people who must use them. The human engineers seek to remove the unnecessary hazards and frustrations of machine-age living.

We sometimes become irritated with even the simplest of our mechanical devices. A housewife complains that the switches on a kitchen range seem to her to turn in the wrong direction. A homeowner is baffled by the electricity meter in his basement. Elderly people may find the volume controls on a hearing aid too tiny to operate conveniently. An automobile driver pushes the light switch of his car instead of the cigarette lighter.

Industry has turned to human engineers to find ways to make machines easier and safer to use, and has set aside vast sums to finance the work. Some big manufacturing concerns have their own human engineering staffs; others employ outside research organizations to find the answers.

Before the human engineers can redesign the machines, they must study the people who use them. The task is all the more difficult because we who use the machines often are not aware—except subconsciously—of the irritations they cause. We take notice of shortcomings in design only when they lead us to make a mistake, or perhaps to injure ourselves.

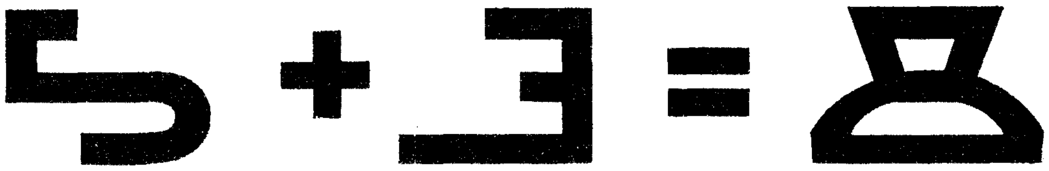
As a result, most of today's human engineers are trained psychologists—men who have made a specialty of studying people. They are skilled at measuring our habits, our instincts and our abilities to see, hear, feel and think. The new electronic voice, for example, is the result of talking and listening tests conducted by psychologists at Harvard's Psycho-Acoustic Laboratory.

But the principles of human engineering are fast spreading beyond such academic laboratories. Airplane designers all over the world already are studying the first Human Engineering Bulletin published

YOUR LIFE

By EDMUND L. VAN DEUSEN

They are also making over everything from your kitchen stove to the Air Force's jets



Johns Hopkins experts suggest redesigning numbers, as above, for better readability

by the Guggenheim Aviation Safety Center at Cornell University. It urges that emergency exits be redesigned so that they'll be standard on all passenger planes—and simple enough to operate so that even a person with a broken arm can escape through them.

There is human engineering, too, in the new low-swept telephone set. Thousands of homeowners and office workers are enthusiastic users of the new Western Electric sets. That's understandable, for the new set's receiver is smaller and lighter, and even the dial has been redesigned. The numbers have been placed outside the dial—not under it—so that they won't be hidden by the dialing finger or rubbed out by constant use. And the dial face is set at an angle that makes it easier for most people to read.

Another standard home fixture, the multidialed electricity meter in the cellar, has also had its face lifted. No longer is it necessary to have a meter with four circular dials whose hands turn in opposite directions. General Electric, Westinghouse and other manufacturers now make a meter that looks—and reads—like the mileage meter in an automobile.

Human Engineers' Task Only Begun

Despite such accomplishments, human engineers say their task has barely begun. In the last few months, the applied-psychology laboratory of Dunlap & Associates, in Stamford, Connecticut, has been interviewing hundreds of housewives. The clinic is exploring the relationship between the housewife and the bewildering complex of modern mechanical devices that crowd her kitchen and laundry room. As they expected, the human engineers are uncovering dozens of minor irritations—unnecessary frictions that jangle the nerves and offset some of the benefits of laborsaving aids.

There are electric irons whose temperature dials are difficult to read while the iron is in use; either the markings are too small or they are covered by the hand gripping the iron. There are refrigerators whose swinging doors take up too much space. And there are stoves with switches arranged in a straight line—while the burners are arranged in a square.

Yet the frustrating fact is that many of these irritations could be eliminated by simple and—on the surface—common-sense changes. An airplane pilot wonders why his radio switch is located where his shoulder might brush against it and accidentally turn it off.

Factory workers ask why they should have to stand on stools to read gauges that could easily have been put at eye level.

The human engineer believes he knows the answers to such questions. As an engineer himself, he knows that no modern machine is the result of one man's effort. Even to create an electric iron, there has to be an electrical expert to specify switches and heating coils, a metallurgist to find a tarnishproof metal for the base, and a chemist to experiment with various plastics for the handle. After these men have completed their jobs, an industrial designer has to put the parts together in a design with maximum eye appeal.

Each man is an expert in his field. But no single expert has the training or experience to predict accurately where all man-machine frictions might occur. The finished iron may operate perfectly in the testing laboratory. It may outshine all competitive models in the store window. But, says the human engineer, the new iron's true worth can be measured only when it is in the hands of somebody with ironing to do. Only then do the man-machine irritations become apparent. At that point, another kind of expert is needed—someone whose specialty is people.

Human engineers intend to fill this need. Their profession, in fact, got its start when just such a need developed during World War II. The armed forces found that the mechanical gadgets of modern warfare had become so complicated that most soldiers, sailors and airmen had difficulty operating them. There was no time to train armies of superexperts. The machines had to be redesigned so that men of average education could make sense out of the dials, gauges and scaling devices that sprouted like weeds on the equipment.

It was a job that the ballistics expert, the electronics adviser and the mechanical engineer couldn't do alone. They knew too much about their own specialties to predict how nonexperts would react under the stresses and strains of battle. Besides, there were embarrassing incidents like that involving some Navy radar equipment no one could operate properly—until somebody discovered that a left-handed engineer had designed the controls backwards.

The armed forces finally appealed to the academic laboratories, where for nearly 70 years the experimental psychologists, anthropologists and physiologists had been compiling information about people. The scientists came out of their laboratories to help win the war—as human engineers.

Instinct as Well as Intelligence Needed

Fortunately for all of us, the human engineers did not return to their ivory-tower laboratories after the victory. They found that human engineering was needed in civilian life, too. It's needed in automobiles. It's needed in factories where safety programs that violate natural work habits can actually cause accidents. It's needed, in fact, wherever men conflict with the machines they invent.

Some human engineers seek solutions to specific problems. Not long ago, for example, several were asked to redesign the entire color scheme used by a manufacturer of anesthetic gases. For years, he had used certain colors to identify the various gas cylinders. Then one fateful day during a critical operation, an attending nurse reached for the wrong cylinder. The patient died—because the nurse was color-blind. The human engineer was able to recommend a color series that couldn't be confused, even by color-blind people.

Human engineers at the Bell Telephone Laboratories are now studying the push-button selectors used by long-distance telephone operators to "dial" the code numbers of distant cities. When these devices were introduced a year or two ago, they were expected to reduce sharply the number of needless delays caused by dialing mistakes. But delays have continued—and the human engineers are trying to find out why. They know that the new push-button instrument has eliminated some of the old-style frictions, but apparently it has caused new difficulties of its own. The human engineers are especially suspicious about the fact that the buttons are arranged 0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9. Their test results indicate that most people expect to find the "0" at the other end of the series. This is a minor irritation, maybe, but it can cause even more irritating mistakes.

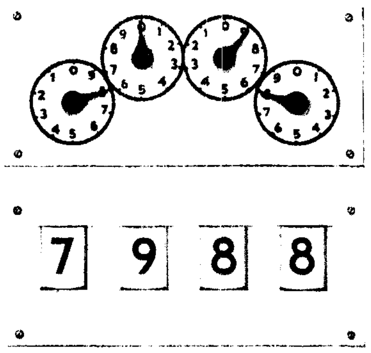
New Alphabets and Numerals to Come?

More important for the future than the search for solutions to specific problems are the basic laboratory tests now under way to establish broad human-engineering principles. Guided by the results of such studies, human engineers are even experimentally readjusting our alphabet and numbering systems. Letters and figures are being redesigned to make everything from airplane gauges to highway markers more readable.

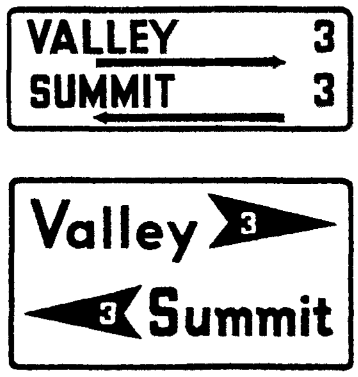
In the tranquillity of the Middle Ages, citizens had plenty of time to figure out the differences between their *p*'s and *q*'s. But at 50 miles per hour on a rainy night, a driver often has only a fraction of a minute to decide whether a route marker reads 88, 38, 83 or 33. If he peers at the marker a second too long, a parked truck on the road ahead may make the whole question unimportant.

But before the human engineers could begin to take the friction out of the alphabet, they had to find out how people read individual letters and numbers. In hundreds of tests, under bright lights and dim, before keen-eyed pilots and thick-spectacled professors, the psychologists flashed printed cards. It came as no surprise that their subjects often mistook a *Q* for an *O*, or a *G* for a *C*. But not so expected was the confusion between *N* and *S*, between *H* and *B* and between *F* and *P*.

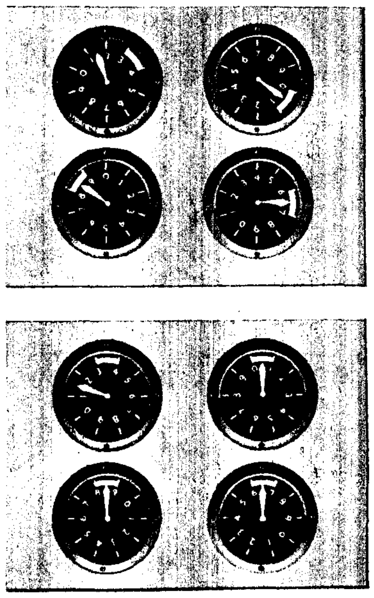
Actually, the human engineers found, every single letter and number tended to some extent to confuse the reader. The next task, therefore, was to discover which part of each symbol caused the most confusion. At Johns Hopkins University, the human engineers repeated their tests, this time covering in turn the top, left, right and bottom parts of their test cards. The scientists then could single out the features of each symbol that lead to confusion and, conversely, accurately spot the char-



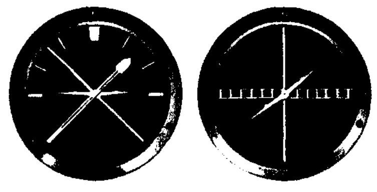
Human engineers substituted speedometerlike dial at bottom for baffling electricity meters



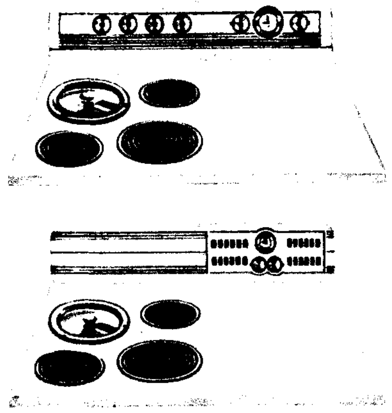
Blue-on-yellow direction signs are more legible than the old type. Note the new-style arrows



Pilot could check dials quicker if indicators all pointed same way while plane flies properly



If plane banks, most horizon indicators show horizon tilting. New model shows plane tilting



If stove controls are arranged same way as burners, users are less likely to become confused

acteristics which distinguish each letter and number.

With this information before them, Johns Hopkins engineers have begun developing a new set of numbers. They are exaggerating or altering the parts of various digits that now look alike. The result is less confusion between the symbols, as may be seen from the illustration on page 35.

Other engineers are similarly redesigning the alphabet to end the confusion over letters resembling one another. One such experimental alphabet was employed in printing the title of this article. The designer turned the *Y* upside down because research tests have shown that it often is confused with *V*. The *H* was redrawn to avoid confusion with *B*, the *E* to avoid confusion with *F* and *L*, the *G* to avoid confusion with *C* and *O*, and the *D* to avoid confusion with *B*. None of these extreme examples will be put into broad use at present, of course. But they do represent the probable shape of the future.

Human engineers are also redesigning such familiar symbols as the directional arrow. The standard shape—with a stubby head and feathered tail—isn't very effective at long distances. The two ends blur out of shape. It's far better, say the human engineers, to throw away the tail and feathers and exaggerate the arrowhead itself into a long, thin silhouette.

Our Sense of Touch Can Help Out

But not all the human engineer's work is devoted to helping men see more clearly. In fact, the psychologists are convinced many man-machine frictions occur because we try to see too much. Our senses of touch, hearing or even smell often could replace the use of sight—leaving the eyes free for more important jobs. Take the knobs on an automobile dashboard. They are operated by the fingers, and the tips of our fingers contain our most sensitive "touch" nerves. It would seem logical to use our sense of touch to find the right knob while we keep our eyes on the road.

Yet the knobs in most cars today are difficult to distinguish by touch. Most of them are identical; they look more attractive that way. But they can also be dangerous. If you reach blindly for the cigarette lighter at night and turn off your headlights instead, you may crash. Human engineers at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base have found, moreover, that the average person cannot tell two knobs apart by their position unless they are at least six inches from each other. The best solution, therefore, is to make it possible for the fingers to distinguish between the knobs. Changing the shape and size of the knobs is one method. Human engineers already have adopted this method to redesign aircraft controls. A pilot is surrounded by hundreds of dials, gauges, knobs, levers and cranks—each demanding his attention. During a take-off or landing, his hands move as rapidly about his cockpit as those of an organist playing a polka.

One wrong move can result in a crash. Yet most of the time he must use his eyes to guide his hands to the right control. It's no wonder, then, that 60 per cent of the air accidents investigated by the Air Force are blamed on pilot's errors. Most of those errors, however, are simply those of doing the right thing to the wrong control—or the wrong thing to the right control. As such, they're the result of man-machine frictions.

To help the pilot "see" the controls with his hands, human engineers are testing dozens of different control shapes and sizes. They are trying to find shapes that can't be confused with others near them. Star shapes and crosses, for example, can't be used together. The average person finds them too similar. And most people can't distinguish between two different-sized knobs unless one is at least a fourth larger than the other.

The engineers already have adopted 11 basic shapes for the controls in military aircraft. The newest F-86 Sabre jet has a landing-gear lever topped with a wheel-like knob. The landing-flap control is shaped like a cross section of the plane's wing. Moreover, both controls are placed in convenient positions. The landing-gear lever is directly in front of the throttle ("push up on the throttle, pull up the wheels"), and the landing-flap lever is directly below the throttle ("pull down on the throttle, put down the flaps"). The human engineers at Wright-Patterson's Aero Medical Laboratory are particularly proud of reports from the Air Force that the changes appear to have eliminated accidents caused by confusion between these controls.

But fancy-shaped knobs are not a military monopoly. Chances are that commercial airplane pilots will soon benefit from their use. Eventually, too, these shapes may blossom on auto dashboards, tractor panels, TV consoles—anywhere that the hands can help the eyes.

But just getting the hands to the right control is not enough, say the human engineers. No matter what happens to the control—whether it's pushed, pulled, turned or lifted—it should follow certain rules. Psychologists have learned that people have very definite instincts about such movements. If a knob is to be turned "on," it should turn clockwise, most people agree. If a switch is being used, it ought to flip up for "on" and down for "off." For push-pull controls like those found in some autos, it doesn't matter which way they move for "on," so long as all operate in the same manner.

Violating any one of these rules doesn't mean that the control can't be operated properly. But it does mean that the control is causing a man-machine friction. It's taking a toll in lost motion, nervous strain and "extra remembering." And when emergencies occur—when instincts are all-important—the chances for error multiply.

Besides being in the proper direction, the motion of the control should also have the right "feel." An on-off switch should feel definitely *on* or *off*. P-47 pilots died during World War II because a switch connecting the reserve fuel tank with the engines sometimes stuck in a half-on position.

Similarly, when a person steps on a car brake, his foot should be able to tell him how hard the brakes are being applied. Even if power-brakes make the job easier, human engineers say, there should still be an increasing resistance to signal the amount of braking. Perhaps, say the engineers, there would be fewer speeding accidents if the accelerator also became increasingly difficult to depress as it approached the floor boards.

Another method of extending man's control over his machines would be to give his ears more responsibilities. A whistling teakettle signals by sound when the water is boiling. Using the same principle, human engineers in the Psycho-Acoustic Laboratory at Harvard have developed a system for airplane pilots which literally allows them to fly "blind"—by ear instead of by instruments. Swooshing sounds in the earphones signal what the plane is doing. A high note in one ear and a low tone in the other indicates that the wings are tilting. A steady putt-putt-putt sound indicates how fast the plane is going. From the success of experiments like this, human engineers feel sure that the ears can be put to greater use in the job of machine-age living.

Noise Requires Special Treatment

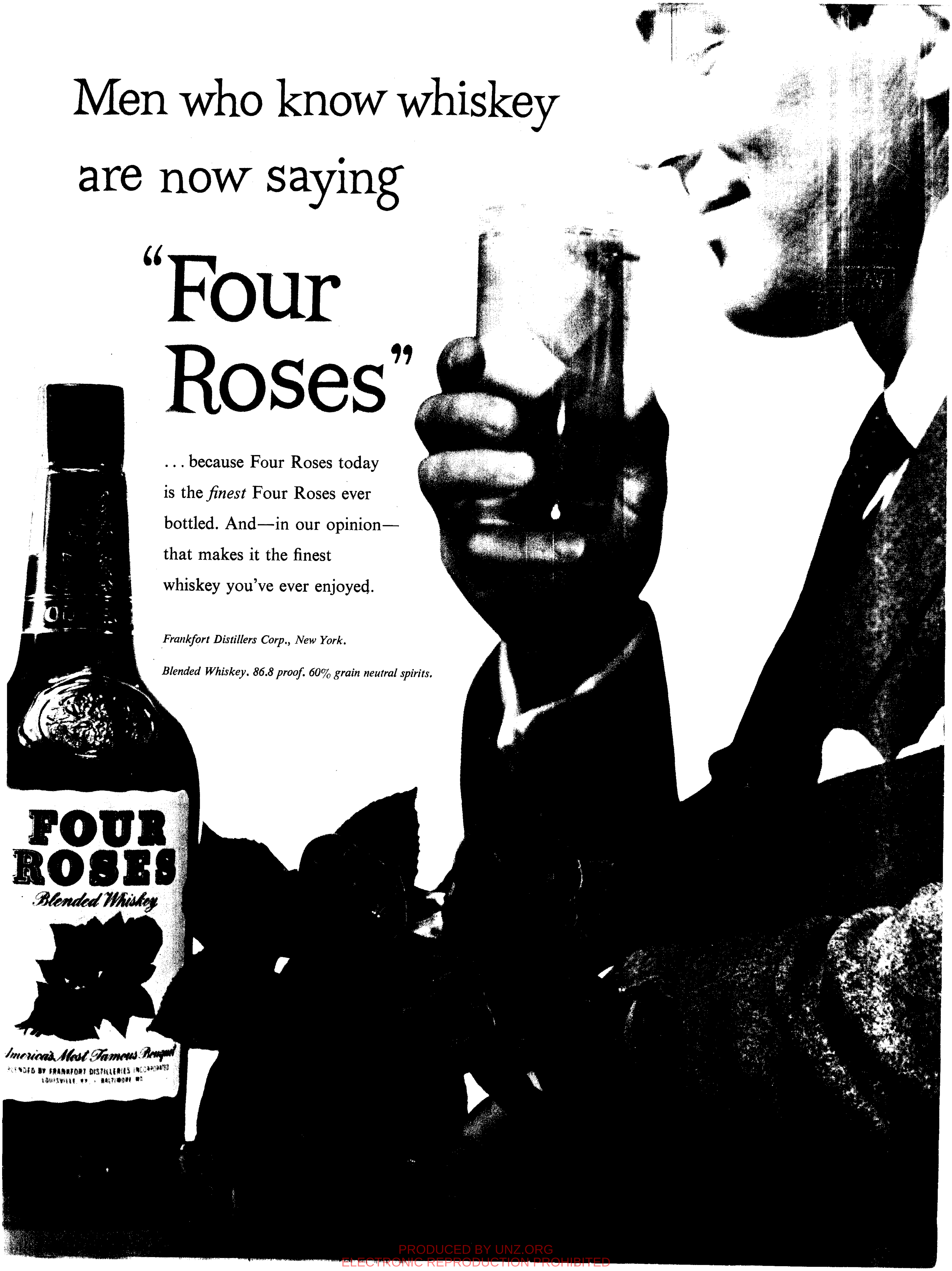
More important, the fundamental research that precedes such developments has other practical applications. Take the problem facing men who work in noisy surroundings, but who depend for safety on warning sounds or shouted instructions. Human engineers, when confronted with this situation, suggest earplugs should be worn. Laboratory tests have shown that blocking the ears reduces the total noise, but allows the hearing senses to pick out the smaller sounds hitherto lost in the blare. This discovery is being used now during the warmup of planes on Navy aircraft carriers. Earplugs deaden the screech of the motors, but the sailors can still hear their spoken instructions.

Noisy surroundings can be more than just a nuisance. The machine age is subjecting men to noise levels that can cause deafness and other injuries. Human engineers are alarmed at our lack of knowledge on how much noise a person can stand before he is harmed.

Data on this subject is being compiled by a special committee of the American Standards Association under the chairmanship of Professor Walter Rosenblith, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. When it has been completed, human engineers will use the committee's report to redesign machinery that is too noisy.

It'll be one more phase of the human engineers' never-ending and ever-expanding effort to make machine-age living safer and more comfortable. ▲▲▲

RICHARD DEANE TAYLOR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DIAMONDS in the Sky

By JOHN CLARE

Hank felt great—Nina was back in his life. Then he found she'd trapped him into a smuggling racket

IT WAS cold outside, about fifty below; and three and a half miles straight down, the snow was falling thickly on the ragged furrows of the North Atlantic. But from the flight deck of Sunair's Flight 267—four hundred miles and change out of Prestwick, Scotland, and barreling along at 250 miles an hour indicated—the high stars, bright as diamonds, looked friendly, almost festive. The luminous dials of the instruments glowed in the gloom of the flight compartment, and from the passenger cabin drifted the fragrance of food and coffee and the sharper smell of cigarette smoke. This little world, hung in space, had the warm, secure atmosphere of a fireside.

And twenty-five hundred miles ahead, on the other side of the night, Montreal's Dorval Airport was waiting, clear and calm.

Hank Cooper, sitting in the left-hand seat, handed the pad carrying this latest weather information back to the radio operator. "Let's hope it stays that way," Hank said and yawned. He raised his hands high above his head and stretched hard. He shook his head. He felt loose and relaxed. All the tension he had brought to work with him was gone now. A simple, uncomplicated guy like me, he told himself, should never go below five thousand feet. All the trouble, all the real trouble, he had ever encountered had been on the ground.

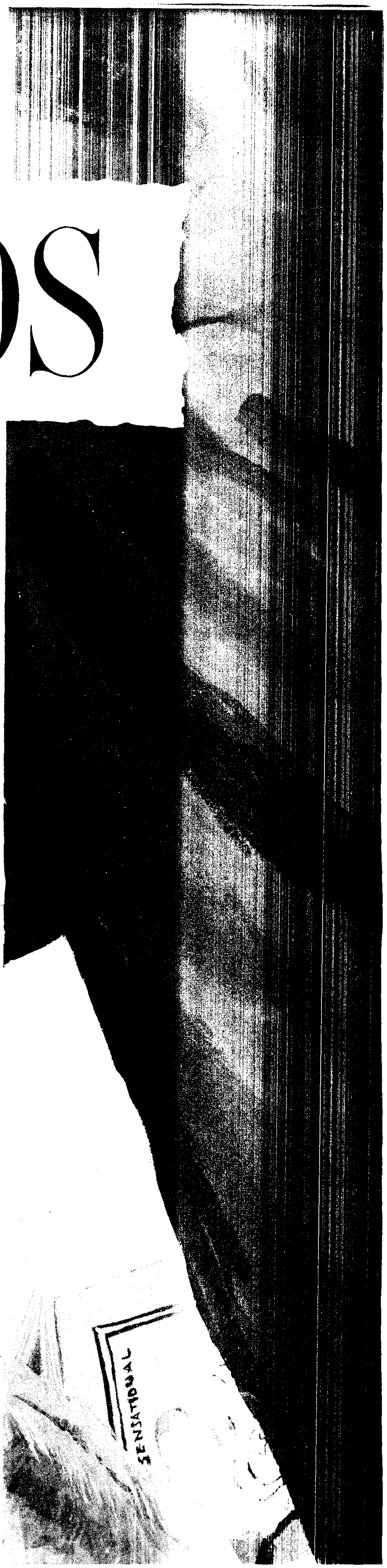
"Willie," he called, "you drive for a while. I'm going back and help tuck the customers in for the night."

As Bill Feldman, his second officer, rolled off the bunk and got into the seat beside him, Hank buttoned his shirt collar and pulled the black knot of his necktie into place. He pulled on his blouse with the silver buttons and adjusted his cap at the right angle.

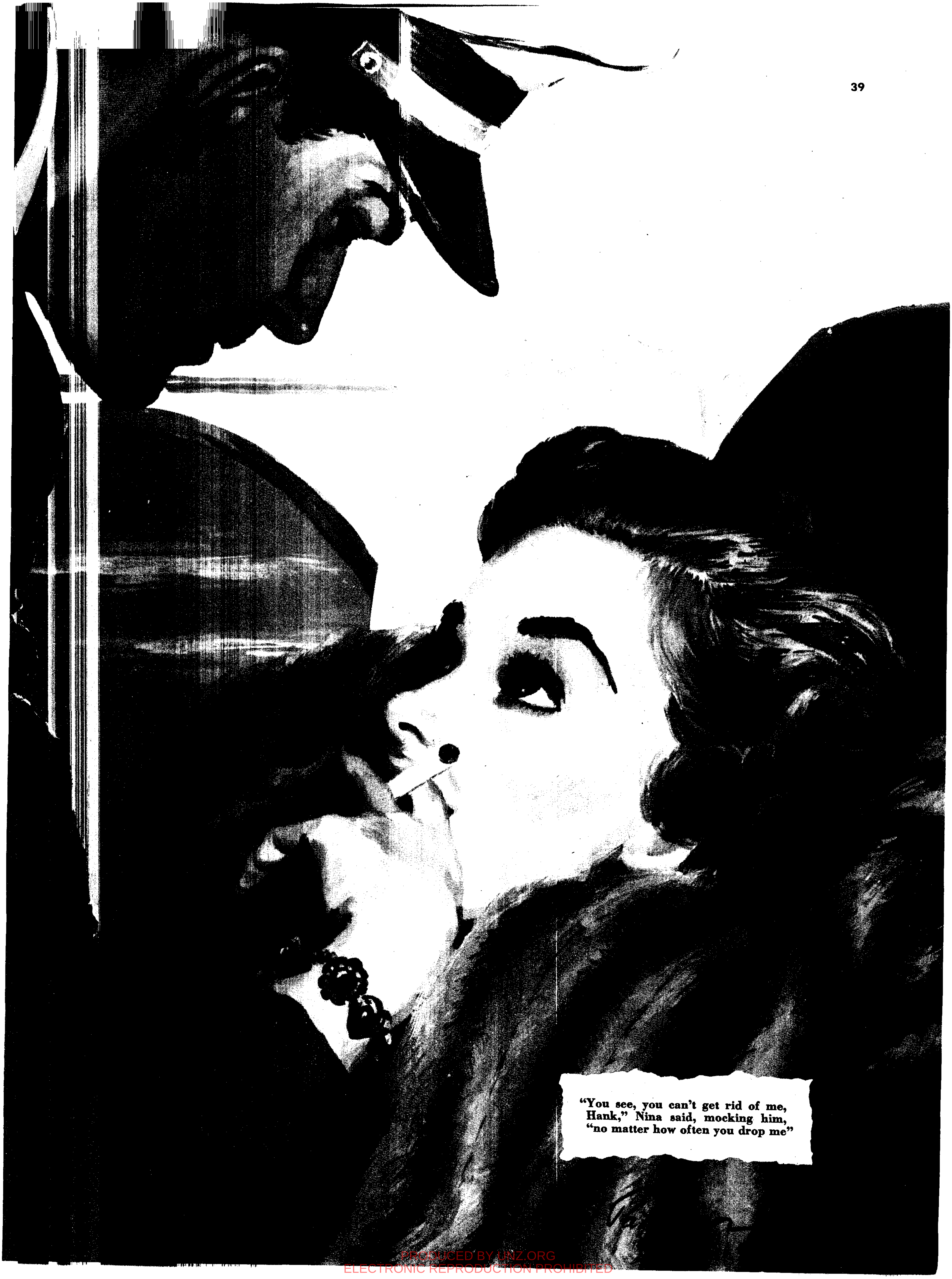
This is my world, my life, Hank told himself as he walked toward the padded door that led to the passenger cabin. And for the past six years, ever since he had begun flying the line, it had been a good world and a good life. He was well paid for doing the only thing he wanted to do; he was young (thirty-one was almost young, wasn't it?) and he had no one but a flight dispatcher to tell him what to do. And up here all the bad weather was charted. He should never have gone to London on this last trip and he would certainly never do it again. But he should be thankful he had escaped with nothing more than a nagging, bittersweet memory.

The plane lurched slightly just as he entered the passenger cabin. Hank looked down at the young couple sitting in the first seat, smiled and said, "Have to get that hole in the road fixed." They smiled back, a little nervously perhaps.

Sunair's instructions to their skippers called for at least one visit with the passengers every trip. "Probably makes them feel better to know there is someone

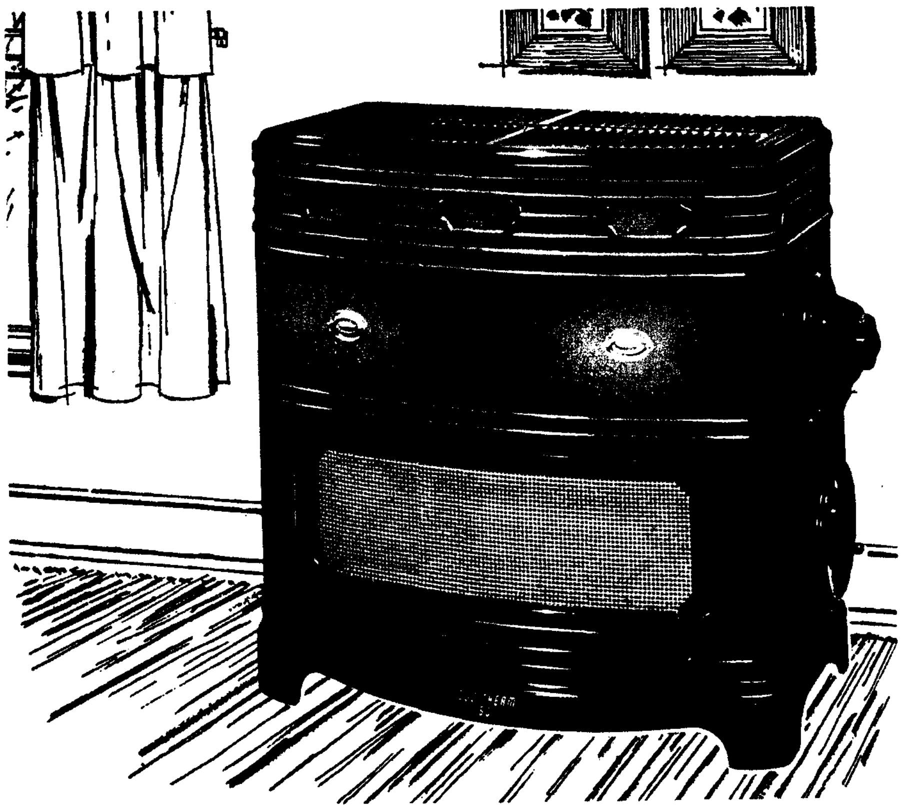


ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



"You see, you can't get rid of me, Hank," Nina said, mocking him, "no matter how often you drop me"

Never before such luxury in gas home heaters!



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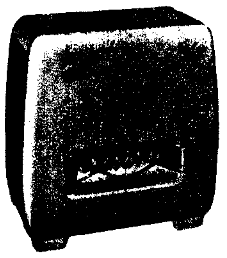

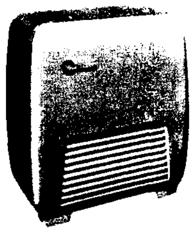

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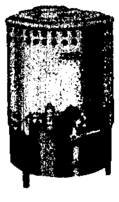

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up here flying this thing," Hank had said to Bill one night.

"And then you come through the door. No, there must be some other reason," Bill had said.

Hank liked this social part of his job. He liked talking to people like this young couple in the first seat. And who wouldn't like talking to the blonde in the next seat? He had caught just a glimpse of her. She was beautiful, and seemed vaguely familiar. Maybe she had been a passenger with him before.

When she looked up from her magazine as Hank came to her seat, he put out a hand to steady himself although the plane was flying straight and level. All four engines could have stopped at once and he wouldn't have noticed it. All he was aware of was the slim face, the high cheekbones, the blue eyes, mocking him, and Nina saying softly: "You see, you can't get rid of me, Hank, no matter how many times you drop me."

THE night before, because the crew was laying over in Prestwick, Hank had gone up to London. (Why was it you always went *up* to London, even though you were obviously going *down* to London when you went from Scotland?) He had wanted to attend a reunion of the R.A.F. squadron he had flown with in the early days of the war, before he had switched to U.S.A.A.F. They had met at the Savoy and it had been pretty good—not wizard, just pretty good.

Along about ten o'clock when someone began to tell for the third time about the mess party the day Hank and his crew had finished their tour of ops, he guiltily stifled a yawn.

He guessed he shouldn't have come unless he had been prepared to get as drunk as, say Ed Whitehead, his former navigator. But for him that old Air Force crack about birds being the only animals that can drink and fly still had meaning. In fact, for him nothing much had changed except that the airplane he flew carried paying passengers instead of bombs, and the people on the ground no longer shot at you with searchlights and eighty-eights. And he was still on readiness, just like the old days, while these guys—he looked around the room—were all bankers or brokers or whatever you became when you traded a uniform for a chalk-striped business suit.

He set down his glass. The best thing to do was to leave quietly. He said good-by to Ed and a couple more men he had been talking to and left. As he stepped into the elevator he was aware of another passenger in the corner, but his thoughts were still with the group he had just left. Then the girl in the corner spoke, not to him, but to the elevator operator.

"Not too fast, please. Squadron Leader Cooper might get airsick."

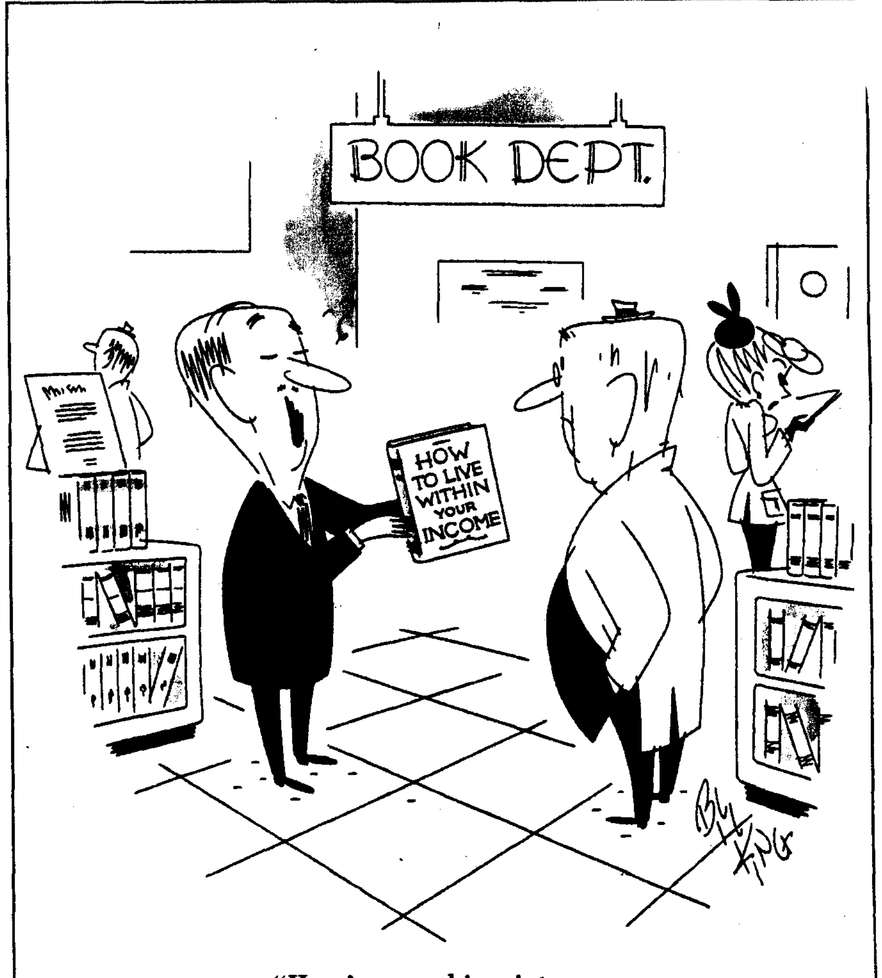
Hank turned and looked at the blonde girl hugging an ermine stole around her shoulders. He stared for a moment without speaking. Nina—he shook his head. Perhaps he was still at Duxford; perhaps this *was* 1942. "Blondes away," he said softly.

Nina laughed lightly and stepped forward, slipping an arm through his. "You're impossible, Hank. You remember a very bad joke all these years, but you have nothing at all to say about me." She shrugged her shoulders. "After all, the last time you saw me I was sliding through the bomb bay of your Halifax over France to join the underground while you made corny jokes like that one. Blondes away, indeed. I think I hate you."

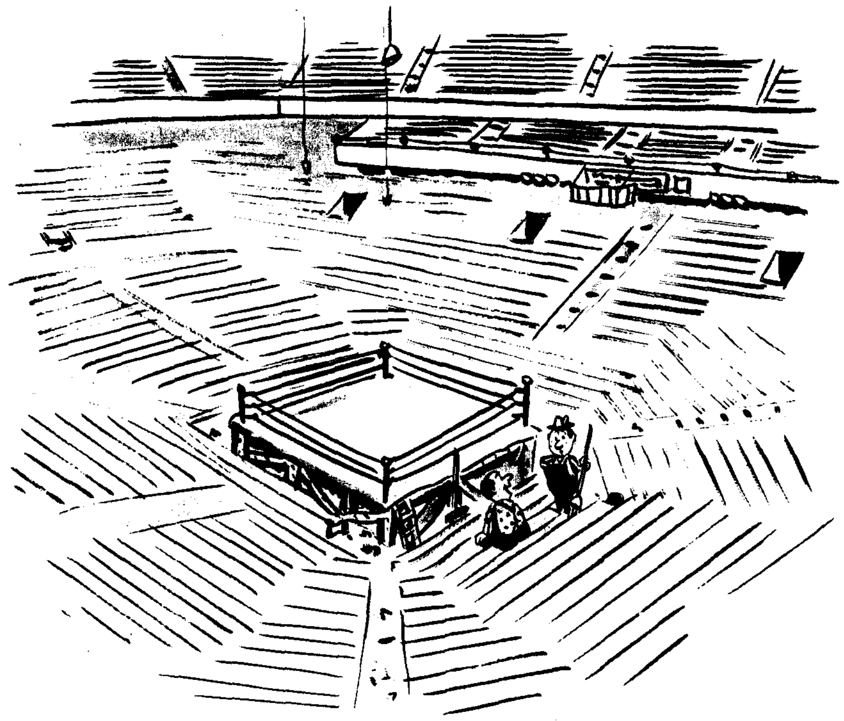
Hank put his hand over hers. "Nina, I can't believe it," he said.

She laughed and then said softly, "This is as far as we go, Hank. The elevator has landed."

"Oh, no," he said, shaking his head. "Oh, no, it isn't. We're going to have a long talk." She was as lovely as he


BOOK DEPT.
HOW TO LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME
Bill King

COLLIER'S   "Here's something interesting if you like fiction"   BILL KING



COLLIER'S "Just imagine! An hour ago these seats were worth $100 each!" REAMER KELLER

had remembered and that was very lovely indeed. And he would never forget the lilt of her accent that she had inherited from her French mother and her English father.

"What happened after we dropped you that night? Obviously you moved in and softened up the Nazis enough for us to land in Normandy. Did I drop you in the right place?" He was talking quickly. There were so many questions to ask.

"We can't talk here, Hank," she said as he turned toward the bar. "I have to go to a party. It seems all I do is go to parties. But I really must go to this one."

"Now, look here—"

"But you're coming too, and we can talk and talk." She touched his lips with her fingers. "It's quite all right. They will love to see you. Their name is Greene. He is an importer and they were very kind to me when my father was ill, and once I worked for him. Hank, I must go. You will come too."

He nodded. "Okay," he said, "just so long as there isn't some guy—you know."

"There is no 'some guy.' I am still living dangerously, Hank," she said, as his hand tightened on her arm.

The Greenes' house in Park Lane was expensively furnished and filled with prosperous-looking guests. Carl Greene himself was a dapper middle-aged man with thinning gray hair molded flat against his head. He said he was delighted Nina had brought Hank along.

"I have a tremendous admiration for people who fly," he said after the introduction. "We will have a talk later." He looked around the room. "There are some interesting people here tonight, but I don't think either of you will find them half as interesting as each other. However, when you get bored with each other, I will introduce you to some of them."

"Nice understanding guy," Hank said, after Greene had gone. "And absolutely right, too, so far as I'm concerned. Let's sit down here."

"Where shall we start?" Nina asked when they were settled with drinks.

Hank leaned forward. "Let's start with that day before I dropped you. We were in the mess at Duxford, and I had just told Ed Whitehead to go out and swing the compass once more because I wanted to be absolutely sure. But what I really wanted was to be alone with you, to tell you I thought you were the most wonderful girl I had ever met."

"And then you dropped me. Just like a man. And never did try to find me," Nina said.

"I did try to find out where you were," Hank said. "But no one knew anything. You know the Army. Then I joined the American Air Force and did another tour and was sent home as an instructor."

"Well," Nina said, taking a sip of her champagne, "there I was, at ten thousand feet—"

They both laughed. "You sound like a guy I used to know—Hank Cooper," he said looking around. "But wait, before you start to tell me about the perils of Nina let's get something straight, because I feel sure we're going to be interrupted before very long. There are a couple of wolfish-looking characters over by the bar, for example, who won't give us much more peace. Where can I get in touch with you on the next trip? I'm taking a flight out to Montreal tomorrow."

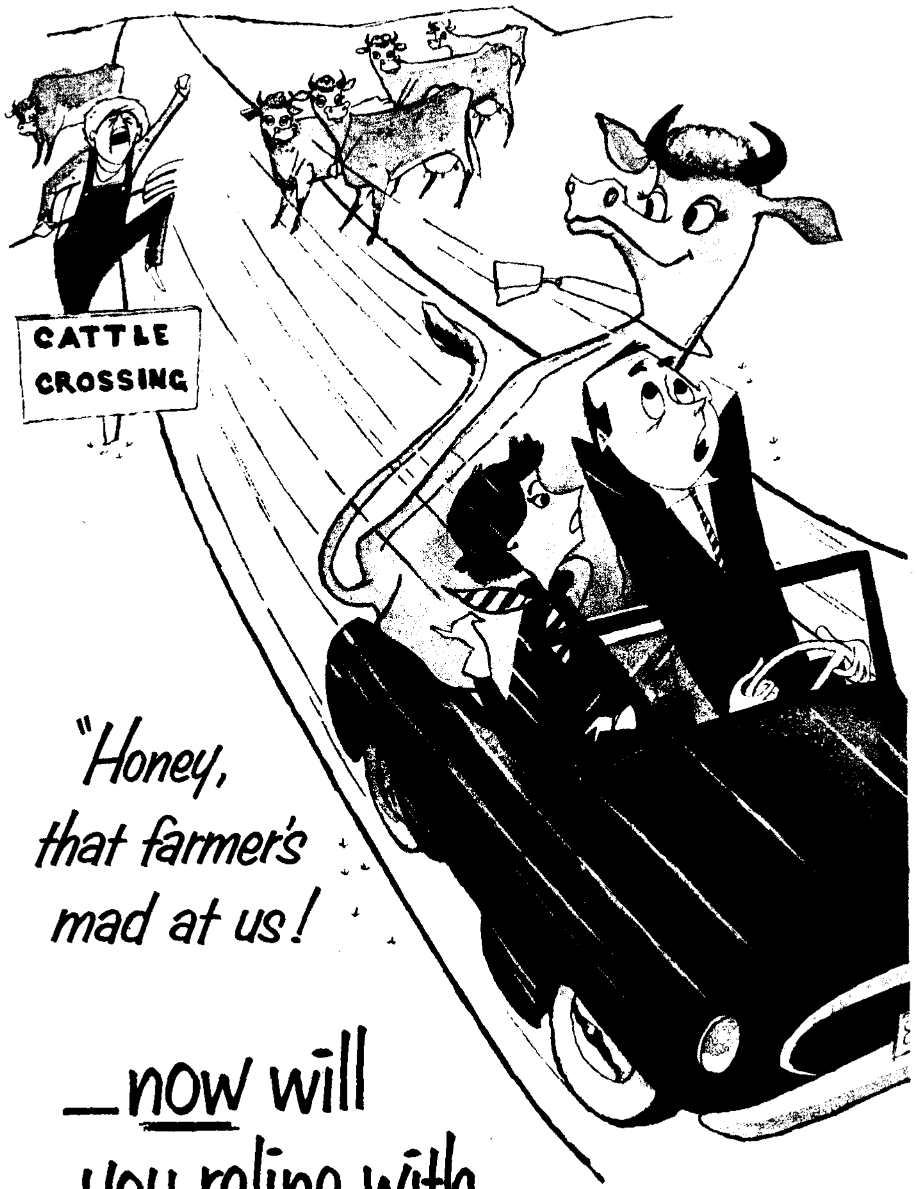
NINA smiled and looked at him as though the information pleased her. "Montreal—how nice. I sometimes go there. Now I am sure to go there." She touched his arm. "I live a very useless and pleasant life, Hank. My father left me lots of money, so all I do is travel around looking for excitement. I think it would be exciting to be in Montreal when you are there."

He smiled at her. "It's a good place. Paris with jukeboxes, but any number of good restaurants too. I know a place—"

"You show it to me," Nina said. She got a card from her bag. "This is my address when I am there. And you?"

Hank told her the name of the hotel where he was going to stay from this trip on. "And now," he said, "tell me whatever became of you."

She had no sooner started the story of her drop into occupied France than



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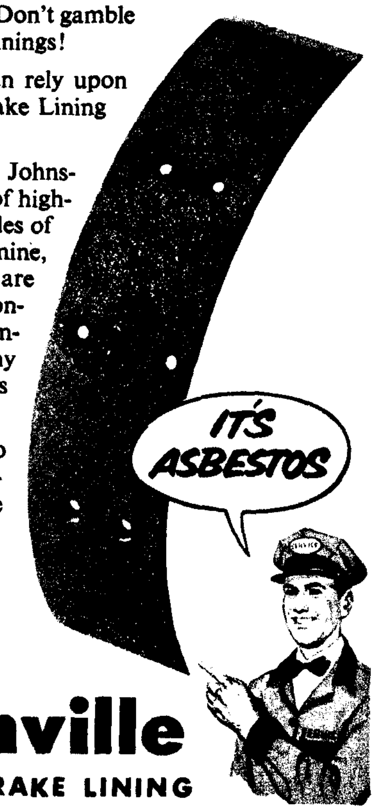

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one of the young men Hank had eyed so apprehensively came over and took Nina away. Hank, standing alone, was aware of Greene's scrutiny.

The older man came up to him. "Would you come into the library for a moment, Captain?" he said. "There is something there I think you might be interested in." He took Hank by the arm. "I won't keep you from her very long. I'm delighted she brought you here tonight. It couldn't have been more fortuitous for me, actually."

Greene closed the door of the dark-paneled room behind them and they sat in deep leather chairs with a coffee table between them. They took cigarettes from a lacquered box, and after Hank had lighted them Greene held out his hand for the lighter. "May I see it?" he said. "They do this sort of thing so well in America."

"You wouldn't find one of those at home or anywhere else, I think," Hank said. "It was made for me by a mick—an Air Force mechanic, that is. He used a part of an old cylinder. I just like it because of its size. Lots of mileage."

HANK paid no attention to what Greene said next. For a man who liked his living free and untrammeled and preferably several thousand feet up, he knew he was showing too much eagerness over a girl who was supposed to be only a charming memory. But Nina was charming, as attractive as ever, and as unconventional as ever too. It was exciting to see her again. Here was a reunion that *did* mean something. He was anxious to get back to her.

Greene placed the lighter carefully on the table as though it were precious and fragile. "I will come to the point in a moment, Captain, but first let me offer proof of my interest in you. You were born in Glendale, California, in February of nineteen twenty-two. Right? You went to Southern California to take engineering but left in nineteen forty to join the R.A.F., where you did thirty-two missions on Wellingtons and Halifaxes before transferring to your own Air Force late in nineteen forty-two to fly B-17s. You did another tour before going home. Right?"

Hank leaned forward. This information wasn't exactly classified, but why had this man gone to the trouble of getting it? And how had he known he, Hank, would ever meet him. "How did you find out all this?" he asked in amazement.

Greene waved his hand as though to say it was nothing at all. "You are now a skipper with Sunair and you will be taking Flight two-six-seven out of Prestwick tomorrow night bound for Montreal. The flight goes on to the West Indies the same day without you. As a member of the swing crew you are based in Montreal, staying at the Mount Royal. You also have an apartment in New York, where your first officer Bill Feldman, married with one child, lives too. You are, of course, unmarried. Right?"

Hank sat back again. "Don't bother telling me about that parking ticket I got in Montreal a couple of weeks ago. I'll believe you know who I am. Why all the interest?"

Greene leaned forward. "Captain, you don't want to spend the rest of your life flogging aircraft, do you? Wouldn't you like to have a stake and perhaps marry and settle down?" He made an expansive gesture. "Wouldn't you like to retire in a year with enough to keep you comfortably for the rest of your life?"

Hank got up. He knew now what Greene was. Sometime in his career, every transatlantic pilot had to turn down a type like Greene. "You've probably got a file on every skipper on the Atlantic," he said coldly.

"That's right," said Greene. "It's part of my business to know them."

"And I don't like the sound of your business, Mr. Greene. Tell me, just for the hell of it, are you moving dope or diamonds or—"

"Diamonds," Greene said curtly. His eyes were small and hard. "And don't talk like a child, Captain. Everyone has done a little smuggling, even you." He held up a hand. "Oh, I know all you've ever taken through is a few nylons or cigarettes. You have a good reputation with the customs people. But why not be practical? Work at this for a few trips and you'll be a rich man." He paused. "We'll all be rich. I have a lot of work you can do for me."

Hank shook his head. "You're right, Greene," he said. "I guess I am a kid at heart; maybe all us pilots are. Anyhow, please take another name from the file."

"There isn't anyone else I can be sure will do it. There isn't time to get anyone else." Greene put out his cigarette angrily. "If Nina hadn't brought you here tonight I don't know what I would have done. This consignment has to be in Montreal Thursday. It has to be."

Hank could feel the blood pulsing in the veins in his neck. He should sock this little crook, but that wouldn't prove anything. As a matter of fact, it was a crazy kind of relief to discover, now that he had been given the opportunity, that he wasn't a crook himself. But all that was unimportant. What really hurt was to discover that Nina had brought him here to be propositioned by her friend Greene. It shouldn't hurt this much, of course; he had known her only a short time. Except for all the hours he had spent thinking about her these last few years, she was a stranger. She was lovely, of course, but still a stranger. And now, it seemed clear, a slightly dishonest one too.

"Don't be a fool, Cooper," Greene was saying.

HANK allowed his fists to relax. "Thanks for the advice," he said. "I won't be." He walked across the library and left the room. He had to find Nina and then get out of here. He found her with a group of people, and it was a few minutes before they were alone.

"Where have you been, Hank?" she asked. "I thought you had dropped me again."

"You know where I was," he said.

"With Carl Greene, I suppose. Well, that's all right. Just so long as it wasn't some other girl." When she started to reach for her glass, Hank swung her roughly around by the shoulder until she was facing him. "Hank," she said with mild reproof. She looked puzzled.

"Let's stop kidding each other," he said. "How you run your life is your own business. If working for Greene is your idea of living dangerously, that's fine with me—just so long as you don't try to get me mixed up in it."

Her head was held high and her lower lip was trembling when he finished. "Hank, you have no right to talk to me like that. I don't even know what you mean," she said.

"No, I don't suppose you do," he said ruefully. "Well, it's been wonderful meeting you, I guess. Good-by, Nina."

While he was getting his coat, the butler came to him with his lighter. "You left this in Mr. Greene's study, sir." Hank snatched it from the man and thrust it into his pocket and went out.

That had all taken place last night in London, and now Nina was here in the plane. "Isn't it a wonderful coincidence, Hank, that I had to come to Montreal tonight?" She frowned. "Or are you still angry with me? You must tell me what it was that made you angry, Hank"—she tilted her head slightly and smiled—"at dinner tomorrow night, perhaps?"

Hank swallowed hard. "Yes, it's really a wonderful coincidence," he said harshly.

"You must not be angry," she said. "I followed you, Hank, just to hear you say you are not angry. What have I done?"

This Greene really played hard, Hank thought. He couldn't get me to bring the diamonds through so he's using Nina. And she wanted him to regard the whole deal as just one of those things.

He leaned down close to her, his hands resting on the arm of the seat so that the other passengers couldn't hear. Then he spoke. "I'm sending a message on ahead, Nina, telling customs what is on the plane. They'll take everything and everyone apart until they find what they're looking for."

"But, Hank—" she began. He turned quickly and went back into the flight compartment.

"You all right?" asked Feldman.

Hank nodded.

"You don't look it," he said.

Maybe not, Hank told himself grimly as he took his seat, but now he at least knew himself. Greene had been right. He was just a kid at heart, a real Boy Scout with wings. He thrust his head forward and scowled at the instrument panel. All right, so he had been a sap, but never again. And if there was such a thing as being an honest sap he had been that too. He had done what he had to do, even to warning Nina. He was back on his own again. In fact, everyone was on his own from here in.

He turned and called to the radio operator. He had a message for the company to pass to customs in Montreal.

HANK lay on his back in his pajamas, his hands clasped behind his head, and looked at the ceiling of his hotel room. He was still too keyed up to drift off to sleep. He felt the way he did after a rough trip, but this time all the weather had been inside the airplane.

It should be possible to forget Nina and go to sleep, he told himself, but it wasn't somehow. He should have no regrets; he had done what had to be done. He had to keep himself in the clear with the company if he was going to continue living that fine life he liked so much. He punched the pillow and twisted over on his face, but still sleep would not come. He glanced at his watch. It was noon. The passengers were probably still being examined. By this time the police might have taken Nina to jail. He groaned and swung his legs out and sat on the edge of the bed.

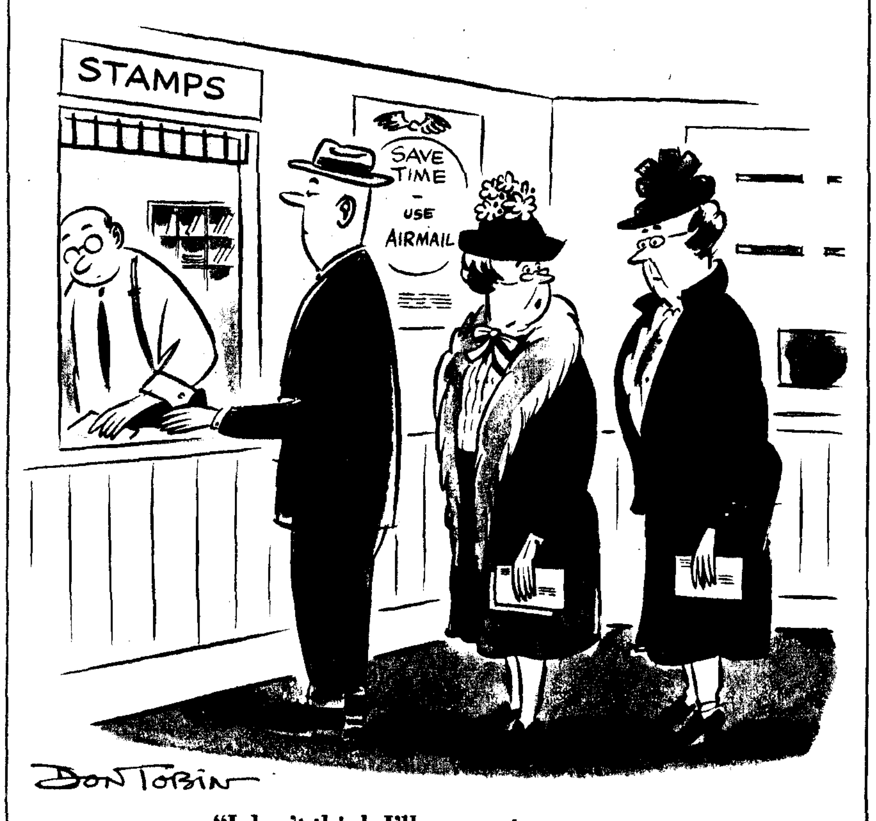
Why had she got mixed up with a man like Greene? Perhaps after the exciting years in the underground during the war life had lacked savor. Perhaps if he had tried harder to find her after the war instead of just keeping a picture of her in his mind—

He put out his freshly lighted cigarette and got up to answer the knock on the door.

The man was tall, and no one Hank knew. "Come in," he said, stepping back. Once inside the man paused, his back to the door; he still wore his hat. He thrust out his hand. "Gauthier," he said. Hank nodded and shook hands.

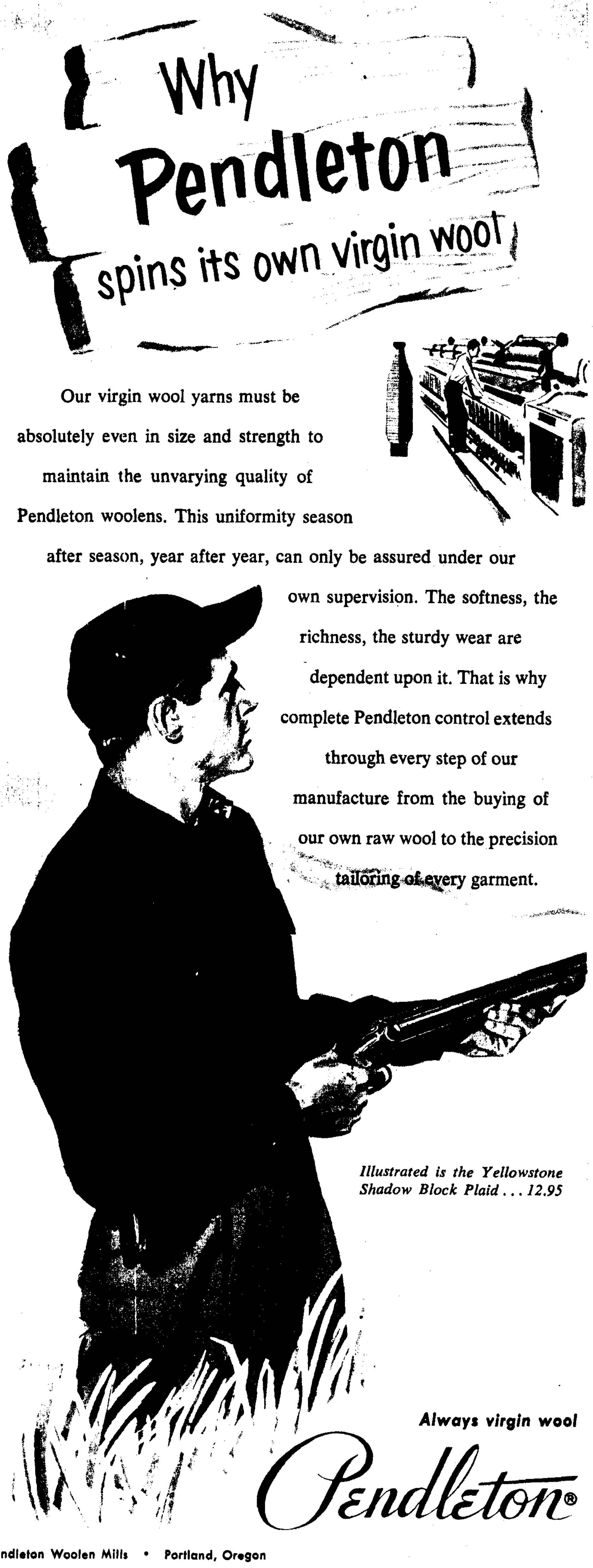
The stranger walked to the only easy chair and sat down. "Congratulations, Captain," he said, still smiling.

"Look," Hank said, hitching up his



"I don't think I'll ever get up nerve enough to send a letter by air"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN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pajamas, "I've been flying all night and I want to get some sleep. What do you want?"

Gauthier looked at him. "Very clever, Captain. Very clever indeed. Out there," he nodded in the direction of the window, "they are going over that plane like a bunch of garage mechanics looking for a squeak. But they won't find it, eh?" He glanced at his wrist watch. "And here we are in plenty of time."

"I don't know who you are or what you want. How about getting out of here so I can sleep," Hank said angrily. "If you're a cop trying to be cute, you're wasting your time."

Gauthier reached into the inside pocket of his jacket. "Of course, you are right to be suspicious, Captain. After all, one like yourself would not take anything for granted. I'm sorry we did not have time to arrange more formal introductions, but this will do perhaps." He handed him a cablegram. Hank took it, his eyes still on Gauthier.

"How very shrewd of you to alert the customs people," Gauthier said with admiration.

Hank slowly opened the silver form. It was signed *ROBERTS. CAPTAIN COOPER ARRIVING FLIGHT TWO-SIX-SEVEN SUNAIR TODAY HAS YOUR CIGARETTE LIGHTER REGARDS.*

"Roberts, of course, is our friend Greene and—" Gauthier began.

Hank grabbed up his clothes from the chair where he had flung them. Now the lighter was in his hands. He twisted the big screw on the fuel compartment and his hand was full of diamonds. Why, of course, the lighter. Greene had had plenty of time that night of the party to put the diamonds in it. Nina was just a decoy. Greene had indeed been right—he was just a kid. He had sent that message ahead warning customs when all the time—oh, this was very clever. And he was very stupid.

Gauthier got up from his chair. He was no longer smiling. "Is it possible, Captain, that you were not aware of what you were carrying?" he asked, speaking slowly.

For a moment Hank could not speak; he stared at the gems lying in his palm. He looked up. Then he shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "No, it won't work, mister."

Gauthier held out his hand. "If you please, Captain. I have the money for you right here."

Hank shook his head again. He said, "Once a kid always a kid, I guess. I'm going to call the cops."

Gauthier reached quickly into his inside pocket and when his hand came out it was holding an automatic. "I'm not quite sure what you are up to, Captain, but surely you can't misunderstand me. Give me those diamonds."

Hank looked at the gun pointing at his chest. How Greene must be laughing at him; how Nina must be smiling. He had really been a spectacular sucker. His hand tightened on the diamonds. He didn't like being a sucker.

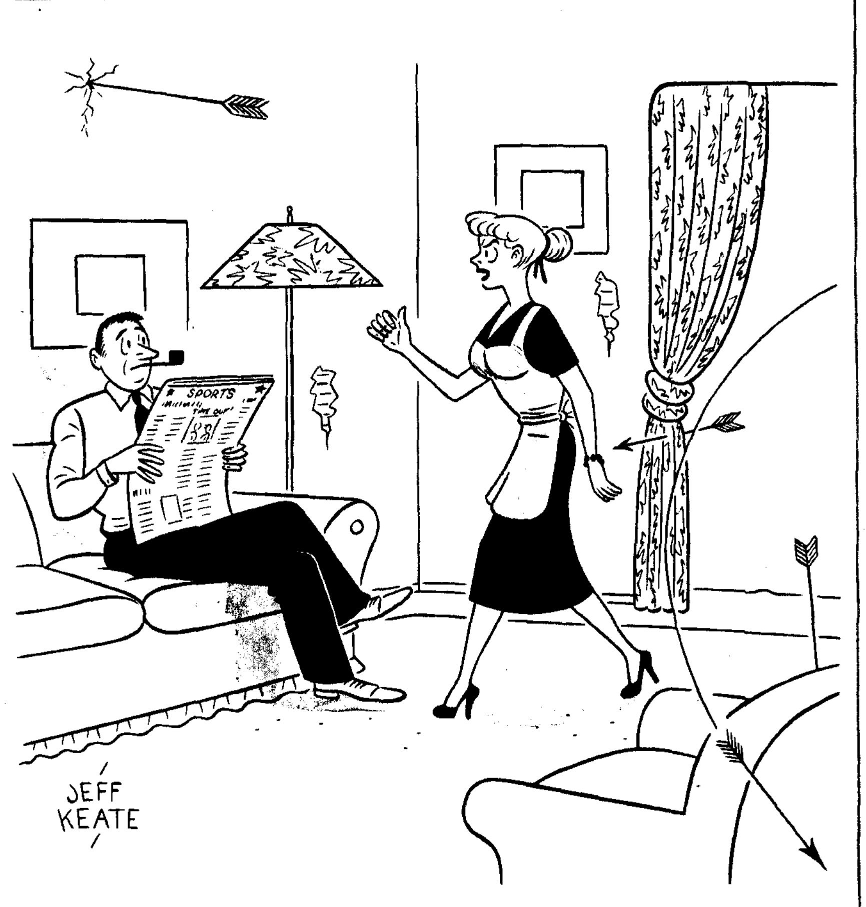
"Watch out!" he yelled at Gauthier, and as the dark man stepped back he lunged. The gun went off harmlessly into the floor and then Hank heard his fist crunch on Gauthier's dark blue jaw. Gauthier went down and stayed down.

A HOTEL detective was the first to arrive, and then the police. They took the diamonds and Gauthier and a bookful of notes away with them.

"Is there anything else?" the young detective who had stayed to get the details asked. "Is there anyone else you can think of?"

"No," Hank said thickly. "No one else."

The young man put his book away. "You'd better get some sleep. You're beat," he said, and left.



"Couldn't you have just got him one of those Supersonic Outer Spaceman Death-Ray Disintegrating Guns? That bow-and-arrow set is too dangerous!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Hank nodded. He *was* beat, but first he had one more thing to do. He was clear with his conscience; he was clear with the company. He just had to see Nina and settle one more matter.

He took off his pajamas and had a cold shower. He shaved and dressed slowly in his off-duty clothes. He patted the pocket of his jacket. Her hotel address was right where he had put it the other night in London. This would not take long.

When he opened the door to leave, a bellboy was standing there, about to knock. He gave the kid a tip and took the envelope from the tray. He ripped it open.

"... but why does it have to be shining armor? Now why couldn't that knight of yours be in cloaks and suits?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Dear Cooper, the letter began. *This will cross the Atlantic in your aircraft, a coincidence that intrigues me in a curious way. What an amazing world we live in. By now, of course, you will have completed the negotiations with our friend Gauthier. I trust you have overcome your boyish scruples and have accepted an arrangement which cannot but appeal to you as an admirable and profitable one. If not, I'm sure Gauthier will persuade you, not too roughly I hope. I'm sorry I had to trick you this way, but it had to be done. You understand how these things are. It was very important and time was of the essence.*

Now that our business is completed I must indulge my sentimentality. Take that girl Nina to dinner and tell her you are sorry for the way you spoke to her at my house tonight. Your aggressive honesty amused me, but she was hurt, I'm afraid. And quite unjustly too, because believe me, she knows nothing about our dealings, nor indeed does she know about my extramural activities.

So be kind to her, my boy. She's a fine girl, quite a bit at loose ends these years since her father died. She needs someone to take care of her. And the next time you come to London we'll make further arrangements, with your more complete co-operation, I hope. Sincerely, C.G.

Hank sat down on the edge of the bed. He looked at his watch. The men from Scotland Yard would be calling on Greene just about now, asking him questions. He rubbed his palm across his cheek and down over his chin. What had he done? What had he done to Nina?

He reached for the telephone and then withdrew his hand. No, that wasn't good enough; he must go and see her. He took a taxi part of the way and then, impatiently, got out and walked past high wrought-iron railings, past signs in English and in French. His pace quickened as he walked through the city that had always intrigued him with an atmosphere as feminine as that of Paris. It had never been more intriguing than it was right now as he hurried to meet Nina.

HE TOOK the card from his pocket and checked her address, just as though he had forgotten it. He hadn't, of course, but—he held the card motionless; he had forgotten something else. The card slipped from his fingers and drifted in a tiny flat spin to the pavement.

A hurrying messenger boy jostled him accidentally. Hank excused himself automatically, but still he did not move. He was back in the quiet elegance of Greene's long living room. He was telling Nina where she could get in touch with him in Montreal. He was telling her the name of his hotel, the hotel he had never stayed in before this trip. He snapped his fingers. Greene, for all his sources, had him staying at the Mount Royal, where he had always stayed before. He had told no one but Nina about this new address, and she must have told Greene where he was staying. He turned and began to walk briskly back to his hotel. Gauthier might have found out at the last minute where he was staying, but the letter from Greene had crossed the ocean on his own plane.

Perhaps Nina was just a friend of the family as Greene had said; perhaps Greene had wheedled the hotel address out of her without her knowledge of its significance. Hank's pace slackened. Perhaps he was misjudging Nina. He stopped and turned and looked down the street in the direction from which he had come.

He got out his cigarettes and put one between his lips. He raised his lighter to it. Then he stood and looked at the lighter as though he were seeing it for the first time. He thrust it in his pocket and began to walk again toward his hotel.

Perhaps there was a perfectly simple and good explanation for her part, if any, in the whole affair, but he wasn't going to ask what it was. He didn't mind being a sap once in a while, but twice—almost three times—in two days was too often. "Not for me," he said firmly to an old man who had paused at his side, waiting for the light to change.

High up in the crisp autumn sunshine he could hear the drone of an aircraft coming into Dorval for a landing. Hank stopped and looked up, shading his eyes as though he might catch a glimpse of the lonely lucky guy up there flying the thing.

—JOHN CLARE

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What's Krupp Up to Now?

Germany's man of steel armed Hitler. Now he's back in business. What does it mean?

By IRVING WALLACE

CLAUDE JACOBY

Essen, Germany

AT 7:30 A.M. every weekday, a lean, tall, somewhat hunched and preoccupied man hurriedly leaves his modest seven-room house in suburban Werden, Germany. He folds himself into a tiny Porsche sedan and speeds toward the industrial city of Essen.

By eight o'clock he is driving his car through the gray, grubby, broken streets of the Ruhr metropolis, past a jagged landscape etched by Allied bomber raids, to the rubble surrounding a towering office building at Altendorferstrasse 103, headquarters of the world-famous Krupp Works. Parking his car before the building, he strides quickly inside, steps into the elevator and ascends to the third floor.

As he heads toward his office, his manner is hesitant, introspective, worried. His angular Teutonic face with its shaggy eyebrows and receding hairline is furrowed beyond what you would expect in a man of forty-five years. His brown suit is undistinguished. To the busy employees who brush past him in the corridor, he seems no more than another anonymous minor executive, rushing to reach his overcrowded desk in time. Yet his name is known and feared by all, and they speak of him as one of the few hopes for a reborn and virile Germany.

This man may be the most powerful in Germany today, and one of the strongest in all Western Europe. He is one of the richest human beings in the world—and the center of a great storm of international controversy. His family name, synonymous with the wholesale merchandising of death, has hung over generations of Americans and Europeans like a massive dagger.

Powering Germany's War Machines

He is Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach of Essen—known to the world simply as Krupp. His great-grandfather made cannons for Bismarck; his father and Bertha, his mother, who is still alive, armed Germany through two World Wars. For the Kaiser they made U-boats and the Big Bertha gun which shelled Paris; for Hitler they made Tiger tanks. Ten years ago, when Alfried took over "the Works," as he likes to call the Krupp factories, they covered five square miles, employed 160,000 people (including Nazi-recruited slave laborers), and almost singlehandedly kept Adolf Hitler's huge war machine rolling.

At war's end, in 1945, Krupp's fortunes took a turn for the worse. He was arrested, tried as a war criminal, and sentenced to 12 years in Landsberg jail. But two years ago, after serving only half his term, Krupp was pardoned. And this year almost all his wealth and power were returned to him. Except for his promise to give up his coal and steel interests, he was back in business as usual.

Today Alfried once again controls shipyards in Bremen and Kiel; factories in Essen which produce locomotives, Diesel trucks, tools, home fixtures; and vast real-estate properties—the whole valued at $95,000,000. These holdings bring Krupp a profit of $3,500,000 a

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Krupp's pretty wife is an American citizen and voted

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year. His fortune will be augmented further by the $50,000,000 he expects to receive from the sale of his nine Ruhr coal mines and five iron mines.

The return of this empire to Krupp touched off a great controversy, which rages still. In commuting Krupp's sentence, John J. McCloy, then American High Commissioner in Germany, stated, "I can find no personal guilt in the defendant Krupp sufficient to distinguish him above all others sentenced by the Nuremberg courts."

Moscow's Izvestia Screams

In Moscow, however, the Soviet government newspaper Izvestia screamed: "The release of the Nazi leader once more confirms that the American aggressors are recruiting Fascist specialists in mass murder to help prepare a new war." In France, the newspaper Franc-Tireur quoted Krupp's remark, "*There are good and bad moments in life*," and commented: "But the good moments for a Krupp, let us add, correspond to the bad moments for the people." In Britain, six Laborite members of Parliament denounced Krupp's release as "a betrayal of the men and women who laid down their lives in two World Wars."

Here Comes a Twister!

Manicure polish
Or medicine drop,
The smaller the bottle
The tighter the top.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

Alfried Krupp himself insists he is fully honoring the agreement he made with American authorities upon his release. He is co-operating in the sale of his entire coal and steel holdings. His factories in Essen are booming again—but they are turning out peaceful orders only. He is supplying South Africa with $5,000,000 worth of locomotives, India with a cement factory and $31,000,000 worth of blast furnaces, and Yugoslavia with mining machinery. He has negotiated to build a nickel works in Greece, has been asked by Pakistan to submit a plan for construction of a plant capable of producing 300,000 tons of steel and 50,000 tons of pig iron annually, and has bid for construction of the first bridge across Turkey's Bosporus strait.

"I will repeat what I said two years ago," he told me. "I am not interested in producing armament."

Actually, there is pressure to plunge Krupp into the European armaments race—pressure which the United States, as a member of the Allied High Commission, is firmly resisting, out of a fear that his factories, if rebuilt for arms, might one day fall into the hands of the Reds.

Great Britain, on the other hand, feels that Krupp should make guns and tanks, but under rigid control. There are certain American Army men who agree with the British. They want Krupp to help us rearm Europe against Communism. And they regularly—but unofficially—make overtures to him.

Recently the U.S. Army asked Krupp to repair American tanks. He flatly refused. An American official angrily reminded Krupp he could be forced to co-operate. Blandly, Krupp replied, "First you put me in jail for making arms—and now you threaten me if I don't make them. What do you want me to do?"

American officials don't know what they want Krupp to do—mainly because they don't know Krupp at all. They don't know what he thinks, feels or believes. And Americans aren't alone in that confusion. Few Europeans know anything about him either.

I tried to find out—to learn whether Alfried Krupp really is a security risk, to learn if the dynasty that made cannons for Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm and Hitler should be permitted to make them for the democracies. I traveled to Essen, Duesseldorf, Frankfurt am Main. I observed, questioned and listened to the elusive Krupp himself, to his wife, his attorneys, his laborers, his friends, his American guardians, his British and French critics.

One of my first discoveries was that to understand Herr Krupp you must understand his colorful ancestry.

The Krupps of Essen have been a dynasty dealing in death since 1587, when a wine merchant named Arndt Krupe married into a family which made suits of armor. Krupe changed his name to Krupp and prospered in the Thirty Years' War.

In the eighteenth century the family's fortunes went on the decline. But in 1850, Alfried's great-grandfather perfected a formula for casting steel cannons, and the basis for the family's wealth was established.

During World War I, the firm was headed by Bertha Krupp and managed by Alfried's father, Gustav von Bohlen—who added "Krupp" to his name on orders from Kaiser Wilhelm, who wanted to perpetuate the famous label. Alfried was raised in the 117-room Villa Huegel, the $1,500,000 Krupp family mansion outside Essen, and educated to take over the Works. He joined the firm in 1936. When his father became half paralyzed in 1943, Alfried was promoted to chairman of the board. A year later, he assumed full control of the Works and continued at the helm until he was captured by the Allies in the closing days of the war in Germany and jailed as a war criminal.

The Conviction at Nuremburg

Krupp went on trial before a U.S. Military Tribunal in Nuremberg in December, 1947, on three counts. He was exonerated of planning aggressive war, but convicted of enlarging the Krupp holdings by looting and plundering nations overrun by the Nazis, and of harboring and abusing slave labor. In 1948, the three American judges sentenced him to 12 years in jail, the sentence to run from the date of his arrest. Krupp retained Earl Carroll, an American attorney, to plead his case further and McCloy released him in 1951.

Krupp set out at once to regain his possessions. On his return to Villa Huegel, he announced that American GIs and British tommies had "liberated" his home of $1,500,000 worth of assorted old masters, Gobelin tapestries, Ming vases, Persian carpets and silverware. But German police reported after an investigation that $750,000 worth of Krupp's belongings had been pilfered by six Germans.

The London press was furious. Roared one English daily, "For impertinence, gall and unmitigated crust in high places, let the undisputed heavyweight championship be awarded to that scaly millionaire, Mr. A. Krupp."

Meanwhile, Krupp was pursuing more important possessions: his factories. It took two years of legal acrobatics, but Krupp finally won back his $150,000,000 empire—on condition that he get rid of his coal and steel holdings, which, the Allies felt, would give him too much power.

Holdings May Be Auctioned

"A banking group has been given until 1960 to sell the holdings," Carroll told me. "If it doesn't find buyers, the whole lot goes on the auction block."

The lengthy negotiations over the future of his empire left Krupp with time on his hands. He stepped up his social life and in May, 1952, in the mayor's office at Berchtesgaden, he married attractive forty-year-old Baroness Vera von Hohenfeldt, a German-born naturalized American citizen. It was the second marriage for Krupp and the fourth for Vera. She went to the United States in 1939 and two years later married her second husband, Frank Wisbar, the German movie director. In 1949, Vera divorced Wisbar and married Dr. Sigfrid Knauer, a Los Angeles physician. She divorced him in April, 1952, and returned to Germany to marry Krupp, whom she first met in Germany 23 years earlier.

This year, as his wife busied herself furnishing their new California-style home in the shadow of the old villa (which her husband recently donated to German scientific and cultural societies), Krupp returned to manage the Works. Except for business appointments he refused to see outsiders—especially the foreign press. For two months, from Paris, I tried in vain to contact him. Just when I was about to give up hope, I received a telegram: WOULD BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU NEXT WEEK AT MY OFFICE ESSEN ALTENDORFERSTRASSE 103. ALFRIED KRUPP BOHLEN.

It was a Tuesday morning in July when I saw Krupp. There were three of us in the spacious room: Krupp, tall and serious; his wife, bright and brisk in a brown suit, and myself. We gathered at one end of a long director's table, and talked through the morning.

Krupp's English was labored but accurate. His wife, however, spoke a breezy American English. She was proud of her American citizenship, which she obtained in 1946. She said she visited the States regularly, and had voted in the last Presidential election. Listening to Krupp, I had the impression of a man who, right or wrong, was extremely candid. He dodged no questions.

I told him I had been reading a book that recorded all of Hitler's luncheon conversations. Had Krupp read the book? He said he hadn't.

"Well," I went on, "in this book Hitler tells how much he used to enjoy coming down to Essen to see the Works and to see you." Immediately, Vera interrupted. "Hitler visited all the plants in Germany, not only Krupp." Krupp didn't look at her. He stared at me a moment, then said:

"Of course I knew Hitler. I would see him when he came here. He had one obsession. With him, everything had to be the biggest. That is why I think he liked me, liked to come to Essen. My plant was the biggest. My cannons were the biggest. My villa was the biggest. I remember once in Berlin he pointed out the Olympic Stadium, which seated over 100,000 people. 'If I had built that,' he told me, 'I'd have made it really big!' "

We discussed politics. I showed Krupp a clipping from a London newspaper in which Philip Noel-Baker, a Laborite, had objected to the German industrialist's release, remarking, "The Krupps have never been able to keep their hands off politics."

Krupp shrugged. "It is exaggerated. We are a large firm, so of course we must become involved in politics. But we've never been active. Personally, I'm not a bit interested in politics. I remember when the Americans were interrogating me at Nuremberg, one of them said, 'The trouble with you, Krupp, is that you should have been *more* interested in politics!' "

Worse Than Air-Raid Damage

Once, during our conversation, Krupp rose, led me to a large window overlooking the battered blocks surrounding his plant. The Works, he told me, were one third their former size. There had been 275 air raids on Essen, and 55 direct hits on the Krupp Works. "But the greatest damage came after the war was over," Krupp explained. The Allied Reparations Commission awarded the Russians 130,000 tons of valuable Krupp machinery. The British were given 150,000 tons of scrap iron from the Krupp plants. Surveying what was left of his plants, Krupp said: "We are limited now. We have room for only 16,000 workers instead of the prewar 60,000. But we will manage."

Krupp is undisputed boss of the family holdings. He said he had had a large family, and the ties had been close; all had participated in the firm's earnings. But the family is smaller now. Bertha, Krupp's mother, now sixty-seven, lives in Essen. A sister lives in Bremen. But two of his four younger brothers were killed during the war. Another brother, Haarold, is still a prisoner of war in Russia. The remaining brother, Berthold, managed the Works while Alfried was in prison, but no longer is with the firm.

Krupp talked at length about his tastes. He dislikes opera, has no time for movies or night clubs, but enjoys having people in for a visit. He used to hunt a good deal, and sail (he won third prize in a yacht race in the 1936 Olympics), but no longer has time for either. Photography is his only hobby. He has visited Egypt and Israel, and hopes to visit the United States soon, possibly next year.

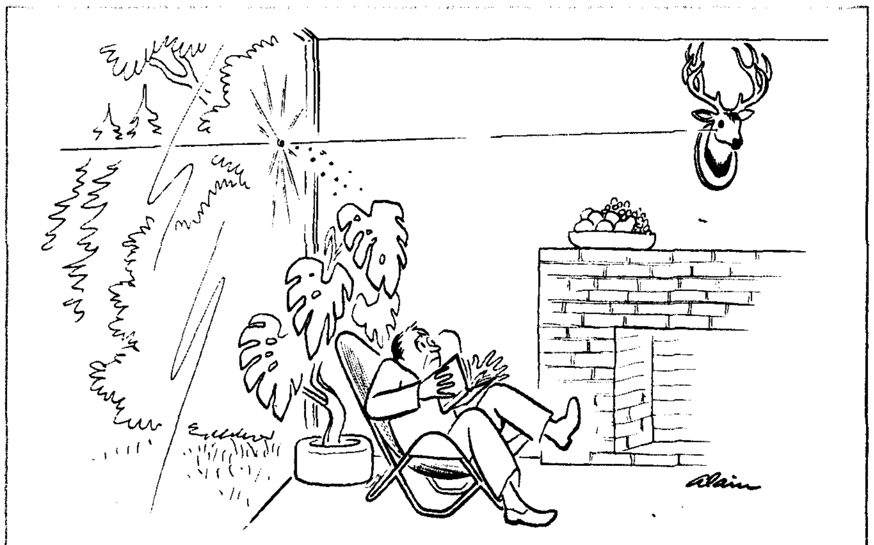
His enemies distrust him, his employees fear and respect him, and many Germans worship him. I have heard him called a Nazi, a monster, a scoundrel, a liar. An Englishman said, "Krupp is harder than the steel he makes." His attorney, Carroll, insists Krupp is misunderstood. "I've known lots of German industrialists," Carroll told me. "This man is different. He never commands. He never pushes people around. He spends half his workdays talking to laborers, marking complaints and problems in the notebook he carries. And, big as he is, he's really modest."

But the portrait of a modest, diligent peaceful Krupp is not the whole picture. It omits the historic fact that cannons are in the Krupp blood. The enigma of Krupp is buried in coal and steel.

Would Krupp produce coal and steel again? He had told me no, flatly no. Now I asked his attorney. "Look," said Carroll, "he's had his chances. Both Mexico and Brazil offered him free land, if he'd go over there and build and operate steel factories. But he didn't. He feels he must stay in Essen. He has an obligation to his workers and to his family."

Still I was not satisfied. Would this obligation continue to anchor him to Essen? Would he return to armament production—with American permission, or without it?

Carroll considered, then slowly replied, "Alfried Krupp is not allowed to produce coal and steel inside Germany. But he *is* permitted to do so anywhere else in the world, even in the United States. And this he may do again—one day." ▲▲▲



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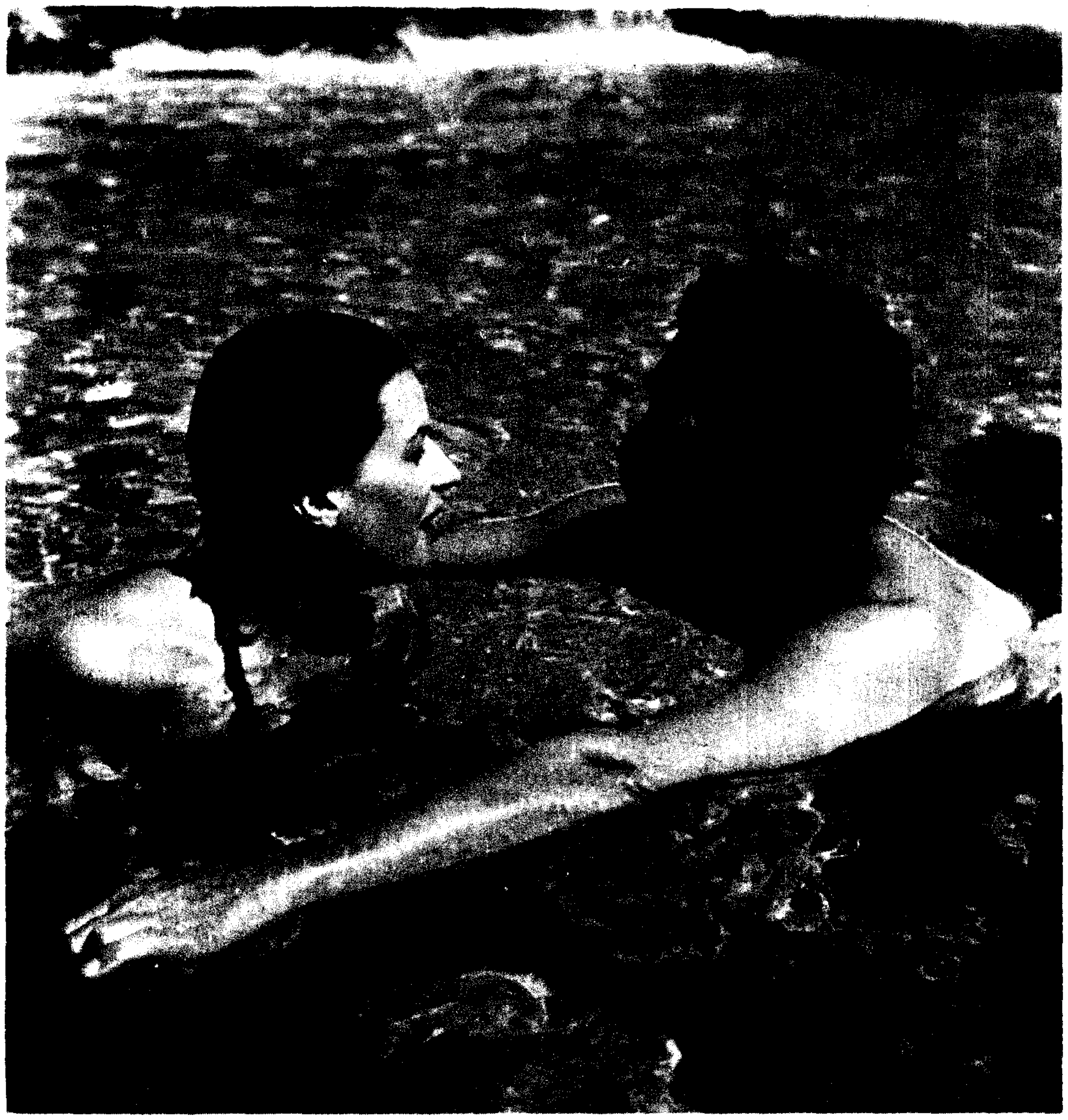
Two Ways

Silvana Mangano proves a point men suspected long before Ulysses. One woman may combine the best features of sorceress and steadfast spouse



During filming in Italy of Ulysses, first movie version of Homer's Odyssey, Mangano plays dual part as Greek warrior's wife Penelope and temptress Circe. Above, she takes off-stage plunge with bearded hero, Kirk Douglas; below, is made up for Circe role. Paramount will release Ulysses in U.S. in 1954

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES WHITMORE

ANY actress worth her grease paint hopes to play at least one great heroine of classic literature during her career. Such opportunities are rare. Producers seldom venture beyond the tried and true—Shaw or Shakespeare—in their search for classic material. And the supply of potential Portias and Saint Joans, therefore, far outstrips the demand.

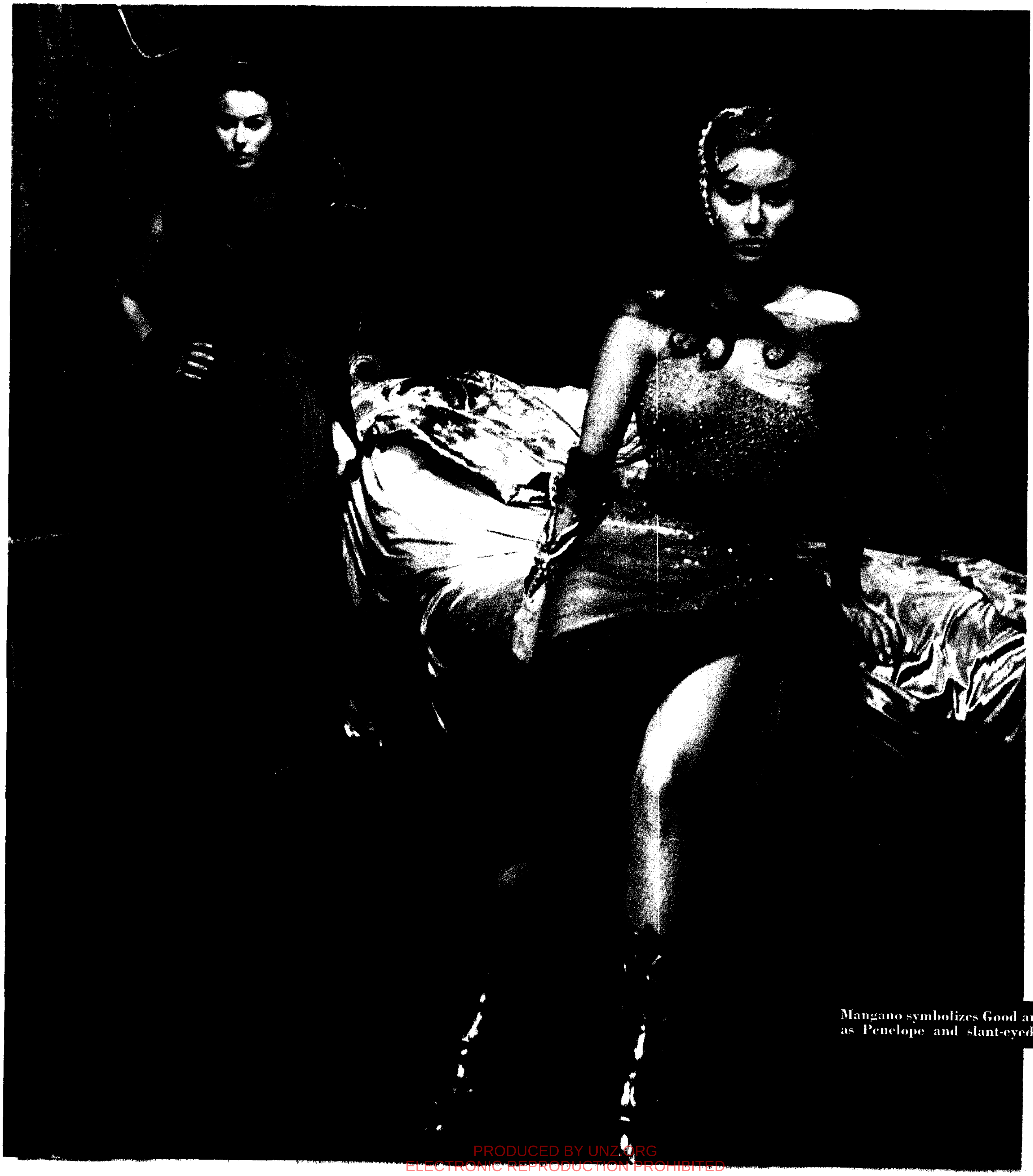
When Dino De Laurentiis, one of Italy's topnotch movie producers, undertook the first film version of the great Homeric love-adventure saga, Ulysses, actresses in the U.S. and in Italy whetted their eyebrow pencils and prepared for combat. The story of the Greek warrior who wandered for twenty tortuous years before winning his way home involved him with two of the most compelling women in literature: Penelope, his beautiful and devoted wife; and Circe, the enchantress who interrupted his voyage. Kirk Douglas was cast as Ulysses. Who would get the choice feminine roles? Producer De Laurentiis never had a doubt.

Silvana Mangano is the simmering Italian actress who was introduced to this country in a picture called Bitter Rice in 1949. Long after they had forgotten the film, audiences remembered the star for her stark and earthy portrayal of a primitive female. Mangano is married to De Laurentiis. And like Ulysses, who saw his wife Penelope in every woman he met, the producer saw Silvana as the ideal actress for either role. So he gave her both.

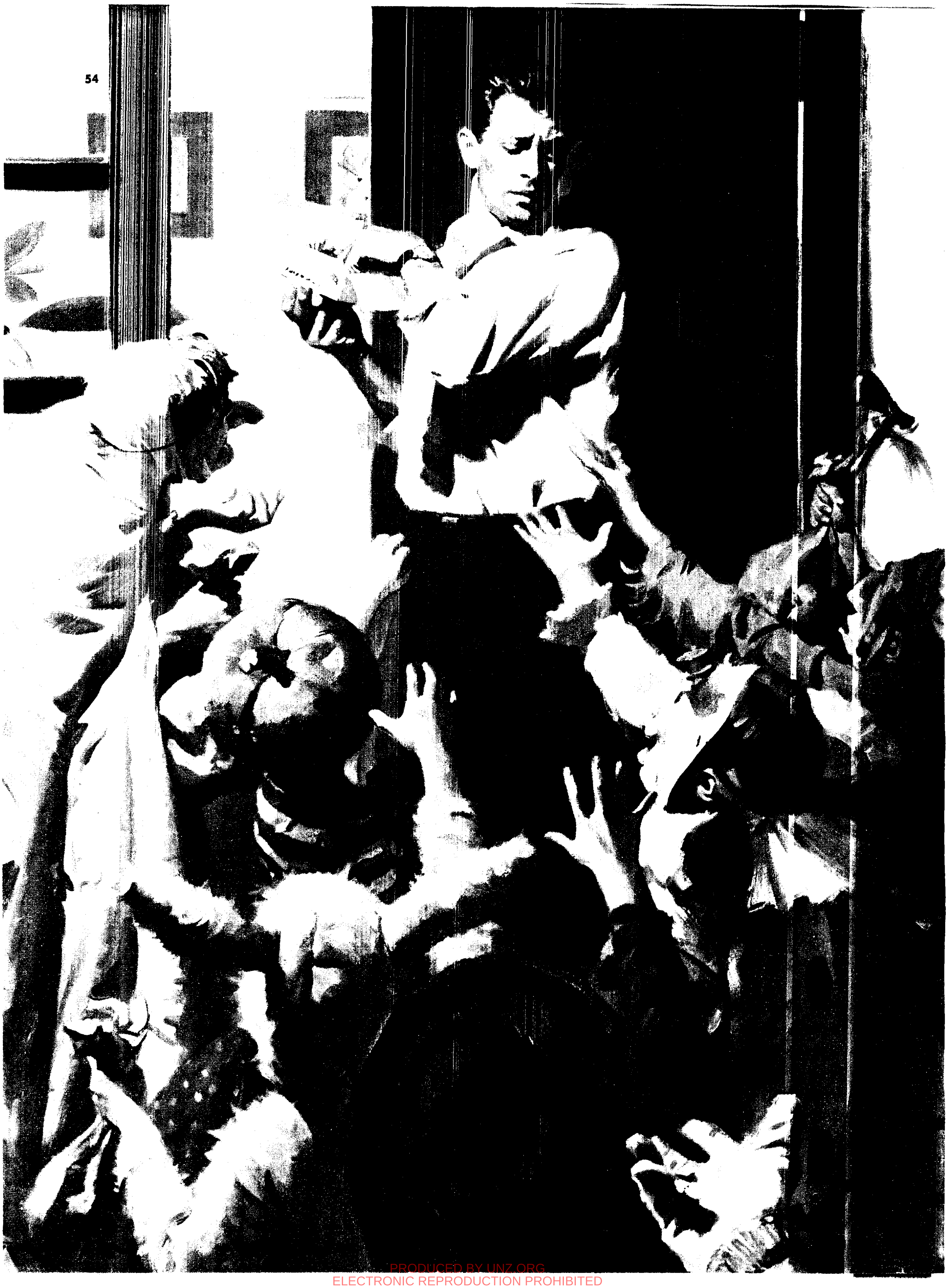
Mangano makes a startling transition from the best to the worst of women. As Penelope, who waited with steadfast faith for her husband's return, she wears somber clothes and carries her classic good looks with tragic dignity. For the role of Circe, Mangano becomes a seductive, ultra-feminine menace. Her hair is dyed a dramatic green, her body swathed in a scanty drape of sea-green veils.

As Homer wrote his powerful epic of man's struggle against evil, Ulysses triumphs over his temptation to stay with the sorceress Circe and returns to wife and home. This is according to the best film tradition. But men in the audience, gazing at Mangano's bewitching Circe, may be excused for momentarily wondering why. ▲▲▲

to Be a WOMAN



Mangano symbolizes Good and Evil as Penelope and slant-eyed Circe



TRICK OR TREAT

A horde of tiny goblins would have driven him out of his house and his mind if he hadn't been saved by a mysterious Halloween spy

By FRANCES SHIELDS

Hannegan was reminded of the hungry Paris mob storming the King's coach

YOUNG Mr. Hannegan did not have his house painted until the last week in October. An unreasonably rainy spring and summer had delayed the painters in getting to his house, and although they insisted it was then too late in the year to do the job, they were persuaded to go ahead by the bright dry weather and Hannegan's insistence. The thought of exposing his beloved new house to the onslaught of winter without a protective coat had made Hannegan determined as a mother seeking shelter for a delicate child.

The house was Hannegan's pride and folly. He was a bachelor, and bachelors do not usually build eight-room houses for themselves. But after living in other people's houses, hotel rooms and utility apartments, Hannegan had craved space. Merely walking through his eight large rooms thrilled him.

The house, on a block otherwise filled with half-timbered imitation-Tudor two-stories, was severely modern and sprawling.

Throughout its period of construction it had been the focus of all eyes in the neighborhood. If Hannegan had been slightly less absorbed in the slow miracle of its coming into being, he would have been conscious of a slight hostility. But now he was settled into it, with his books, his pipes, his record collection, his draftsman's equipment and his severely modern furniture, and he felt his soul expand.

Of course, it had cost more than he had originally planned on spending. The painting estimates had come as a final shock, and although he had accepted the lowest bid, the paint job was to him tantamount to coating the house with molten gold.

When he put his car into his garage on the evening of the last day of October and cautiously examined the house, the paint was still damp. In the bright blue twilight he strolled around his quarter acre, viewing the glistening beauty of the house from all angles. The white walls, the black overhanging roof and the blue-green trim were gemlike, Hannegan thought without prejudice. Satisfied, he carried his numerous parcels indoors.

There was only one flaw to find with the interior. It was echoingly lonely. It would have been pleasant to find a gay, welcoming woman puttering about, someone in a sweeping hostess gown or in black velvet pajamas, waiting to serve him a gourmet's meal. Hannegan's taste in girls ran to the exotic, although his mother's favorite maxim had been *Handsome is as handsome does.*

Hannegan made his usual evening tour through the silent, uncluttered rooms and then took his parcels into the gleaming pine and stainless-steel kitchen. Here there was a trace of human life, a note from his part-time maid, Marigold, propped up on one of the counters. Like all of Marigold's communications, it was cryptic. It said, *Lots of kids in neighborhood—stock up on junk.*

Hannegan shrugged. He could not see what use this bit of information could be to him. He crumpled the note and tossed it away. After eating his solitary meal of steak, frozen French fries and apple pie, he began to open the parcels he had carried in. They held all sorts of elegant tidbits for the cocktail party he was giving the next day. He owed practically everyone he knew an invitation. The party was to be his official housewarming, and Hannegan was slightly nervous about his friends' reactions to his house. He wanted everyone to love it. Particularly, he wanted Leslie Thomas to love it.

Leslie was a model, beautiful and exotic, the type who could wear harem pants and curled-toed slippers without looking silly. She was also one of those terribly busy girls, apart from her modeling. Hannegan was half in love with her. He liked to imagine her stretched out on his modern sofa or smiling at him mysteriously from across the dinner table. He dialed the telephone. By an odd chance, he caught her still at home. He relaxed for a long conversation.

"Are you calling from Shangri-La?" Les asked.

Hannegan, who had been about to burst into a paean of joy about his paint job, stopped himself. He felt slightly hurt. Perhaps he talked to her too much about the house. "Don't forget my party tomorrow, Leslie," Hannegan said instead, and found himself waiting expectantly for her response. If she felt about him as he did about her, she would offer to get there early to help Marigold with the *canapés.* But Leslie did not offer, even though Hannegan had hung all her curtains for her when she had furnished her mid-town apartment.

"Six, isn't it?" Leslie said. "Will you pick me up?"

Hannegan was miffed. "I thought you were driving out with Fred Biffle," he protested. "I have to be *here.*"

"Oh," said Leslie, "of course, that's more important."

As Hannegan hung up he was aware that she was piqued. But he still felt she should have realized that he

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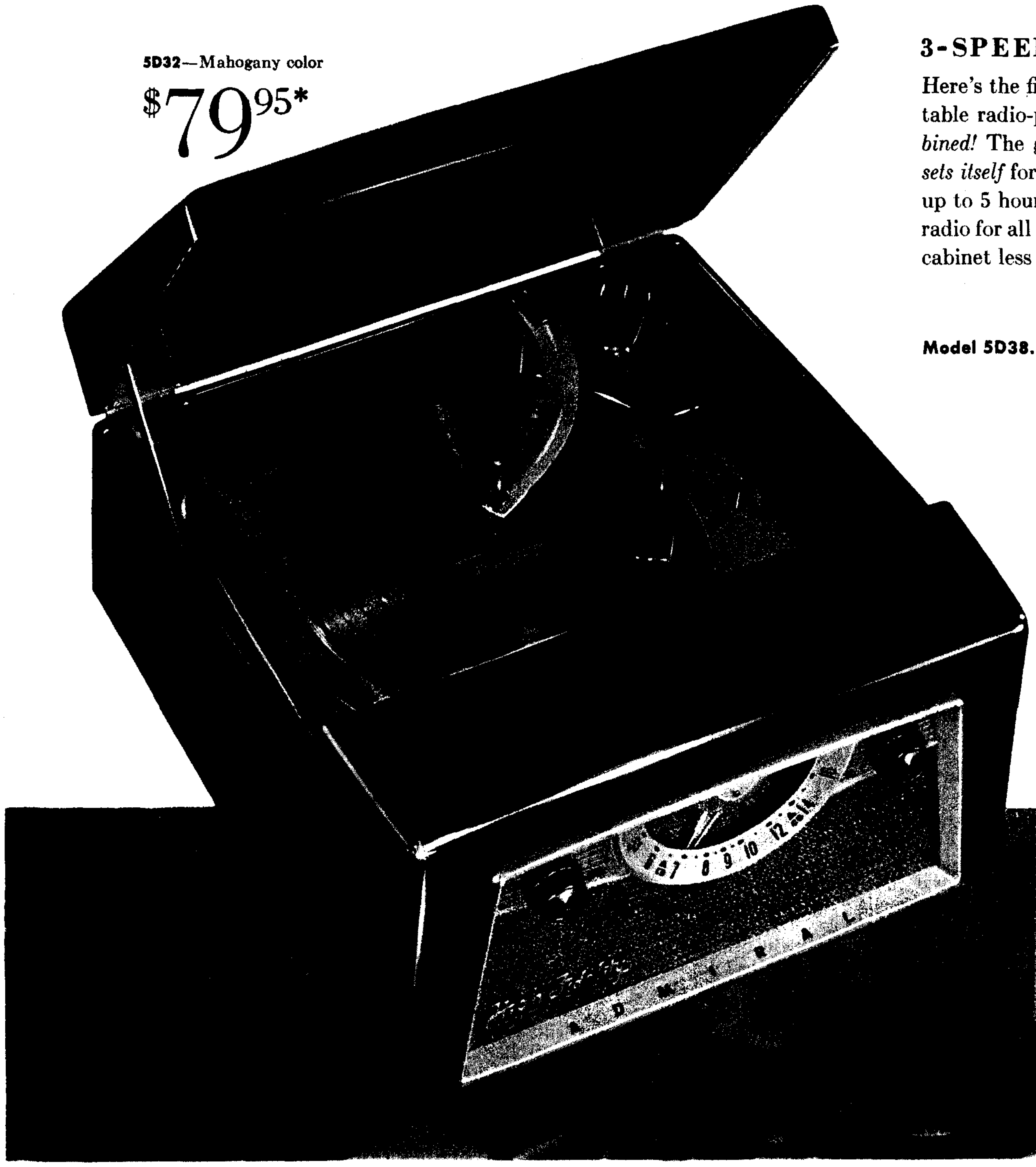

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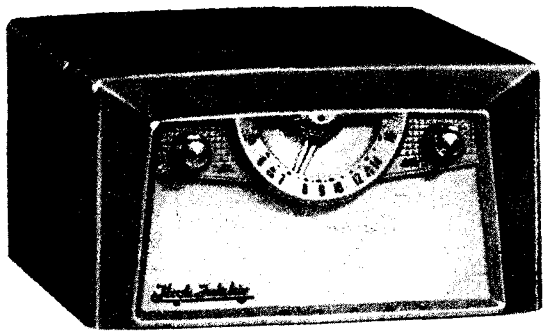

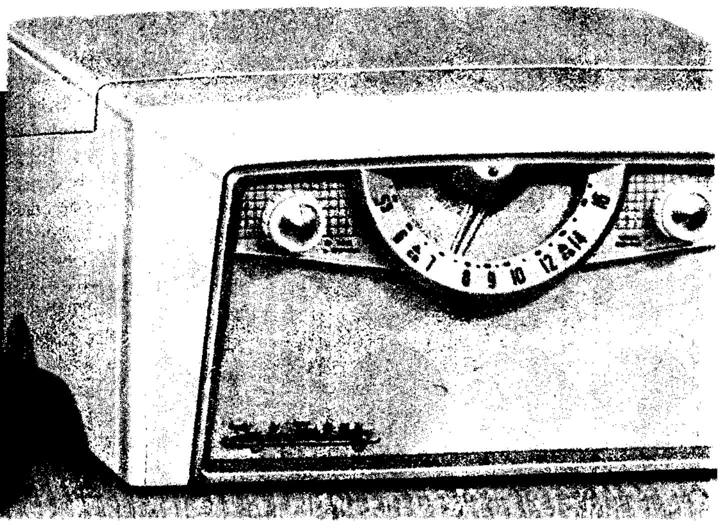

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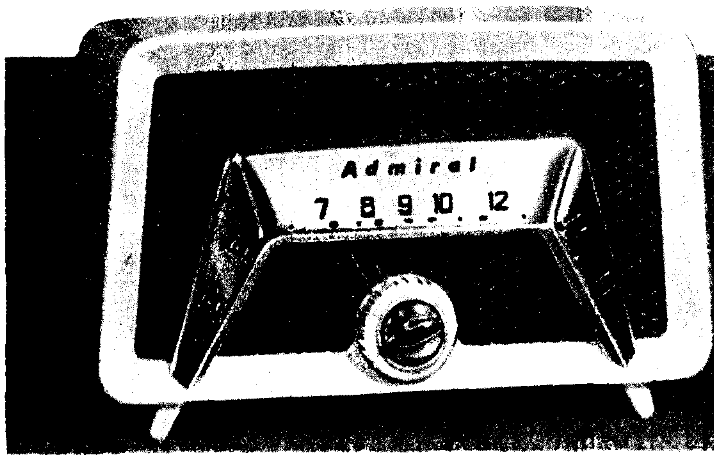

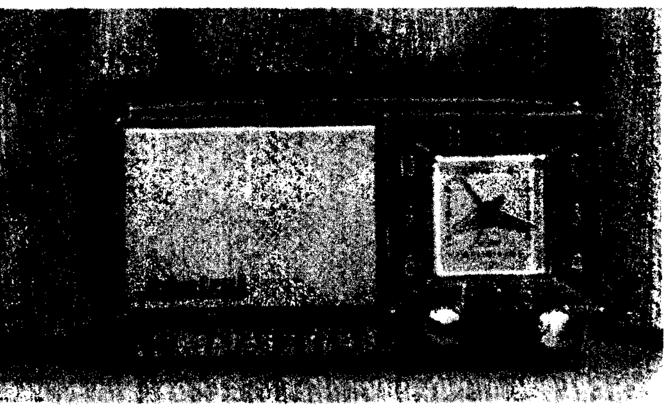

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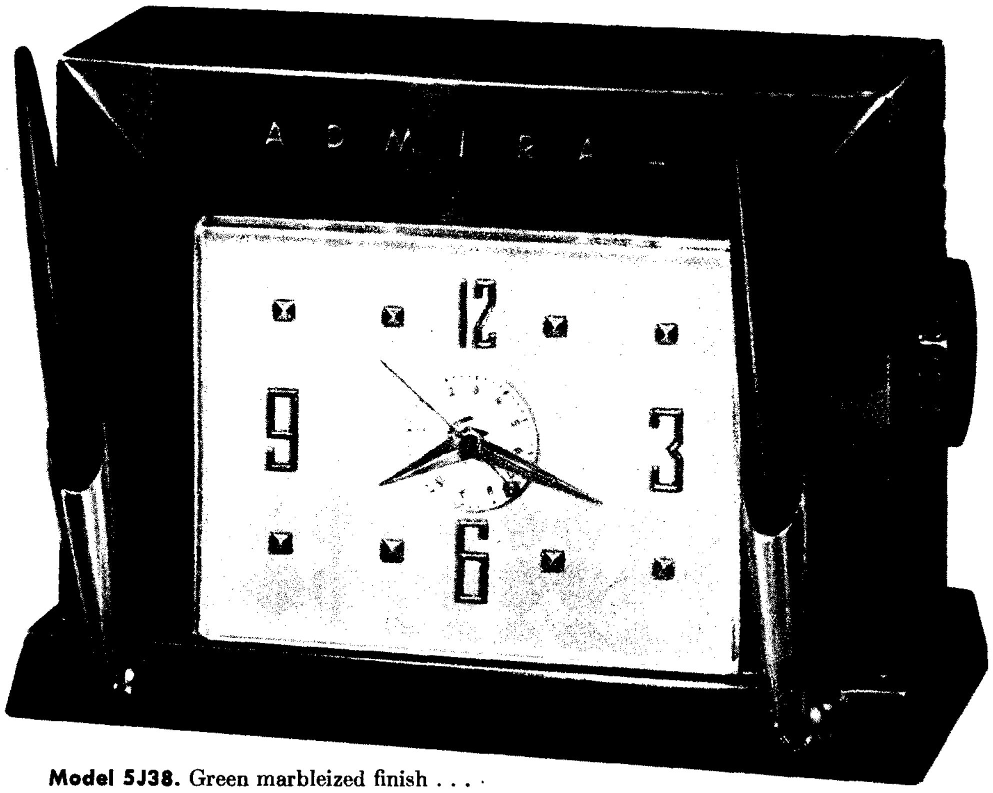

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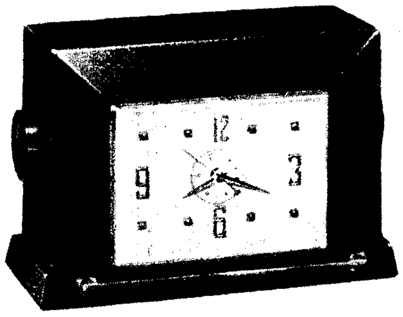

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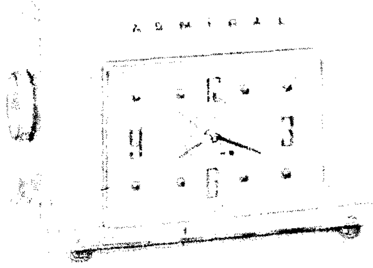

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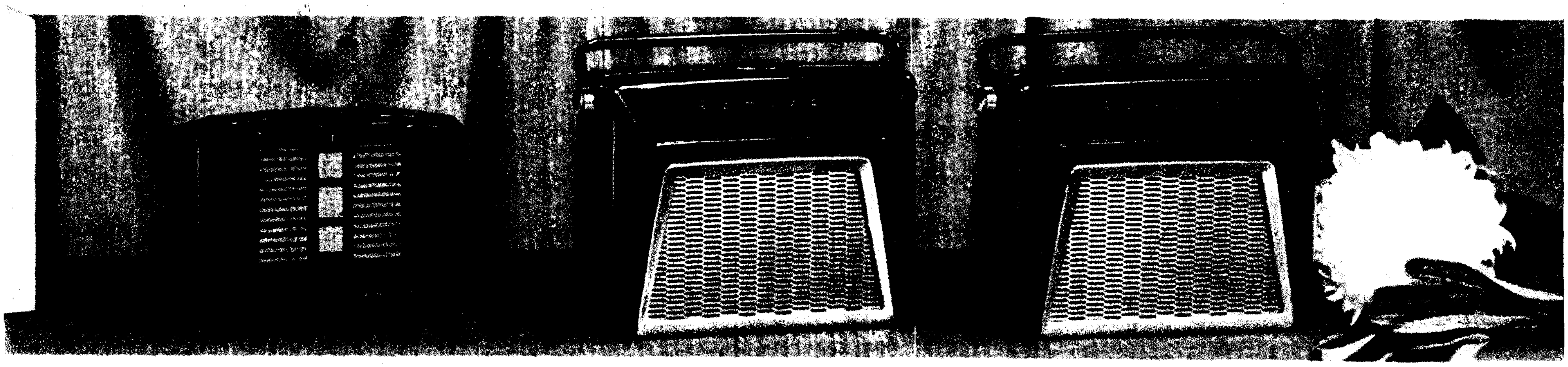

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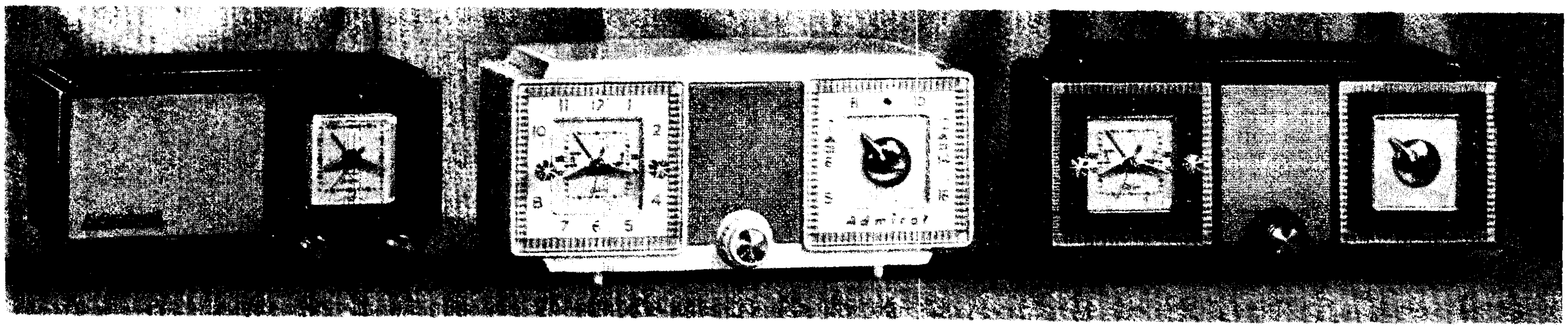

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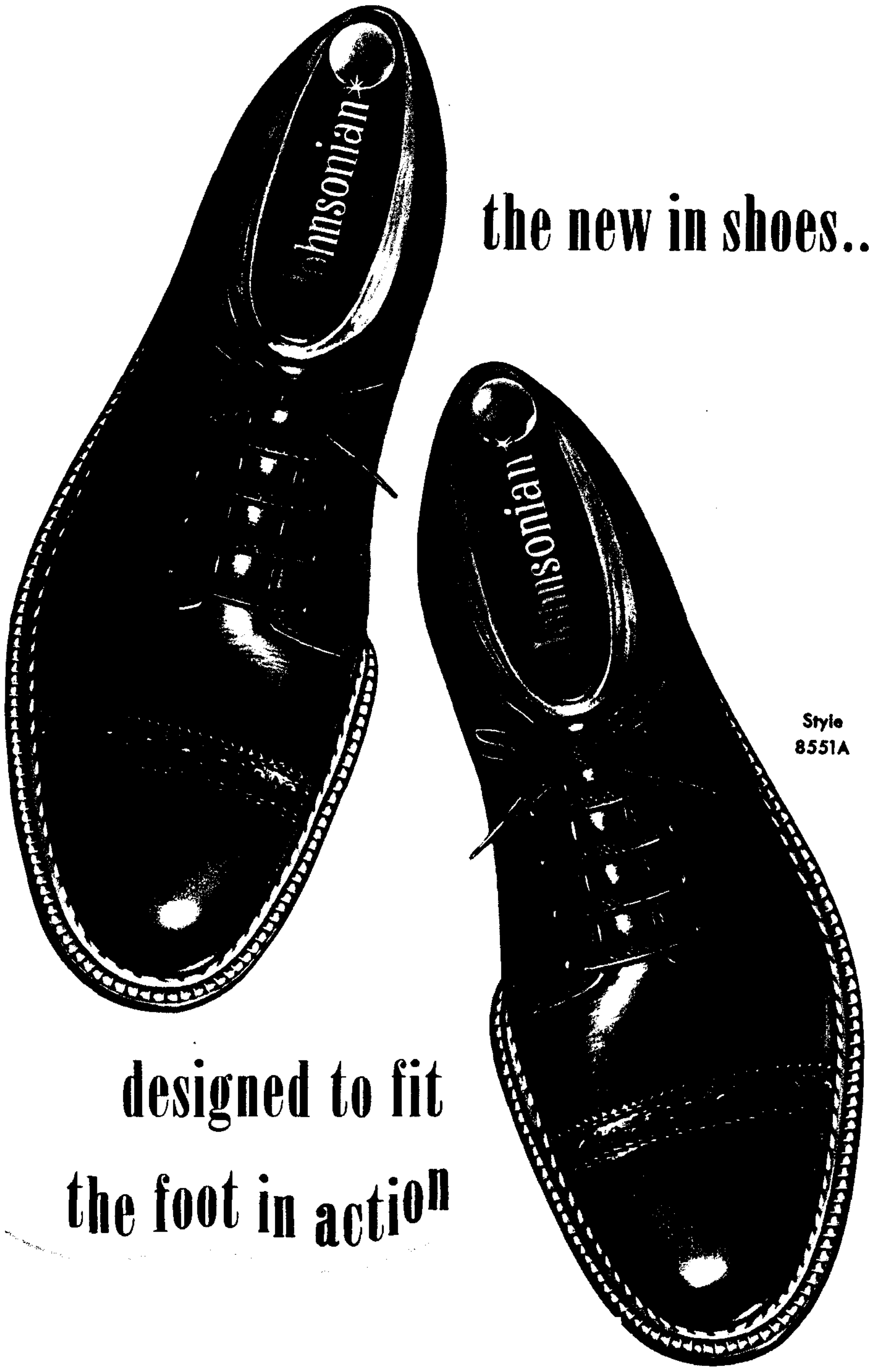

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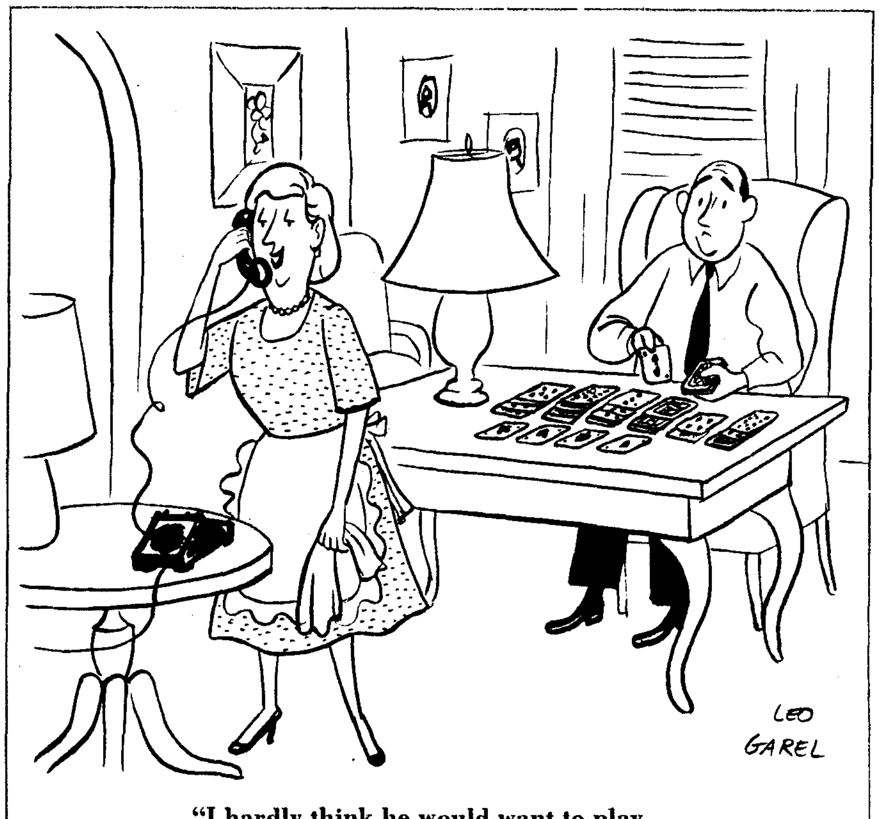


COLLIER'S "I hardly think he would want to play poker—he's already in a card game" LEO GAREL

simply could not take the time to call for her.

Hannegan's reflections on the unbelievable egocentricity of beautiful women were interrupted by the ringing of his doorbell. Since no one in the neighborhood had called on him yet, he could not imagine who it might be. But the sound of his own doorbell ringing was exciting.

He opened the door with a flourish and looked out. It was quite dark now, so Hannegan turned on the door light. A mob of weird little creatures milled about on his flagstone terrace. Among them were devils and skeletons and pirates and sheeted ghosts; they were of all sizes and all were hideously masked. What gave them homogeneity was the fact that they were all carrying enormous paper bags and were shouting, "Trick or treat! Trick or treat!"

Hannegan suddenly realized it was Halloween, and at the same moment Marigold's note unscrambled itself in his brain and now read, *Lots of kids in neighborhood—stock up on junk.*

HANNEGAN, who rather liked children, smiled at the motley crowd. "Sorry, kids," he said with real regret, "I clean forgot to buy any candy. Try me next year." He started to close the door, still smiling.

"Okay, then, trick," said a small fat clown. There was a calculated threat in the childish treble.

Trick or treat! Hannegan thought sickly of the still-damp paint on his house, of the yawning chasm it had made in his bank account, and of what a crew of youngsters intent on mischief could do to his house walls with lipstick, crayons, charcoal, chewing gum or just bare, grubby hands.

He took inventory rapidly. There was nothing in his larder suitable to the occasion; it was crammed with costly delicacies that Hannegan had no intention of touching now.

"Come back tomorrow night," said Hannegan, beginning to plead. "I'll be stocked up then." And striking what he considered the proper juvenile note, he added, "Cross my heart and hope to die."

The mob held a mumbled conference. Hannegan bent to listen. He finally caught one clearly enunciated phrase: "Wet paint! Oh, boy!"

"Oh, now, see here," began Hannegan. They ignored him. Chills assailed him. Short of standing outdoors with a shotgun there was nothing he could do to prevent their possible depredations. And even then he could not stand on all four sides of his house at once. Leaving his door open to show his good will, he hastened to his kitchen and opened a box of jumbo salted pecans which had set him back three dollars a pound.

When he returned, the crowd had increased in size. Hannegan had not realized there were so many children in the neighborhood. The big paper bags were held open for him. Hannegan was reminded of the scene in A Tale of Two Cities, when the hungry Paris mob stormed the king's coach.

One little boy, wearing a woman's skirt, a striped jersey and a pumpkin mask, jumped up and down with excitement and yelled with grating monotony, "Twick or tweat! Twick or tweat!" The child finally tripped over his skirt and fell, hitting the back of his head hard on the flagstones.

Hannegan reached out and picked him up, patting the pumpkin paternally. Then he began to hand out the pecans. He was much too liberal; in no time at all the box was empty and the little pumpkin head was among the ones deprived. He set up an outraged howl.

The tallest of the gang, a sheeted ghost with a truly ghastly old-crone mask, faithfully wrinkled and even supplied with three gigantic moles sprouting hairs, moved forward. "Be quiet, Jamie," she said. "You'll get plenty of other things."

"He didn't give me any pecans!"

Hannegan spread his hands helplessly.

"Give him a penny; money is also legal tender tonight," said the ghost in a voice that struck Hannegan as being disturbingly mature for someone engaged in a child's sport. He thanked her for the suggestion, dug into his pocket, found he had no change smaller than a quarter and handed that over.

The pumpkin head examined his loot, and shouted, "A quarter! A whole quarter!" He turned and ran down the three steps to the walk. The ghost whirled and took off after him, and they both disappeared into the night.

Hannegan returned to his living room and had hardly settled down to study a list of things that had to be done for his party when the doorbell rang again. For a moment he toyed with the idea of pretending not to be at home, and then he remembered his lights were on.

He could not tell this mob from the other; the outlandishness of the costumes made all the Halloween crowds seem identical. But this one was certainly larger. Hastily Hannegan counted twelve heads. The way the kids were shrieking, "Trick or treat!" made Hannegan wonder if these had been recruited from the violent ward of an asylum. He dug into his pocket again, found two half dollars and held them out. "Split that among you," he said judiciously.

Two charcoal-blackened hands now reached out, seized the coins and dropped them into the gaping maw of a gigantic shopping bag. Then bedlam broke out. The owner of the hands went down under a mass assault; a goblin fell against the gleaming paint of the front door, and then rolled away, leaving two dull, smeared patches.

"Okay! Okay!" he yelled, starting to tear apart the snarl of small demons. "Just stay away from that door. I'll get something for all of you."

HE RACED out to his kitchen, seized a large tin of imported English *canapé* biscuits, meant to be spread with caviar and anchovy paste, and dashed back. He was dispensing the biscuits right and left when he noticed the pumpkin head again. There was no mistaking that peculiar combination of striped polo shirt and loudly polka-dotted dragging skirt. He looked past it and beheld the tall ghost, clutching her sheet about her. The ghost, even with that leering old crone's face, looked curiously shy.

"See here," said Hannegan to the striped polo short. "I gave you a whole quarter before."

"Twick or tweat!" said the pumpkin head implacably. "I want some pecans. You never gave me any pecans."

"I don't have any pecans. Have a biscuit."

"Cwackers! Who wants cwackers?"

The ghost stepped forward. "Don't mind him, Mr. Hannegan. He's just greedy. I'll be sure he doesn't do anything to your beautiful house."

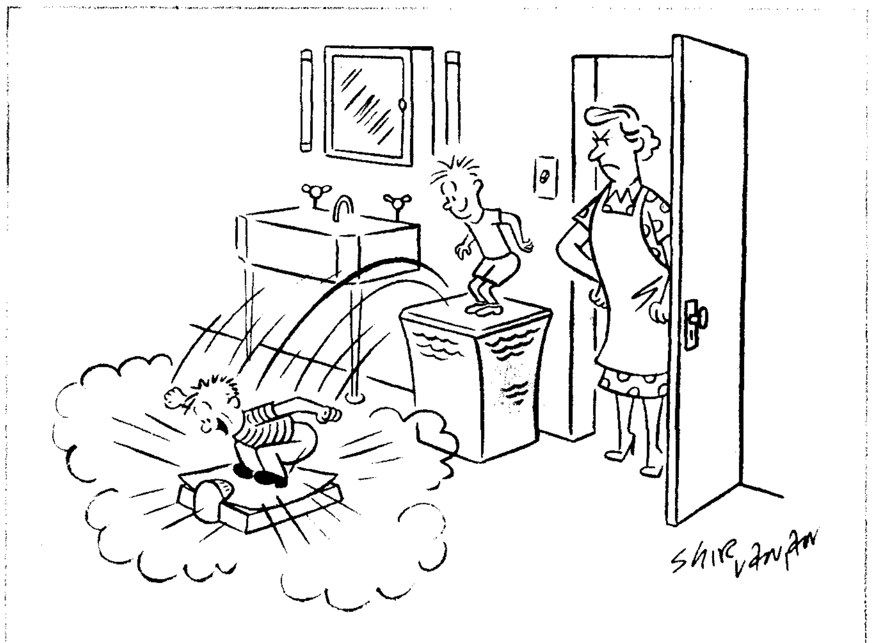
Hannegan suddenly felt kindly toward this discerning child. It was the first time anyone, except himself, had called his house beautiful. It was quite touching to find one so young appreciating unorthodox beauty. Children were such conformists, as a rule.

The ghost seized the skirted pumpkin around the middle and dragged him, with his feet kicking, down the steps. Hannegan, with a sigh, closed the door.

IT SEEMED to him that he had hardly got the door shut when the bell rang again. He began to realize this could go on all evening; the night was still very young. He hurriedly went through his wallet. He had three singles, a ten and two twenties. If they had given him time to breathe, he could have rushed out and got a bill changed into nickels. But he dared not leave his house unguarded for a minute. If anything was done to his house he could not even sue because the criminals would be unidentifiable. Malevolence was abroad with a vengeance.

Within the next half hour Hannegan disposed of two boxes of pretzel sticks, three jars of Mexican pumpkin seeds, two bags of cheese puffs and a pound and a half of cocktail frankfurters. For a while he attempted to unload the cheaper foods first, as earlier he had attempted to be gracious, but the rings at his doorbell outdid him. The too-frequent assaults left him distracted and soon he was handing out Martini olives and pickled onions. He had a disturbed vision of an outbreak of violent stomach-aches in the neighborhood. He hoped parents still had the good sense to rifle their youngsters' Halloween haul, as his mother had done. He wondered what they would think when they ran across a bizarre olive or onion among the conventional jelly beans and jawbreakers. From what he remembered of these Halloween foragings, it was not obligatory to eat one's booty the same evening; one dallied over it *ad nauseam* for weeks afterward. Halloween night was devoted purely to blackmail.

There was a short respite after the last onion was gone. Hannegan looked over his greatly depleted stock and groaned. He simply would not open the smoked trout or touch the Nova



COLLIER'S "Two hundred and *twenty!*" V. SHIRVANIAN

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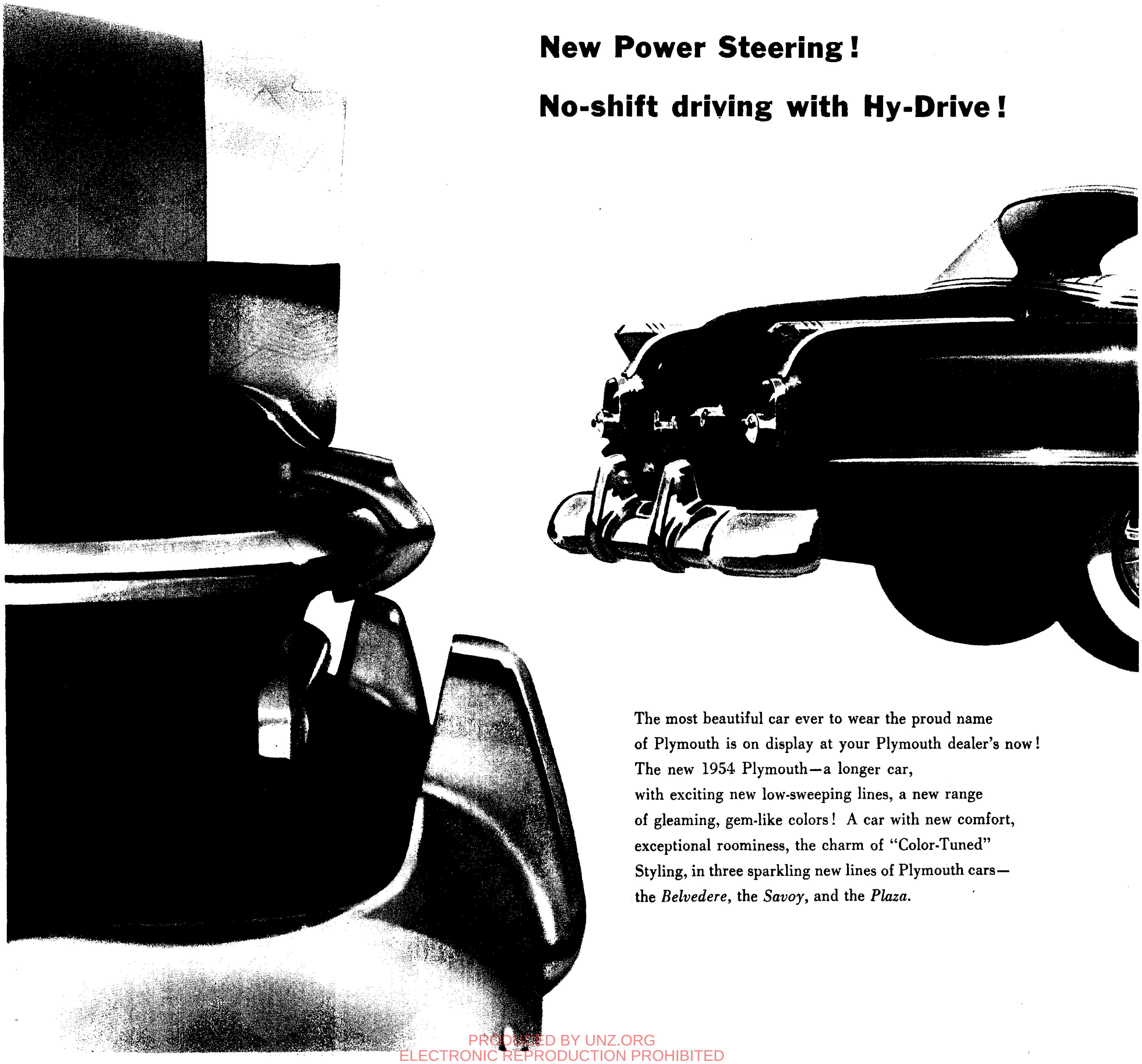

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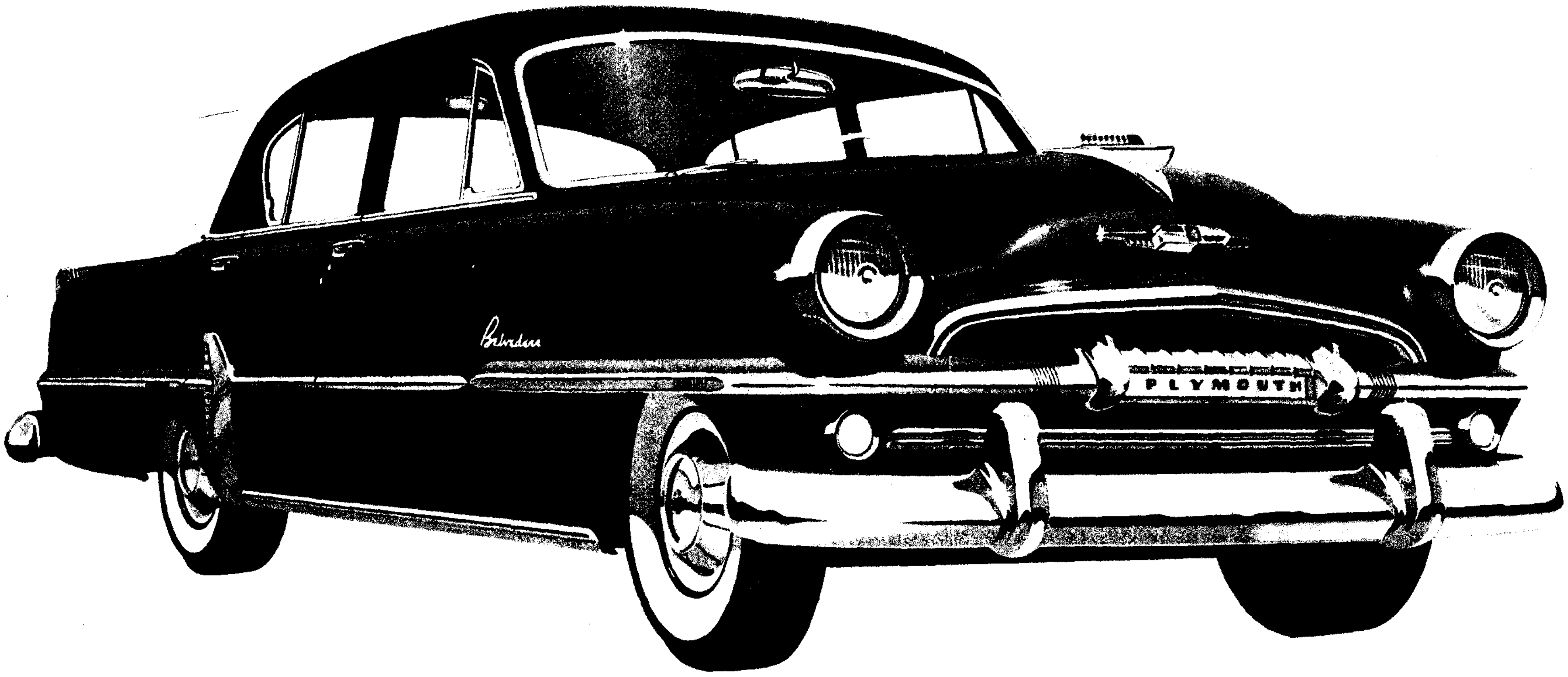

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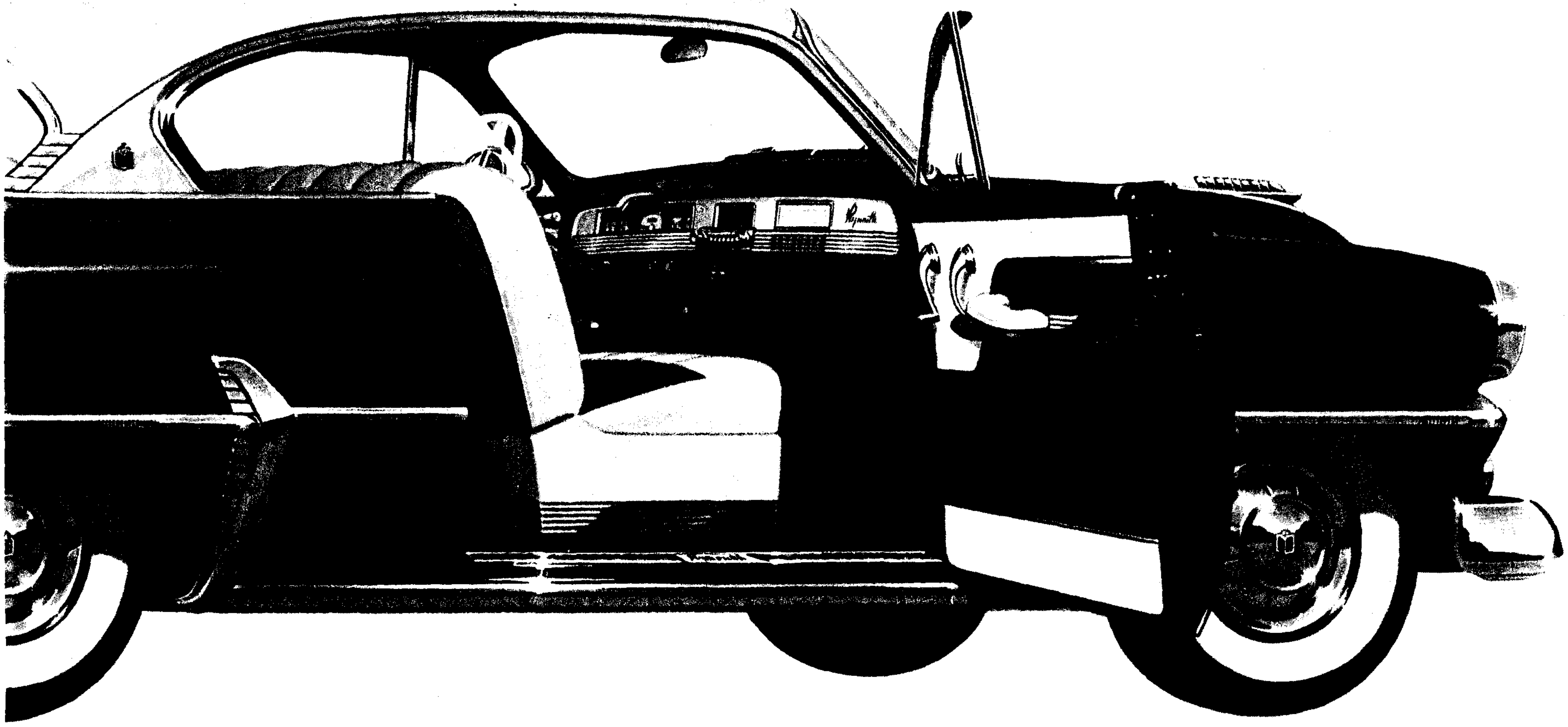

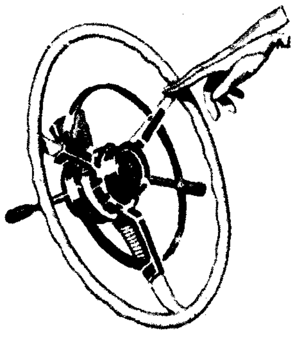

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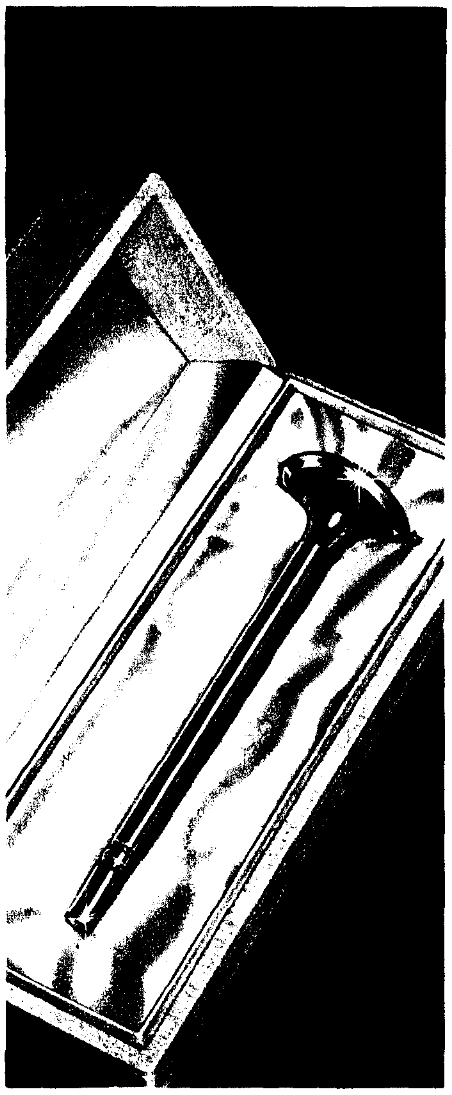

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Scotia smoked salmon—those were for Leslie. Leslie adored expensive foods. Thinking of her beautiful face, Hannegan clutched the can of trout to him with fierce defensiveness. He looked wildly about for offerings to hold the mobs at bay.

Desperation now made him resourceful. He hit upon the idea of cutting bread into large cubes and wrapping them in aluminum foil. For ten minutes, in suspenseful peace, he worked like a maniac. Viewing the results of his labor, he decided the hunks of bread could now pass as squares of fudge. Hannegan congratulated himself. By tomorrow the house would be thoroughly dry and forever safe. He doubted if the barbaric hordes would remember where they had picked up what.

THE pseudo fudge made a great hit; it struck a new note. Hannegan was as pleased with himself as if he had outsmarted Rockefeller in a business deal. He briskly passed his cubes around, and was smiling broadly when he spied the polka-dotted skirt and the pumpkin head again.

"Is this chockwit fudge?" asked the piping voice anxiously. "I don't want any kind but chockwit."

Blast his discriminating little heart, thought Hannegan profanely. He said boomingly, "They're all chocolate. Now run away, my boy, and give the others a chance."

But the pumpkin head deliberately set his towering bag of goodies on the flagstones, and, repeating like a dirge, "You never gave me any pecans," tore the foil off his cube.

"It's bwead!" he screamed.

"Just a little joke, kids," said Hannegan weakly. "You just wait here quietly and I'll get you each a bottle of pop. How will that be?"

The compromise was accepted. Hannegan brought out cartons of quinine water, club soda and ginger-ale splits. "You can keep what you collect on the empties," he said as a final conciliatory offering.

He heard an odd, low burble of laughter. Tracking it to its source he discovered that the tall ghost who always appeared near the pumpkin was leaning weakly against a tree. The laughter coming from behind the hag's face unnerved Hannegan completely. "I'm glad someone finds this funny," he said stiffly, forgetting he was speaking to a child.

"You have no idea how distraught you look," said the ghost, still laughing. Hannegan rudely shut the door and leaned against it. Then he thought: Distraught! It was not the word a child would ordinarily use. He opened the door again. The ghost was still there, on her knees now, wiping the face of the pumpkin head who now stood, without his camouflage, revealed as a smudge-faced, towheaded five-year-old. The boy looked as though he were too tired to stand.

The ghost looked up and spoke soberly. "The evening isn't over yet," she said.

Hannegan nodded.

The little boy swayed drunkenly for a moment and then said, "I feel funny, Aunt Fwons."

Hannegan, in his imaginings about his housewarming party, had conceived the enchanting idea of pouring a Manhattan or a Martini over his flagstone terrace as a sort of libation to the gods to bring him luck and happiness. The idea of a child beating him to the punch annoyed him.

He seized the little skirted monster, who by now exhibited a sweaty pallor, and bore him swiftly to a far corner of the yard.

When it was over Hannegan took the child into the house and settled him rudely in a kitchen chair and gave him an ice cube to suck. The ghost and Hannegan watched him recover; the resilience of children amazed Hannegan.

"I'll take him home now," said the ghost. "Before his mother accuses me of murdering him. Come on, Jamie."

"I don't want to go home. You said I could stay up, Aunt Fwons!" the boy wailed. He was raring to go again.

The ghost seized the child's hand, pulled him off the chair and led him into the hall. On the way she peered into the living room. "The inside is just as beautiful as the outside," she declared rapturously. "The whole thing is divine."

Hannegan looked at her more closely. Through the slits of the crow-footed-hag eyes he caught a glint of bright blue. He could have sworn he was being smiled at. "What is this Aunt Fwons business?" he said.

"I'm his Aunt Florence."

Of course, being the child's aunt did not prevent her from being very young herself, but he would have liked to ask her to remove the mask. He saw them out with more courtesy than he had displayed in ushering them in.

THE bell started to ring again while Hannegan was still musing over the girl's precocious appreciation of his house. He leaped to his feet. The cupboard, except for staples like soups and spaghetti sauce and canned pineapple, was bare.

Suddenly he knew that they were not coming for more loot. They were waiting with sheathed claws for him to exhaust his supplies. They were returning not in the hope that he would give them something but in the hope that he would have nothing to give. They had undoubtedly had his house in mind as a target all week. They must have been gloating fiendishly among themselves as they watched him walking in his innocence around his newly painted house.

It was Hannegan against the mob.

Hannegan thought faster than ever before in his life. There was only one thing he could depend on. They were stuck with their code of childish honor; they would have to abide by their rigid alternative: Trick or treat. Having got the treat, they would be forced to accept it.

Running crazily through his house, Hannegan picked up all the small objects he could lay his hands on, three pairs of shoelaces and several old collar buttons from his dresser, a tube of shaving cream and a nose spray from the bathroom cabinet. He grabbed all his colored drawing pencils, two bottles of India ink and a compass from his desk, then added an ash tray and a silly gilt miniature of the Statue of Liberty, a remembrance of an early date with Leslie. He took swizzle sticks and shot glasses from the bar.

There was finally enough to go around. The mob, foiled for the moment, scooted off with bloodcurdling screams.

Hannegan waited at his open door. He could think of nothing further to do, except to call the police. And aside from what this would do to his popularity in the neighborhood, they would never be able to arrive in time.

Then he saw a ghostly figure, drag-

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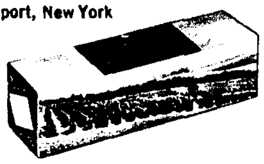


TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Sparkling Burgundy

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

ging a smaller one, scurry across his lawn. It was the tall ghost who had said his house was beautiful. He felt he could take on just these two, though it might mean tying and gagging them.

The tall ghost ran breathlessly up the three steps and almost fell at Hannegan's feet. She thrust two full shopping bags toward him. "Here, this should be enough. It's everything we've collected all evening, and whatever I could find at home, including a five-pound box of French chocolates."

Hannegan gaped. For the first time that evening someone was offering *him* something. The ghost emptied the bags in the hallway, a mountain of jelly beans, cookies, chocolate, peanuts, popcorn balls, apples and, recognizable here and there, a lint-covered olive or pickled onion.

THE mob returned with a war whoop. Hannegan gathered up a part of his pile of ammunition and began to pass it out. By this time he had learned that advantage lay in miserliness. The crowd accepted the meager tribute grudgingly, but the main thing was that it accepted it. However, it was not for this stale stuff that the crowd had returned.

Hannegan was finally down to his last two lollipops and a single black jelly bean when the last visitor took himself off. "Thanks," said Hannegan simply to the ghost, "but they'll be back."

The ghost looked at her wrist watch. "No," she said, "it's ten o'clock."

Hannegan heard the blessed sound of cruising automobiles and authoritative parental voices calling their young to bed.

Trick-or-Treat Night was officially and finally over.

As Hannegan turned to smile his weary thanks to the ghost, he saw her untying a gag from about the mouth of the little towhead. The tribute then had not been all voluntary.

"You certainly take strong measures," he said admiringly.

"This was war," said the ghost. "I couldn't bear the thought of their ruining your house. It is so lovely and painting is so expensive, and you were so proud."

"I have nothing to offer in return," said Hannegan humbly, unable to express his real gratitude, "except a Martini or some Scotch or a glass of champagne. But tomorrow Marigold will bake you a three-layer fudge cake all for yourself."

The ghost sank wearily into an armchair. "I'll take the champagne," she said, and removed her hag's face to mop her own.

She was no glamor girl like Leslie. Her face was hot and sticky, and her hair a tangle. But Hannegan was aware only of the lovely, compassionate soul of the girl. As his mother had said, Handsome is as handsome does.

He did not really care if she was eccentric, but he asked her gently, "Do you always run around like this on Halloween?"

She blushed furiously and said, "Oh, dear, no. I was baby-sitting with Jamie, and it killed me to see him being left out of the fun. So I dressed up—not to disgrace him, you know, with a nursemaid."

Hannegan went out to the refrigerator and got the chilled champagne.

SMILING, he watched her gulp it thirstily like lemonade. "Why did you have to keep it up so long? Jamie was half asleep an hour ago."

She looked into her champagne glass thoughtfully. "I heard them making plans to clean you out so they could get to work on your house," she said. "You see, I love this house—"

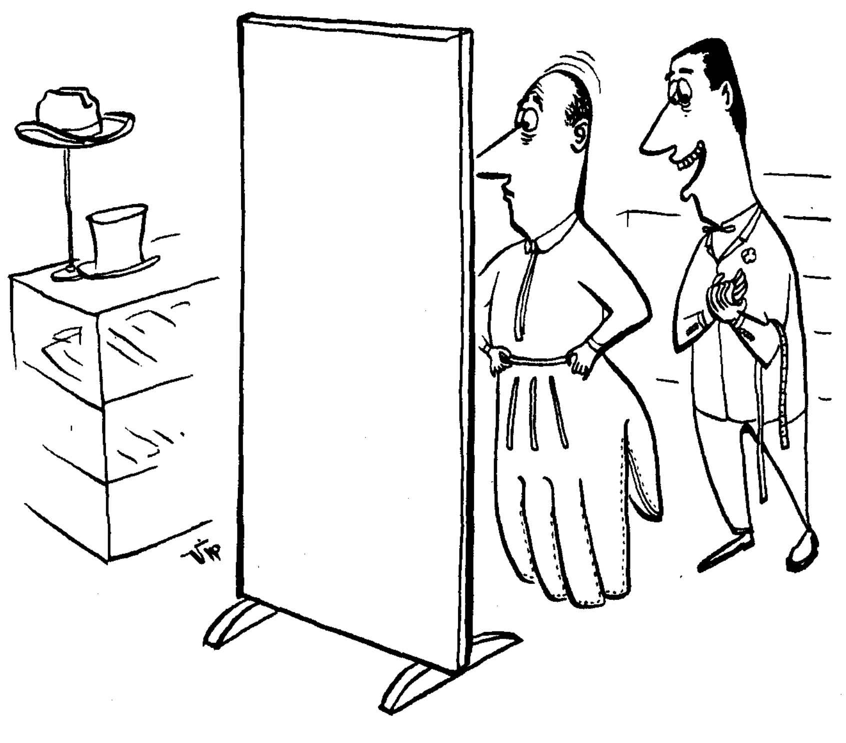
Hannegan nodded. "Will you come to my housewarming then, tomorrow at six?"

She accepted immediately. "But only on one condition," she said. "You must let me come early and help Marigold. I'm a whiz at *canapés.*"

It was exactly what he had expected her to say. It was strange how quickly one could get to know a person through joint activity.

She stood up and put her mask back on. "I'd hate to have anyone recognize me got up like this," she said.

Hannegan looked at the bristly old crone's face. It seemed to him to be one of the most charming faces he had ever seen—exotic, too, in its own fashion. —FRANCES SHIELDS



COLLIER'S "Fits like a glove, doesn't it?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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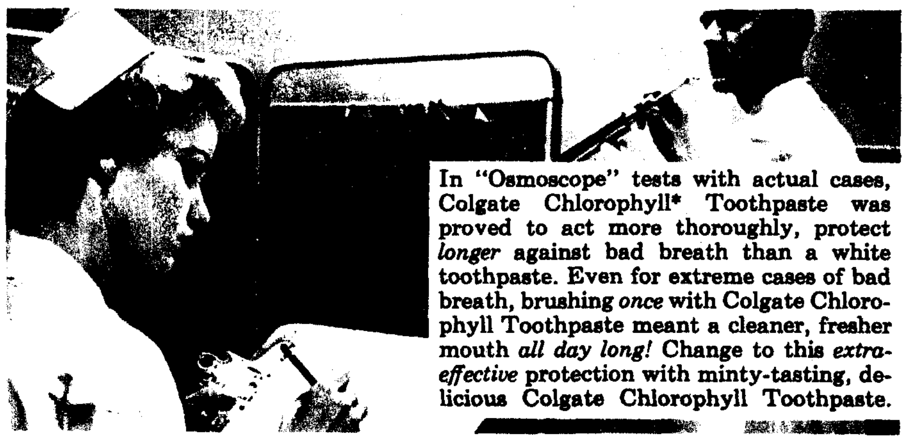

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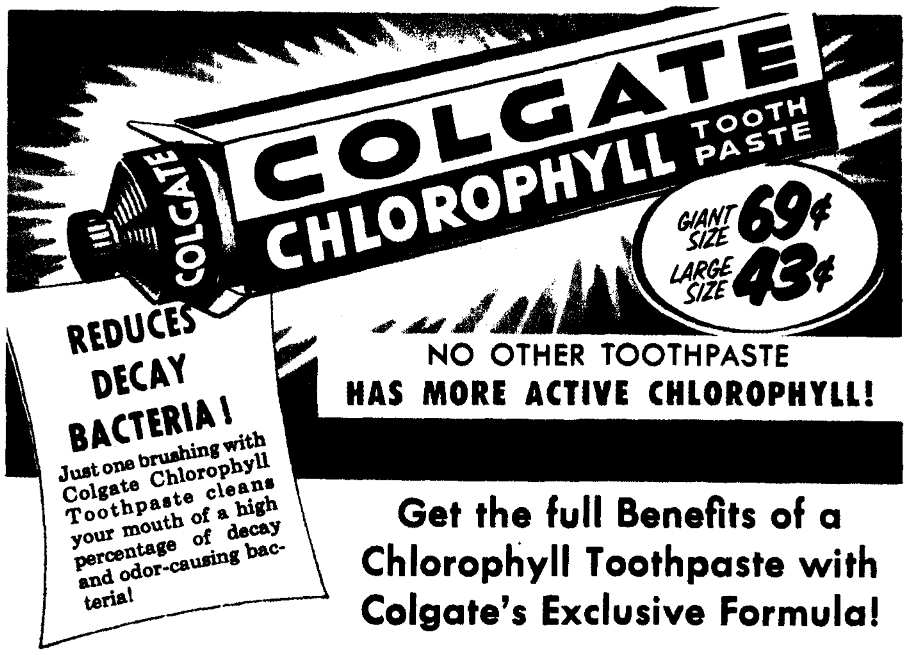

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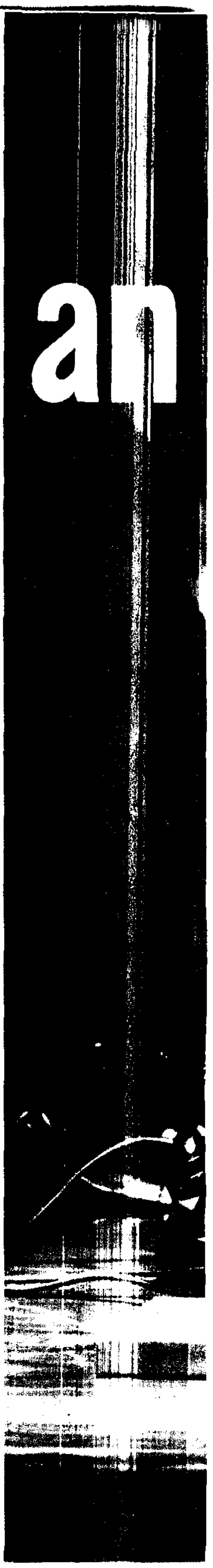


Why vote for a man of integrity . . . and then throw him to the wolves? We might do better to elect a crook, provided we keep an eye on him afterward. Take it from a man who knows just how helpless a good mayor can be—once the people turn their backs

By the EX-MAYOR of X-TOWN

Why Be Anonymous?

● The author, besides being former mayor of a city of 80,000, has had a long career in public works, law enforcement, the Merchant Marine, and as consultant to three committees of Congress. He's remaining anonymous (1) to avoid identifying his city, which is neither better nor worse than most; (2) to be sure his article is read for its message, rather than as a blast against old enemies

IN a few days you and millions of other Americans will march into your local schoolhouse, church or town hall and exercise your democratic right to choose your public officials: mayor, district attorney, sheriff, city councilmen and all the other officers who make up the complex organization known as local government.

Many of you, disturbed at evidences of municipal chicanery, will relieve your righteous rage by kicking the rascals out in time-honored American fashion, and replacing them with reformers—men of integrity, pledged to look into all the nooks and crannies of the municipal machine and fumigate any area with an odor of corruption.

Then, proud of a civic duty well done, you'll go home—and next year you'll find that your town is still a pesthole of governmental inefficiency and shady dealing, despite the basic honesty of the new officials.

Whose fault will it be?

Yours.

Every election year it happens. All over the country, earnest citizens turn out by the millions to clean up their local government, then walk away from the voting booth figuring their responsibility is over. The new honest mayor never hears from them again. Forced to pick his way alone down the dark and devious corridors of city hall, he doesn't stand a chance against the corruption entrenched all around him.

You might actually do better to elect a crooked mayor—provided you then lived up to your next responsibility as a citizen . . . and watched him like a hawk.

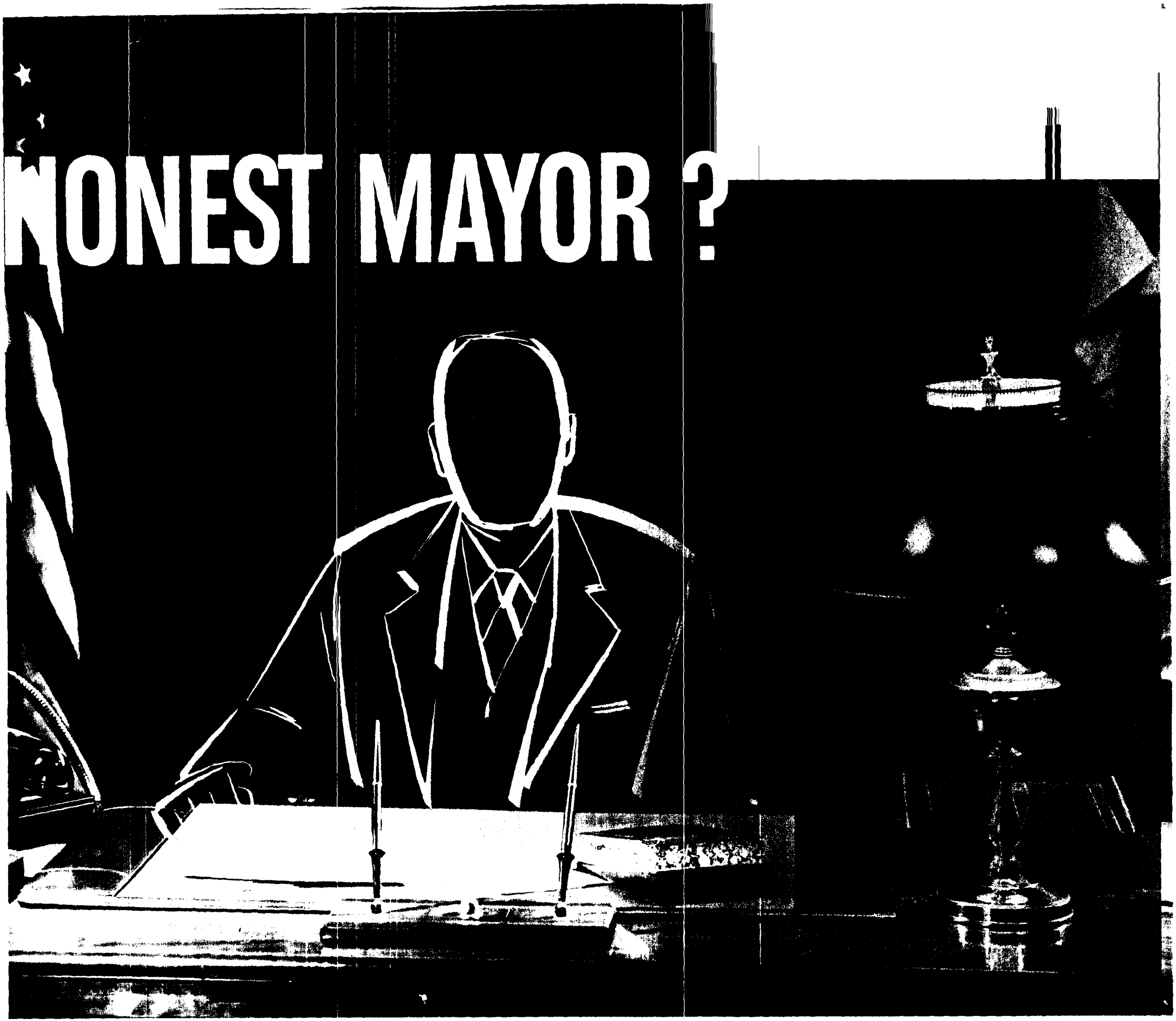
Election Day is only the beginning, if you really want good government. If your new mayor is honest, he'll need your help every minute he's in office. An alert, active citizens' committee or taxpayers' league can be the most valuable cleanup tool he has. If, on the other hand, he's the sort of obliging soul who loves to do favors for the undeserving, he'll take watching—and, again, you're the only one for the job.

Favors and favoritism pave the slick, smooth way to civic corruption, and it's a good bet there are people in your town who live on them. Those who supply the city—the garage owner, fire-insurance agent, uniform dealer, street-repair contractor, utility officials—often prefer the type of mayor who will amiably overlook their little shortcomings and pay more than their services are worth. A lot of influential citizens may feel the same way; with such a man at city hall, they can easily get tickets fixed, property assessments reduced, or jobs found for otherwise unemployable nephews.

When the reform mayor comes along and tells these people that the very heart of good city government is equal treatment for all, they get fighting mad. They pass the word: "He's a stinker; we've got to get rid of him." And they will—unless you and your neighbors are on the alert.

Nobody, including a mayor, likes to be a stinker, especially when it's so easy to be a good guy. Unlike senators, congressmen and state legislators, who can stay away from their constituents when they feel like it, the mayor is always close to the public—sometimes too close for comfort. His enemies work harder than his friends. He's subjected to all sorts of pressure; if he's timid, or peace-loving, or has a wife who wants to get along with the influential folks, he starts pulling his punches. He tells himself he's just being smart. After all, most of the

HONEST MAYOR ?



favor-seekers are asking him to be only a *little* dishonest. He'll slide down this road for sure—unless you're there to help stiffen his spine.

Even the mayor who resists pressure, who is perfectly willing to be a full-time stinker, needs your constant help. I know. I was a strictly honest, full-time stinker of a mayor myself—and I nearly went to jail for it. When the favor-grabbers were done with me, I was standing trial on trumped-up charges of obstructing justice, and many citizens of my home town probably thought I was a crook. Even today, more than a dozen years after my acquittal, some decent people in my town of 80,000 might tell you there must have been something dishonest about my administration.

Mine would have been a different story if I'd had public backing throughout my term. I've threshed out this problem with hundreds of municipal officials, at such gatherings as the United States Mayors' Conference, and I've never found one who didn't agree that the lack of public interest is an honest mayor's heaviest burden.

When I announced my candidacy for mayor, the local newspapers and both political parties were against me (I'm a Republican, but not an organization man). I licked the party's machine in the primary. Then the machine teamed up with the Democrats to try to beat me in the election. But I won by the biggest majority in city history.

Once I was in office, however, nobody except the people actually working in my administration knew what a good job we were trying to do. What I needed—what any honest mayor will always need—was a permanent nonpartisan taxpayers' league with a full-time, smart, executive secretary who really knew his way around city hall and could report back to league members with the plain and simple facts. As it was, the citizenry could hear about my administration only through newspapers which were opposed to me.

For example, when I took office, there was a shortage of policemen to guard school crossings, but a permanent staff of cops was detailed to move money for the local banks every morning. Now, the police have no more business delivering money than they have delivering milk; that's a job for private enterprise, and armored-car services exist for just such work. I ordered the police to guard the kids instead of the cash. The bankers, forced to pay for their delivery service, never forgave me—which, of course, was their privilege. The citizens? They never even heard about the matter.

Then there was the case of the utility company and the underground conduits. An old city ordinance required private companies to pay for the use of city-installed and city-owned conduits under the streets. I found that one of the local utility companies had been using these conduits for 15 years and had never paid a cent—in theory because nobody could figure out how much of the city's underground plant it was actually occupying.

Well, I was an engineer before I was a politician (and am again), and for a few weeks I got up at five every morning and looked in manholes before reporting to my desk. People must have thought me crazy. When I'd surveyed the conduits I sent the company a bill for 15 years' back rent. They screamed and pulled political wires and raised such a behind-the-scenes fuss that when they finally paid up the city treasurer was afraid to accept the check! But he did at last, and the people of my city were relieved of that much tax burden. They never

If your town has been corrupt for years, what can one man (however honest

thanked me for it. They never knew I'd done it.

Even simple law enforcement is unpopular with some supposedly respectable citizens. Before I became mayor one of the most influential of them got drunk at a party and drove his car through a safety zone on a main street, knocking down a woman. A policeman arrested him and took him to jail. Fifteen minutes later he was back home, where he received a personal visit of apology from the city judge, who simply couldn't understand how a man of his standing in the community could be so badly mistreated.

I immediately ordered that anyone arrested for drunken driving henceforward was to be held in jail for at least four hours for medical tests. For the first time in their lives a lot of our first citizens found themselves on the inside looking out, and they didn't like it.

I put an end to favor-grabbing in my town. You can do the same in yours, even if you aren't mayor.

Select an Executive Secretary

First, make your city or town hall a goldfish bowl. Organize your taxpayers' league and persuade someone intelligent, courageous and aggressive, preferably a retired businessman with no active political connections, to be its executive secretary and go snooping. Even in a corrupt city government most of the clerks, cops, firemen and garbage collectors are absolutely honest. They're only too glad to talk about the waste, inefficiency and crookedness they've seen—if their names are kept out of it. After a couple of months of quiet questioning a good executive secretary ought to be able to locate all the dirt under the carpets in city hall. Then your taxpayers' league can make his findings public—leaving space in their reports, as a matter of fairness, for the city officials to answer back.

Snooping, of course, is just one part of the job. Your taxpayers' league ought to insist that all city-council meetings be open to the public; star-chamber proceedings, however well intentioned, are potentially a fraud on the voters.

The league ought to demand access to police arrest records, so it can find out when and why people arrested for prostitution, gambling or drunken driving are not prosecuted.

It ought to keep a file of all real-estate assessments and get good, solid explanations for any large reductions.

It ought to hound city purchasing offices until all important city contracts are advertised in advance and awarded to the low bidder.

Whenever city hall steps out of line, your local taxpayers' league ought to squawk; even if the newspapers won't print it, having the squawk on record will be useful when the next election comes round. A mayor can't dismiss a charge as a campaign smear when it was made two years before Election Day. In most communities, the newspapers are straightforward; they'll print the views of a citizens' group, and the publicity will help keep the government clean.

Publicity has another advantage—it can shame rich people out of asking for cheap favors. For years in my city every property owner paid a special city assessment for oiling the streets—every one, that is, except certain high officials and their friends. Solicitous city bureaus never even billed them. When I told them to pay up like everyone else, they tried all sorts of pressure to get out of the few cents a year the oiling assessment would cost them. If they'd thought their complaints might have been publicized, they would have been afraid of looking cheap, and they'd have paid quietly.

The same probably would have been true of one prominent citizen who demanded that I overrule a fire marshal's order to put a fire escape on the fourth floor of one of his apartment houses. He'd have been ashamed to announce publicly that for the sake of a few dollars he was willing to risk the lives of the women and children who lived on that fourth floor.

COLLIER'S "... One thing about this pooch—he'll eat anything" STAN FINE

Publicity will make the honest mayor's job easier, but first he needs sound laws; there are certain basic regulations that your taxpayers' league should fight to get into your city charter. For example, it ought to be illegal for any city official to do business with the city on the side, or to profit from his office in any way except through his salary. It was illegal in my town, but that didn't keep some officeholders from trying to get around the law by operating private enterprises (with which they weren't publicly identified) and trying to get city business for them. I got a ruling from the corporation counsel which put an end to such illegal practices—making a lot more enemies in the process.

Your charter ought to contain minimum professional standards for every important city office. In recent years, in the cities of my state, I've seen a druggist made chief of police, a newspaper reporter appointed street superintendent, a shoe worker put in as parks commissioner and an alcoholic railroad worker made commissioner of public works.

In my own administration an elected official tried to get me to make his son city assessor. When I pointed out that his son was a drugstore clerk and about as well qualified for the job as Minnie Mouse, he pointed out that I could hire a qualified man to be his son's assistant and do the work.

Every city should have a permanent audit and control officer appointed under civil service and removable only for misconduct or neglect of duty. All city expenditures would have to go over his desk, and he would be required to make a monthly report to the public on the disposition of their taxes, highlighting any city expenditures he questioned or disapproved.

It might also be a good idea to limit the mayor to one four-year term, which would encourage him to leave an admirable record behind him, and would do away with peanut politicking for re-election.

There's one more official you'd better make sure can't be re-elected—the city judge. Nothing encourages vice or discourages the police quite so much as a judge who lets gamblers and prostitutes get off with light fines, which amount in practice to license fees for the operation of their illegal business. In my city there wasn't one disorderly house or gambling spot that hadn't been raided over and over again, but nobody ever went to jail.

One reason vice figures stay out of jail is that the judge is politicking: judges do their politicking among lawyers—including the lawyers for vice figures. A judge who can serve only one term won't worry about winning elections and influencing lawyers.

Without a sound taxpayers' league, your chances of decent city government rest entirely on your luck and on the independence of your newspapers. If your luck is good, you may get as much as eighty cents' worth of service out of your tax dollar. If your luck is bad and your newspapers have low ethical standards . . . well, let me tell you what happened to me.

By all the rules, I should have been one of the most popular mayors my city ever had. I owed my election to nobody but the voters, and my administration ran on a policy of absolutely-no-favoritism. In a real economy drive, I lowered the tax rate, reduced the city's outstanding debt—and still supplied added services. I cut the mayor's salary more than 15 per cent, and took on without pay the additional jobs of finance director and commissioner of public safety. I got rid of the mayor's limousines, fired the mayor's chauffeur and drove myself around town, using my own car and gas I paid for myself.

I stopped the local practice of lawyers charging fees to get city permits, licenses and so forth, which any citizen could walk in and get by himself. I made everybody work full-time for his city salary, instead of treating his city job as a side line.

Previous mayors had kept their offices on the third-floor rear of city hall, for privacy. I moved to the first-floor front, set up a big waiting room and saw everybody who wanted to see me, on a first-come first-served basis. I also established evening office hours so workingmen could come and talk over their problems with me.

Mayor Becomes "Local Hero"

Finally, I even got to be a local hero. A lunatic started shooting up one of the streets from a second-story window; after he'd killed a bystander and a policeman, the other cops were a little reluctant to go up after him. A crowd had gathered and a lot of people were in danger. As a former federal officer and ex-sheriff, I'd been shot at before. I borrowed a cop's gun and shinnied up a telephone pole behind the house to close the trap on the killer. Even the newspapers had to give me credit for that one.

I was a public hero—for a while. Not long afterward I was a public bum, under indictment for conspiracy to obstruct justice.

I had made what some people might consider a mistake—I had refused to order a $1,000,000 assessment reduction on the $3,000,000 worth of downtown real estate owned by one of the city's newspaper executives. I told his representative that I wouldn't force the citizens to pay added taxes on their own properties in order to pad his real-estate profits. The spokesman for the executive then told me that he had something on my administration and threatened to "get me" through the newspaper. I ran him out of my office.

The newspaper bigwig set private detectives on me and dug through my entire history as engineer, public-works officer, federal prohibition enforcement administrator, sheriff, city councilman and mayor; I think it's the greatest compliment I ever received that after an investigation which cost him $100,000 the only actual evidence he could produce against me was the fact that I had once exaggerated my age when I was a kid trying to get a job.

o in one term—without your help?

The executive then played his trump card: he went to certain public officials and showed them what they'd gain if I were out of the way. A few months later they had their frame-up ready.

Basically, the charge was that certain petty-larceny gamblers had paid for police protection, and that I knew all about it. The total money allegedly involved was a couple of hundred dollars split three ways.

Comes to Trial as Bribe Taker

Now, it was widely known that in the past, as prohibition administrator for half of my state, I had turned down cash bribes totaling $750,000. What's more, the public record showed that as mayor I had unceasingly harassed the gamblers who—my enemies claimed—had made the payoffs. Nevertheless, the charges got to trial. Even my acquittal—and the breakdown of a prosecution witness, who admitted that an official of the newspaper had urged him to give perjured testimony "or else he (meaning me) will have us all in jail"—couldn't stop the slander.

The newspaper executive never got his dishonest tax saving out of my administration, but the executors of his estate got it out of my successor. As I handed over the keys to city hall, the new mayor told me: "I'm going to grant that assessment reduction. If the paper ever went after me the way it went after you, I'd die."

"You're going to die anyhow," I replied. "You might as well die a man as a mouse."

He shook his head. "No," he said. "I just couldn't do it." He died in office anyway, a mouse to the last.

The huge assessment reduction went through, and the city's small taxpayers had to dig into their pockets to make up the missing million. They never complained; the story of the reduction was never published. Out the window went all the principles of public honesty for which I had fought all my term, for which I had undergone mental torture, character assassination, financial distress, political disaster and a threat of 99 years in prison. And nobody raised a voice about it—nobody seemed at all concerned.

Was my fight a mistake? If I'd given in, the newspaper would have supported me politically. But every night when I went to sleep I'd have known that the creature crawling into my bed was a long-legged whelp, a two-timer who had sold the public trust down the river for a political payoff.

I'd fight the same fight again, whatever the price.

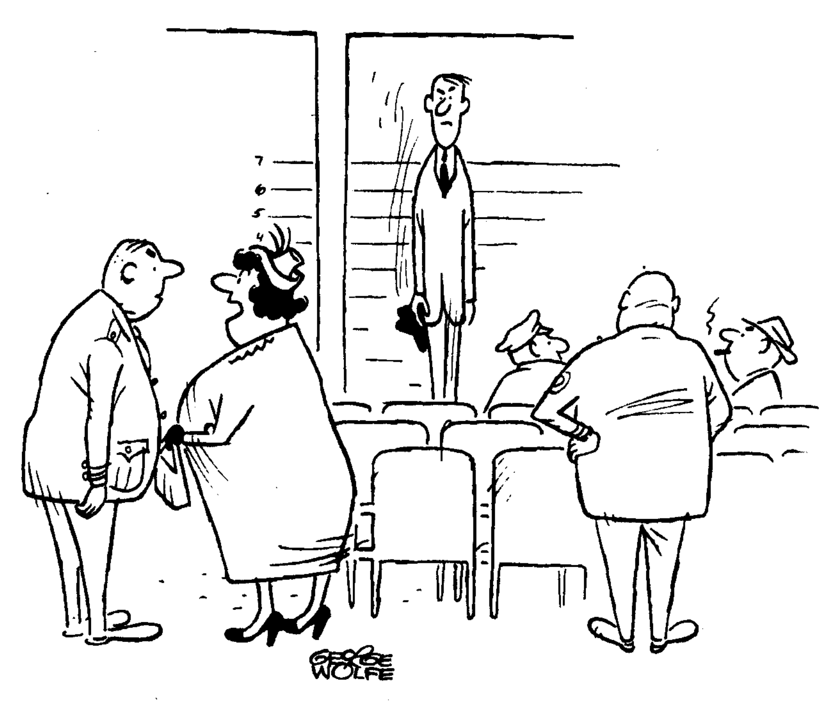
That's the only way to get good government: fight for it, sacrifice for it. You, as a private citizen, probably will never be put through the wringer I went through. But you'll have to make sacrifices. You'll have to attend frequent meetings of your citizens' committee, taking the time from your recreation or business hours. You'll have to prepare for these meetings in advance, and go out and work for good government when they're over. You'll have to forget about your own political preferences and work strictly for clean government, even if it means hurting some friends (crooked politicians can be very nice guys, personally).

Practice Exchange of Favors

You may even have to give up some favors yourself. Have you ever had a traffic ticket fixed? Well, your first job as a fighter for good government is to make sure that it can't happen again.

But most of all you'll have to start treating your city government as an important part of your daily life—which, after all, is it. And you've got to make that viewpoint a habit, and keep it up over the years, because the moment you backslide, the crooks will take over again.

It's just as hard as it sounds—but it's necessary. Good government never did, and never will, just happen. If *you* don't do something about it, nobody will. ▲▲▲



"The man who robbed me was short and fat but it could have been a disguise"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

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I Love Vanessa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"Sorry. I think I'll get a drink. Want one?"

"You aren't much help. Sometimes I wish I had married an intellectual man—like Homer," she said.

"Homer who?"

"Homer Bowes—Judge Bowes."

"I didn't know we knew him so well."

"They're our neighbors, aren't they? Anyway, Ethel says Homer works this puzzle every Sunday, and without a dictionary, too."

"Very remarkable! Now, about that drink?" I asked again, starting off toward the kitchen this time.

"Yes, please. And you can just skip the sarcastic remarks. I think I'll call Homer up and see if he knows what the mystical meaning of words is."

Vanessa got up and started across the room to the telephone.

"Now wait a minute, honey," I said. "You can't do that. You don't know Homer Bowes from a fence post. Sure, he's nodded to us, and you've talked to Mrs. Bowes across the hedge a couple of times, but that doesn't give you license to call the judge up at ten o'clock on a Sunday evening with a silly question like that. After all, we may have to live here a long time."

"I know that. And who could be nicer to know than the Boweses? They've lived in Worton for simply generations."

"But—"

"Now run along and get those drinks," Vanessa said, and she started dialing.

EVEN in the kitchen I could hear Vanessa's voice. She was using that special gay, girlish tone she seemed to reserve for old and distinguished gentlemen. It was a siren song they couldn't resist. More than once I'd seen these gentlemen forget the hard lesson the years had taught them—that women are only people. For a while, at least, they reacted as if the half-forgotten princess of the childhood storybooks, an illusive, fascinating, helpless creature, had come to life. You see, none of these gentlemen was married to Vanessa.

"Judge Bowes?" she was saying. "This is Vanessa Clark. I've got a little problem. I hate to bother you like this, but . . . Clark, Vanessa Clark—That's right. Well, Ethel told me you were so good at crossword puzzles. And the one today—this mean old thirty-seven across—just has me stuck. What? Oh, the mystical meaning of words, in seven letters. You haven't? Oh, don't do that, Judge Bowes. I wouldn't want to put you to that trouble for the world. Yes, yes, I'll hold on. Hello . . . Oh, yes. A-N-A-G-O-G-E. Of course, how stupid of me! Thanks, so much, Judge Bowes. Good night."

I had brought the drinks into the living room and sat down on the couch. Vanessa was still at the telephone, carefully writing in the word.

"There, you see," I said, "he didn't know you at all, did he?"

"No," Vanessa said, "but he won't forget me soon."

I couldn't argue against logic like that. "All right," I said. "How about telling me what this crossword-puzzle business is all about? What do the Boweses have that we haven't got?"

"They know people," Vanessa said.

"Well, we know people, too. I think we're doing pretty well, considering we've been in town only three months."

"Doing well? We haven't been invited to a single party. I'm so bored I could scream."

"I thought you were having such fun doing this old house over," I said.

I looked around at the living room on which we had labored together every night for months. Now it was as perfectly set as the waves in Vanessa's hair. Everything—the blue carpeting, the white chair, the flowered drapes, the bookshelves lined with Vanessa's book-club selections—was just as she had wanted it. She had thrown herself into the work so enthusiastically, so passionately that I had supposed it was absorbing all her frenetic energy.

"I was having fun. But it's finished," she said. "Now I'm ready to go somewhere."

"Okay. Where's somewhere?" I asked.

"Well, I think the Cotillion Circle might be a good start," Vanessa said. "I was reading about it in the Worton Review yesterday. It sounds like fun."

At last Vanessa was going too far. In the towns where we'd lived before we came to Worton she had climbed the social ladder faster than a fireman on a tenth-story rescue mission, but the Cotillion Circle—even I had heard of that. It was a circle all right, a closed circle. The legend around Worton was that it had been formed in the hold of the Mayflower, and no new names had been added to the roster since.

"What's the matter, Frank? Wouldn't you like to go? I think you look beautiful in dress clothes," Vanessa said.

"Be sensible, darling. You can't expect to get invited to a ball like that when we've just arrived in town. Remember, this is New England," I said. "Frankly, I think you'd be much smarter to cultivate somebody like Mrs. Tabor."

"Cultivate her? I can hardly sweep her off the back steps. She's always running over to borrow something."

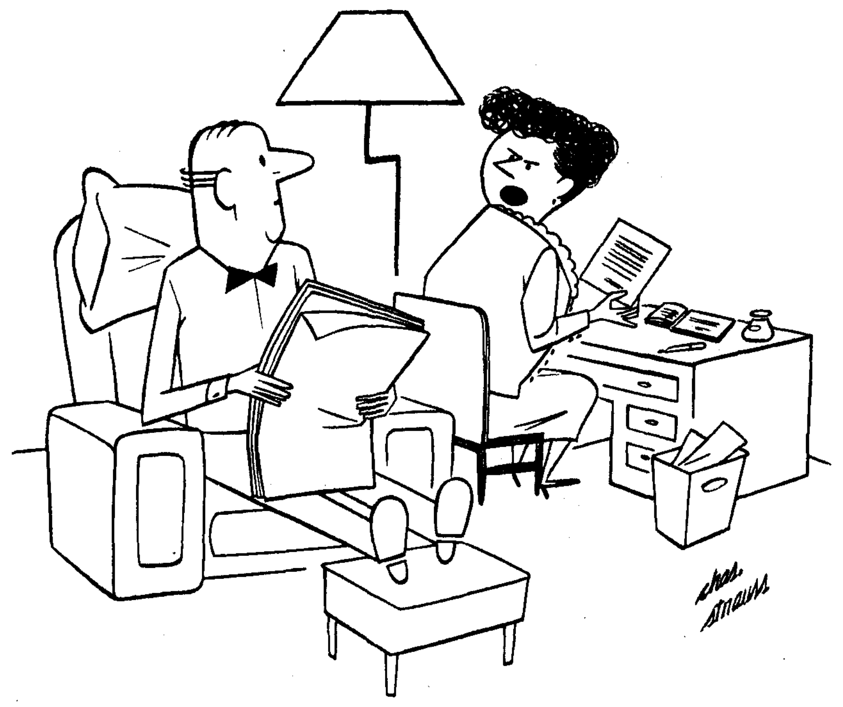
"Well, that's swell. You see we do know somebody. From what I've seen of her, I think she's rather nice."

"Oh, she's nice enough. But—well, I don't know quite how to say it—but she's sort of ordinary. She's always got her hands in the dishwater, or she's hanging up diapers."

"You mean she's a good mother?"

"Frank, that wasn't nice—"

"It wasn't meant to be, Vanessa," I said evenly. "I think it's high time you get over this compulsion to be an eternal prom trotter. I was sort of hoping things would change when we moved here—for Peter's sake."



"I thought you said banks don't make mistakes. This one let me get overdrawn for $62"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES STRAUSS

Vanessa's reaction was not what I had expected: she threw back her head and laughed. "Oh, come off it, Frank," she said. "Just because we moved to New England you don't have to turn into a puritan. Since when have you stopped enjoying a good party? And don't tell me that the contacts we've made haven't been good for your business, too. As for Peter, well, I'll bet there isn't a boy in this town who wouldn't envy him all he has."

I wanted to say: Yes, he has everything but a mother. Instead, I said nothing. I got up and started turning out the lamps. It was too late for a fight, and especially for one I knew I would never win.

I HAD trouble going to sleep that night. The problem of Vanessa stayed persistently in my mind. Vanessa just wasn't growing up. Although I still enjoyed a good party, as she had pointed out, I had finally reached a point where I could put parties into what seemed to me their proper place in life. And I no longer measured my friends by the size of their house, the length of their car or the height of their family tree.

Still, I had asked for her sort of life. There was a time, during the war, when I thought life ought to be one long fling, and Vanessa seemed to be the girl to have it with. Every time I took her to a party at the Officers' Club, the men swarmed around her. I was proud of that, of course. And two months after she came to the post as my bride, the colonel suddenly decided I ought to be a captain—after eighteen months in grade. We were on our way. We were going places.

Lying awake in the dark room where Vanessa's light breathing was the only sound, I tried to decide exactly why and when I made up my mind that the places we were going just weren't worth the trip. There didn't seem to be any specific turning point. Maybe it was just part of getting older and tireder. Yet Vanessa was getting older too, and *her* enthusiasm never waned. This new business about the Cotillion Circle was proof of that.

Her ambition wasn't altogether her fault. Vanessa's mother, an embittered, doting drudge, had trained Vanessa to be a sort of female warrior, collecting social scalps and trophies. She had slaved and sacrificed to put Vanessa through an expensive finishing school, and then to provide her with the proper war paint and dress. No wonder Vanessa had an almost savage urge to prove herself.

I SUPPOSE a psychologist would say she was suffering from an insecurity complex, a craving for love. Whatever her mother had given her, it certainly wasn't love. I tried to give her love and so did Peter, but it seemed to make no difference. There were little things like the white chair we couldn't sit in. And there were bigger things, like the time in Detroit a few years ago when I had a bad cold and came home unexpectedly early.

I found Peter lying on the living-room couch sniffling. The cleaning woman was stoically polishing the floor, paying no attention to him.

"What's the matter with Peter?" I asked.

"I don't know, Mr. Clark," she said. "He been carryin' on like that ever since he come home from the school."

I went over and put my hand on Peter's forehead. There was no fever. "What's the trouble?" I asked.

"We had a party today," he sobbed, "and everybody's mother came but mine."

"That's too bad, son," I said. "Mother must have forgotten."

"No, she didn't. No, she didn't either. I told her this morning."

I was enraged. I wanted to rush out and find Vanessa. I wanted to go to whatever social affair it was that claimed her and drag her out by her hair—or better, turn her over my knee and spank her right there in front of all her smart friends. Instead, I patted Peter's head and soothed him with a lot of talk about how no real boy wanted his mother to hang around him, and by the time Vanessa breezed in, trailing the faint aroma of Martinis and expensive perfume, Peter was almost consoled. But I was still angry.

She kissed me dutifully and scooped Peter up in her arms. "Have a good time at your party today, darling?" she asked him. "Mommy's sorry she couldn't come, but look what she brought you."

Vanessa put him down and got a toy car from her purse. Peter didn't even reach for it. "Well, never mind," she said. "It'll be here when you want it." She set the car on an end table and turned to me. "I haven't had a chance to ask you why you're home so early, Frank," she said.

"Just a cold. But listen here, Vanessa . . ."

But Vanessa had already gone back into the hall to take off her things. She was studying herself happily in the mirror, admiring her newest hat. "Oh, Frank! Guess who I met?" she called to me. "Jane Gilbert."

I walked toward her. "I don't care who you met," I said.

"You don't care? Come now," she said, "Jane Gilbert is Leroy Gilbert's wife. And guess what? They've invited us to cocktails Friday."

Leroy Gilbert was vice-president of a large steel-fabricating company. I had been trying to get in to see him for months. This might mean the biggest break of my career. Suddenly I was drained of anger or any other emotion. Everything seemed too complicated for me. "Let's forget it for now," I said. "I'm going to do something about this damned cold."

Vanessa clucked soothingly over me like a mother hen and insisted I get into bed. Somehow the subject of Peter and his party never came up again. Life went on in the old way, and as a result of the cocktail party, I finally signed Gilbert to the biggest contract of my career. I guess that's what got me the prize—the Eastern district.

THAT had been two years ago. Our lives had not changed perceptibly and now I speculated on what would happen if Vanessa ever had to face a real crisis. I knew she couldn't get along without Peter and me. But did she? The turning point in our relationship had long since passed, and I was afraid the breaking point was in sight.

I was relieved during the next few days to hear no more about the Cotillion Circle, or the Boweses either. Then I came home one evening and found Vanessa just starting to prepare supper.

"Sorry I'm late, darling, but I was at the Ladies Aid Society all afternoon with Jean Tabor," she said, giving me a quick peck on the cheek.

"Good. That's the way you ought to go about meeting new people," I said. I didn't care about dinner being late. I was tired and this gave me a chance to mix a cocktail. Peter didn't seem to care either. He was lying on the floor in the living room, looking at television.

"Hi, Pop," he said, not looking at me. "D'ya know what?"

"No, what?" I asked automatically.

"Two-gun Charlie left old Mr. Bronson's ranch and won't ever go back, because Mr. Bronson broke his word. But, y'know what? I'm going to help Two-gun if Mr. Bronson catches up with him. I'm going to shoot."

I glanced quickly at Peter. He had his cap pistol pointed at the screen. I was too tired even to work up my usual irritation over the horse operas that filled Peter's head with such nonsense. "Okay, Peter," I said. "Tell me how it comes out. I'm going out and talk to your mother."

While I mixed the drinks, Vanessa chatted aimlessly about the church meeting. Then, very casually, she swung her haymaker. "By the way, Frank," she said, "see if you can get home early Thursday night. The Boweses are coming to dinner."

Just at that point, Peter raced into the kitchen. "I heard what you said, Mommy," he shouted. "Is it a party?"

"Not for little people, I'm afraid," she said.

"Aw, Mom, why not? I want to come," Peter said.

"All right," she said, "if you're good and go right up to bed after dinner."

"I will," Peter promised, "I will, Mommy." And then he went back to his television.

"Well, I've got to hand it to you, Vanessa," I said.

"Yes, I think you do," she agreed. "It all started when Ethel told me how much of a hit I made with Homer when I called him about the crossword puzzle. She said he was dying to meet me, so naturally I asked them over."

"Okay, and you'd better remind me to pick up a couple of bottles."

"Oh, don't do that, Frank. In fact, I meant to tell you, you'd better put the bottles down in the cellar or somewhere before Thursday. And for Heaven's sake don't offer me a cigarette while they're here. The Boweses are very strait-laced."

"Look, Vanessa," I said, "there isn't any reason for posing as something we aren't just to impress some people we don't even know."

"When in Rome . . ." she said and laughed. "Come on, dinner's ready."

And that was the way it was with Vanessa. She wasn't really a hypocrite, yet there wasn't a thing she wouldn't do to avoid offending someone who might help her. It was like the time she gave a tea for an impecunious young lawyer who was running for Congress on the Democratic ticket and then, on Election Day, worked feverishly at the polls for the Republicans. When I kidded her about it, she said, "What's wrong with that? They're all such nice people to know."

I wasn't looking forward to Thursday very eagerly. It promised to be a dry evening in more ways than one. But I obeyed orders. Instead of going back to the office after my last call, I took the early commuters' train home. As soon as I turned in at the driveway, Vanessa came rushing out of the house to meet me. I took one look at her and knew something had gone wrong. Her hair was still tied back in the way she wore it around the house—she hadn't begun to get ready for the dinner.

"Frank, Frank," she cried. "Where on earth have you been? I've been trying to call you for hours."

"I came as soon as I could. What's up?"

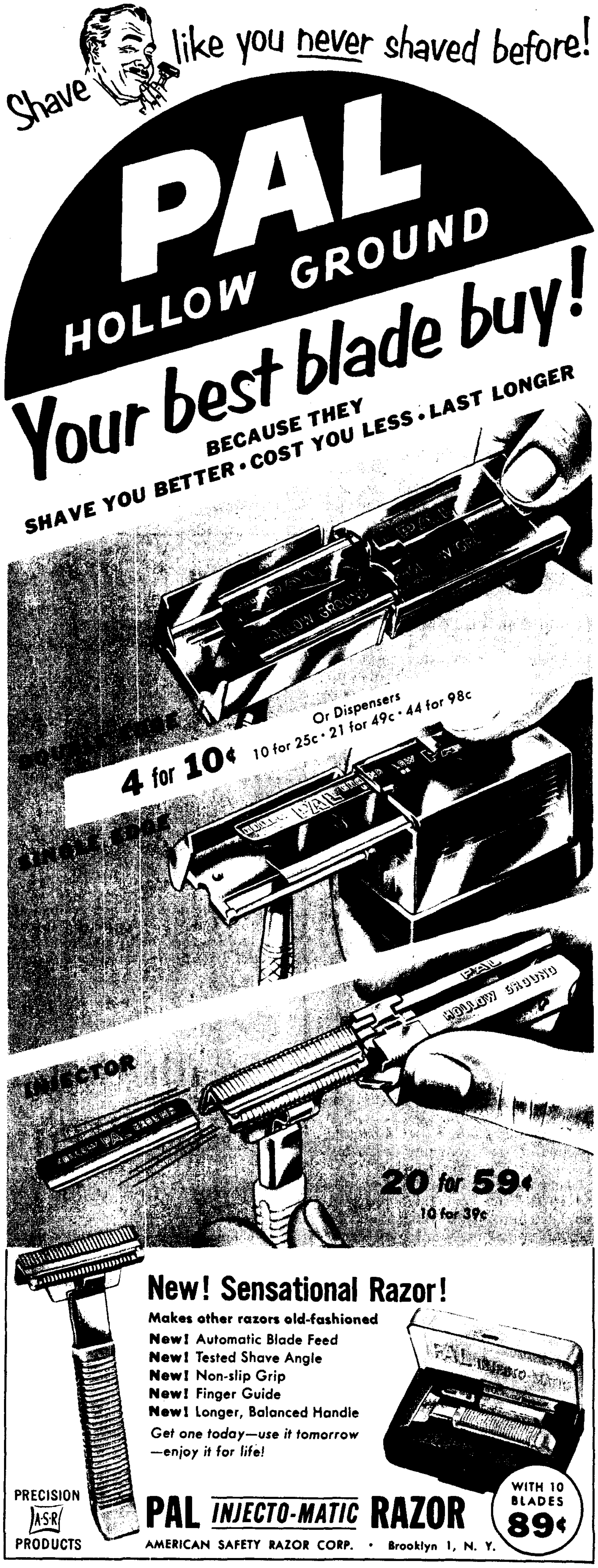
"Oh, Frank," she sobbed, "Peter's gone. I'm afraid something dreadful's happened to him."

"What?" I said. "Calm down now, Vanessa. Take it easy. What about Peter?"

"He's gone. He disappeared right after he came home from school. I've looked everywhere for him. He's nowhere around our place or the Tabors'," she said. Her voice was shrill with hysteria.

I PUT my arm around her and led her into the house. "He's probably around in the neighborhood somewhere," I said, trying to sound matter-of-fact, but Vanessa kept shaking her head and sobbing.

Inside, Vanessa blurted out the story. Peter had come running in from school. He was excited about the company coming for dinner, and the first thing he did was count the places on the table Vanessa had set. He wanted to know why there were only four. Vanessa told him he was



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going to eat in the kitchen before the company came. Peter started to cry. Already anxious about the dinner, Vanessa had lost her temper and told Peter to march up to his room and stay there. That was the last she saw of him.

"Didn't he say anything to indicate where he might go?" I asked.

"No, not that I can think of."

"Well, what was the last thing he said?"

"He said something about me breaking my word. Yes, that was it, because I wondered where he got that phrase."

"Oh," I said, relaxing for the first time. "He's probably just hiding. He got that phrase about breaking your word straight out of the television program the other night. His hero, Two-gun Charlie, ran away because the ranch manager broke his word. Now, you go ahead with dinner, Vanessa, and I'll have a look around the neighborhood."

"Dinner can wait," Vanessa said. "I'll go with you."

We searched our yard thoroughly, examining every nook and treetop that might hide an eight-year-old boy. Then we combed the Tabors' place. I didn't really have much hope of finding Peter in the woods in back of their house. Dusk was falling rapidly now, and Peter was the sort of imaginative kid who would find the terrors there far more unendurable than eating in the kitchen. Besides, my suspicions were aroused by a curious detail at the Tabors' house. As we worked our way around the house, the peering face of a little Tabor followed us from window to window on the second floor.

"Are you sure Peter's not in the Tabors' house?" I asked Vanessa.

"Positive," she said. "I called Jean first thing, and she swore she hasn't seen him."

"Well, I'm going in anyway."

"Frank, you can't do that. It'll look funny—like we didn't trust her."

I DIDN'T feel like standing on ceremony. I stepped up and rang the bell. Jean Tabor opened the door.

"Have you found Peter?" she asked. "I've been so worried ever since you called."

"No, Mrs. Tabor, we haven't found him," I said. "That's why I'm here. Are you positive he isn't in your house?"

"Why, yes. My children have all been eating dinner right here in the kitchen with me."

"That's odd," I said. "I thought I saw one of them watching us a while ago out of an upstairs window."

"That must have been Tommy. He wanted to listen to a radio program, and I let him take a plate of second helpings up to his room," Mrs. Tabor said.

Tommy was a special friend of Peter's, although he was two years older. "Does Tommy often do that?" I inquired.

"No," said Mrs. Tabor. "But I made an exception tonight—"

"Frank, what's the matter with you?" Vanessa said. "You're acting like a detective or something."

"I am being sort of a detective," I said. "Mrs. Tabor, I'd like to go up and talk to Tommy."

"Why, of course, Mr. Clark, but I doubt if he can help you. I've already asked him about Peter."

I went up the stairs. I was so sure of my hunch now that I was actually having fun. I thought I heard scuffling sounds behind the only closed door on the second floor. I opened it without knocking. Tommy was lying on his stomach across the bed. The radio was tuned loudly to some light dance music, an odd thing for a boy of ten to be listening to.

"Tommy," I said sternly. "Where's Peter?"

"I don't know, Mr. Clark, honest, I don't. I haven't seen him since we came home from school."

While Tommy was talking, I glanced around the room. The piece of evidence I was looking for was not there. I couldn't see his dinner plate anywhere. I walked over and opened the closet door. Peter was sitting on the floor calmly eating Tommy's second helpings. He looked up but didn't say a word.

"All right, son, get up," I said. "We're going home."

"I don't wanna go with her," he said, and he pointed with his fork.

I turned and saw Vanessa standing in the door of the room. Angrily, I reached down and jerked Peter to his feet. "Don't you dare talk like that about your mother, Peter," I said.

He began to cry. "She told me I could come to the party and then she wouldn't let me. She broke her word, and Two-gun Charlie says that's the worst thing a person can do," he said.

"Get that television nonsense out of your head and march, young man," I said, and I shoved him roughly toward the door.

But Peter didn't march. Instead he pulled away from me and threw himself on the floor. "Don't take me home. I want to stay here. Don't take me home!" he yelled.

I started to grab him again, but Vanessa motioned me away. She got down on her knees beside Peter, who had buried his head in his arms and was shaking with sobs. She stroked his hair a while, and then she asked gently, "Why don't you want to go home, Peter? Why do you want to stay here?"

Peter then spoke between his sobs, "'Cause—'cause I like it here—'cause you never let me do anything—get up in the chairs or have parties or anything— You won't let me have a turtle like Tommy's—or a puppy like Shep—"

In Collier's Next Issue

ELEVEN GUYS NAMED GEORGE

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Why should I hold any grudges against the Rock? He was on the first team; he was pinned to the girl I wanted; he treated me like I wasn't there; and he was a thoroughgoing louse. And me? All I meant to do was smash up his little red wagon—but good

Death Had a BIRTHDAY

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Once more Inspector Chafik stalks a murderer in the mysterious byways of Baghdad—and finds him only when he himself falls into the killer's trap

The Romantic Taxpayer

By HANNIBAL COONS

Dear George, that ever-ready trouble shooter from Hollywood, is on the road again. This time he's after a whole roster of stars who don't want to leave Europe when the eighteen-month tax dodge is over. But George knows a way to get them back—and it's a lulu

"Oh, honey, honey," Vanessa said, "what about all the nice presents Mommy has brought you?"

"I don't want any presents," Peter said. "I want a—a mother like Tommy's."

I looked at Vanessa's face. She was staring at Peter as if she had never seen him before. She looked as if she might either scream or laugh. But she didn't do either. As soon as the shock wore off, she put on her most affective smile.

"Now, Peter," she said soothingly, "I'm very sorry I forgot about promising that you could come to the party tonight. But I'll do something even better. I'll have a party just for you. You can invite Tommy and all your friends—on your birthday."

Peter looked at her skeptically. But there was an edge of hope in his voice when he asked, "Really, Mom?"

"Honest. Cross my heart and hope to die," Vanessa said, and she wrinkled her nose flirtatiously at Peter. Then she held out her hand. Peter took it, and we all started silently for home. I was a little disappointed in Peter. I thought he had sold out rather cheaply.

I don't know how we got through that evening with the Boweses. The meat Vanessa had left untended in the oven tasted like roasted leather and the rolls were something just short of charcoal. Vanessa was too bright and brittle and as for me, I couldn't even concentrate on the bridge hands. I could see the Boweses exchanging covert glances of disapproval. When they were gone and we were in bed, Vanessa broke down.

"What a mess, what a mess we've made of everything," she sobbed. "The Boweses had a rotten time. You sat there like a cigar-store Indian. We'll never get anywhere in this town now. And my own son doesn't even love me."

I didn't bother adding my own comments to her bill of self-indictment. I just let her cry herself to sleep in my arms.

FOR the next few weeks, there was a noticeable change around our house. Vanessa stopped doing crossword puzzles. Certain unidentified small boys started cluttering up the living room to such an extent that I seemed always to be scraping a new one off my favorite chair when I came home in the evenings. The Tabors came over for bridge one night, and we hardly got through one rubber because of all the talking Vanessa and Jean did about their children. There was no mention of the Cotillion Circle, even though it was getting more and more space in the local papers. I began to think Peter's revolt had really turned the trick. Vanessa was showing signs of growing up.

Then one Sunday we met the Boweses as we were coming out of church. They were very cordial, but that was the least we could expect after a rousing sermon on brotherhood. After we got in our car, Vanessa said, "Wasn't that wonderful?"

"Sure, it was a good sermon," I said.

"Oh, of course it was good," she said, "but what I meant was the way Mrs. Bowes practically broke her neck rushing through the crowd to speak to us."

"I didn't notice that she was particularly winded."

"You don't have to be sarcastic. Don't you realize what this means?"

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“Frankly, no. What does it mean?”

“It means they had a good time at our house,” Vanessa said. “Imagine!” And with all the troubles we had on our mind! Now I wonder, should I get something in black? Would that be right for the Cotillion?”

“Hey, wait a minute,” I said. “Aren’t you reading a lot into a cheery Sunday-morning greeting?”

“We’ll see.”

There was suddenly a new look about Vanessa—a sparkle in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks that had been missing during the weeks in which she had pursued her grave rounds as wife and mother. Attractive as it made her, I hated to see that look on Vanessa’s face. I realized then that Peter’s brave little battle, like mine in the past, had been fought in vain.

WE DIDN’T have to wait long to find out that Vanessa’s interpretation of the Boweses’ greeting had been right. I had just stretched out on the couch for a nap that afternoon when I was awakened by an alarming little squeak from Vanessa. “Oh,” she said, and then, “Frank, Frank, where is it? Where is it?”

“Where’s what?”

“The magazine section. The magazine section with the puzzle in it. Quick —quick, find it.”

“For crying out loud,” I said, sitting up. “What’s got into you?”

“Here it is,” she shouted. “Under you— It’s the Boweses, Frank. They’re coming up our front walk. I don’t want them to think I used that puzzle as a trick.”

Just then the doorbell rang. Vanessa fled back to her chair, picked up a pencil and went frantically to work on the puzzle.

The bell rang again, so I got up and did the honors. Sure enough, Judge Bowes had come over to trade puzzle information with Vanessa. That left Mrs. Bowes and me swapping pale comments about the morning sermon.

Mercifully, Peter clattered down the stairs and barged in with his usual social poise. “Hey, Dad,” he yelled, paying no attention to the guests, “is it time for the circus?”

“Not yet, son,” I said. “I want you to meet Mrs. Bowes and Judge Bowes. This is our boy, Peter.”

After the my-but-isn’t-he-a-big-boy comments had been made, I managed to persuade Peter to withdraw until time for the circus show on television. “I hope you folks don’t mind watching it,” I said to the Boweses. “It’s one of the shows we always let Peter see.”

“Not at all,” said the judge. “Don’t like television myself, of course, but I guess it helps with youngsters.”

“You have such a well-mannered little boy,” Mrs. Bowes said. “You know, that’s one of the things I noticed when we were here the other night, Mrs. Clark.”

Vanessa smiled and said, “Oh, I’m so happy to hear that. Every mother is blind about her own children.”

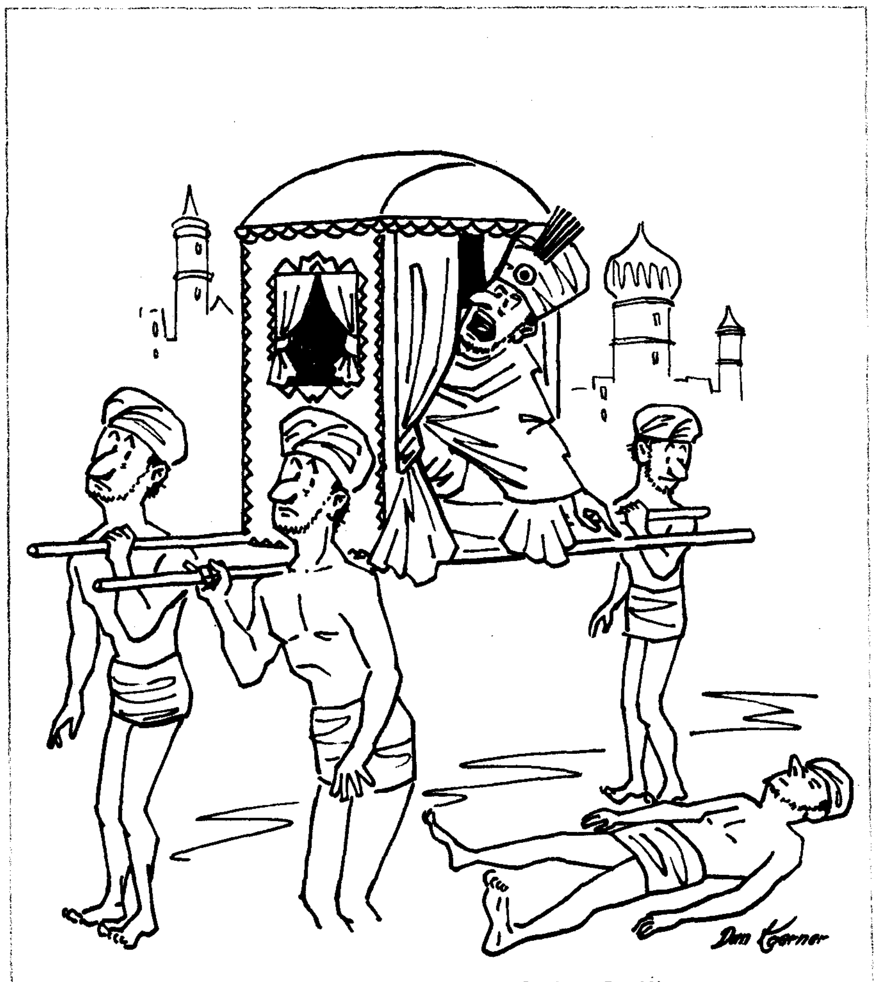
“I suppose having a little boy ties you down,” Mrs. Bowes said.

“As a matter of fact,” Vanessa said very quickly, “we’ve always been very active socially. We’ve never believed in letting a child control our lives. I’ve tried to make Peter understand that we have a right to some fun, too.”

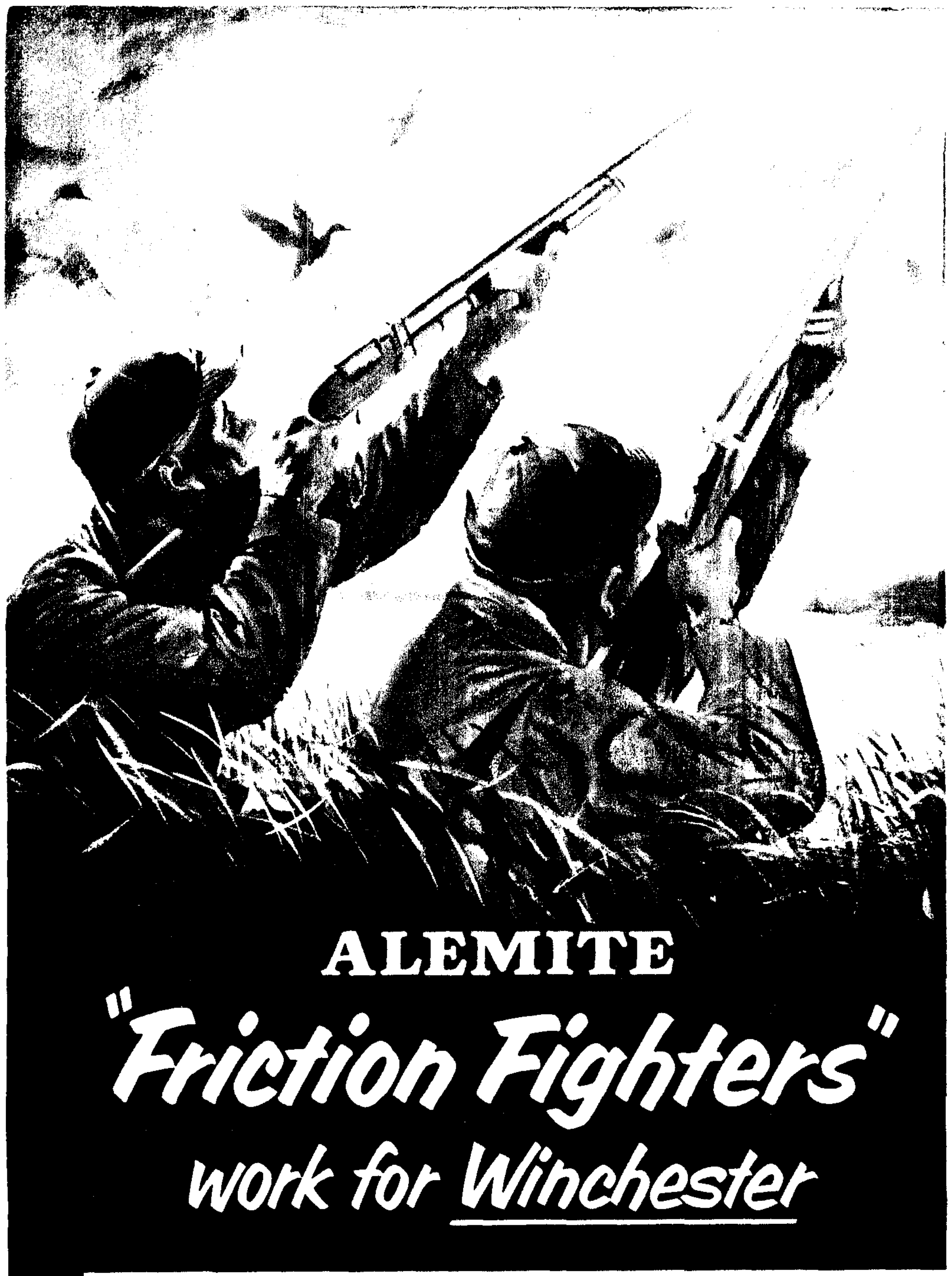
“Of course you do,” Mrs. Bowes said, “and we’ll have to see that you enjoy yourselves here in Worton.”

I could hardly wait for the circus show to start. It drove the Boweses away, as I was sure it would. It usually drove me from the living room too.

As soon as they left, Vanessa started spinning around like a girl practicing for her first prom. “Oh, Frank,” she said, “did you hear what Mrs. Bowes said? I’m sure they like us. I’m going right down tomorrow and buy a dress. And you’d better check on your tails, too.”



COLLIER’S “One of you guys get busy with that flat!” DAN KOERNER



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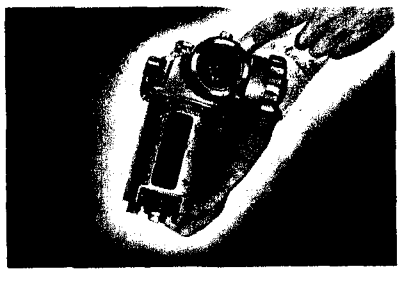

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STEWART WARNER

"I didn't hear any discussion of the Cotillion," I said.

"You don't discuss something like that, Frank. But didn't you hear me tell her how socially active we are and her say something about how we should enjoy ourselves here? I mean, that's about as close as you can come to a ticklish subject like that."

THERE was a mounting tension in Vanessa during the next few weeks. She was waiting for the day the invitation to the dance would come. Vanessa went ahead and bought the dress. It was simple and severe and very expensive, quite right for the Cotillion Circle. She began to point out the people that she knew would be there when we passed them in the street, or to indicate their houses as we drove by.

But, with all this, her new attitude toward Peter continued, though for the wrong reasons. Vanessa saw him as a social asset. One evening I heard her going over the guest list for his birthday party with him. It was to be a very fancy affair for a boy of his years—an evening dinner.

"Now you'd like to have Janie Halliday, wouldn't you, Peter?"

"Aw, Mom," he said, "I don't know her."

"She's in your class, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I think we'll have her. She's Dr. Halliday's daughter, and they're friends of Mommy and Daddy."

"Halliday?" I asked evenly. "Who's Halliday?"

"You know the Hallidays, Frank," Vanessa said impatiently. "He's a vice-president of the Cotillion Circle."

I was at home the day the envelope came; it was a Saturday and I was working in the yard when the mailman handed it to me. It was a big square envelope with the initials *CCC* embossed on the back. Vanessa almost tore it from my hands when she came around the house and saw it. Her fingers were trembling as she ripped it open.

"We made it, Frank, we made it!" she shrieked and threw her arms around my neck.

Then she read parts of it to me, *"You are cordially invited to attend the dinner and dance of the Cotillion Circle Club—October the twenty-third—Cocktails at six o'clock—"* Vanessa stopped abruptly and turned and walked into the house.

A period of calm descended upon Vanessa. Now that she had the invitation she seemed content; she was absorbed in preparations for Peter's party.

But the calm ended one morning a few days before the dance. I went into my office and saw a couple of notes I had scrawled on my reminder pad. One of them said, *Order Vanessa's corsage,* and the other, *Peter's bike.* I called the florist right away, and he promised to have the flowers delivered by early afternoon of October the twenty-third.

It wasn't until after lunch, however, that I got a chance to sneak away to a department store and look at bikes. This was one present for Peter that I had insisted on buying myself. I was enjoying the experience thoroughly until the clerk asked, "And what day do you want it delivered, Mr. Clark?"

"Let's see," I said. "The twenty-third—that's Friday, isn't it?" And then I said involuntarily, "Holy smoke!"

"Yes, Mr. Clark?" the clerk asked.

"Nothing, it's nothing," I said.

I rushed back to the office with only one thought in mind. I had to call Vanessa right away. It seemed impossible, but she must have forgotten, as I had, that Peter's party would fall on the same night as the Cotillion. As soon as I got to my desk I called home. The line was busy. Then I thought about the flowers. I called the florist and canceled the order. I didn't know, or even care, what Vanessa meant to do about the conflicting dates. I certainly wasn't going to walk out on Peter's party.

When I picked up the telephone again to call Vanessa, a sudden realization kept me from dialing: this was a major crisis. Whatever Vanessa decided to do about this situation would probably determine the future of our marriage. Her decision was too important to us both to be made quickly over the telephone. It had to wait until I got home. I haven't any idea what sort of business I conducted the rest of the afternoon. I can only remember lighting too many cigarettes.

As soon as I got in the door that evening, I yelled for Vanessa. I saw the Cotillion invitation lying on the telephone stand, and I picked it up just to make absolutely sure of the date. It was the twenty-third, all right. When Vanessa came running downstairs, I handed it to her and said, "Look at the date on that. It's the same night as Peter's party."

"Is that what you're so excited about?" Vanessa asked. "I noticed that the day the invitation arrived."

"Oh, you did? Well, it's a fine time to tell me," I said, thinking of the agonizing afternoon I had spent. "I suppose you've shifted Peter's party to a day that isn't his birthday so we can go to the dance."

"Frank, are you crazy?" Vanessa said. "I wrote the committee that we couldn't come."

Vanessa tossed the invitation onto the hall table as carelessly as if it were an advertising circular. It was a magnificent gesture. "Time to get dinner," she said and started toward the kitchen.

"Vanessa," I said, shocked, "I don't think you've thought this thing through. What about that dress you bought?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," she said. "I sent it back. It cost more than we could afford anyway."

"And what about all the people at the club you wanted to get to know? And Judge and Mrs. Bowes? Won't they think it rather queer of you to pass up the Cotillion for a kid's party?"

"I can't help what they think. What would Peter think if I let him down—" Vanessa stopped. She pretended to be busy at the sink, but I knew she couldn't even see what was in her hands. I felt sorry for her. It was a big thing she was doing, tossing away the only kind of success she had been trained to prize.

AS SOON as she had recovered enough to talk, she wiped her eyes with her apron and turned to me. "A lot of help you are!" she said, "standing around asking a lot of silly questions when you know I'm only trying to do what is right—"

Vanessa scored that time. I should have said something to show her I appreciated what she was doing, but what could I say? I took her in my arms and held her close and whispered into her hair, "Vanessa. Vanessa, darling, I love you."

From the way things have turned out since, I guess I said enough.

—S. A. SCHREINER, JR.

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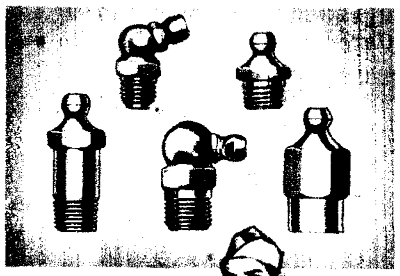

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The Inside Story of a

By MICHELA ROBBINS • *They were just kids, at one of our bes*

THE evening of last March 19th was warm and springlike in California's peaceful Valley of the Moon country 70 miles north of San Francisco. At the Los Guilucos School for Girls, 80 teen-agers were finishing supper. The light, airy dining hall was quiet—too quiet.

Suddenly a girl screamed. A heavy dining table pitched over, crashing plates to the floor. In an instant every table in the room was swept over. Knives, forks and glasses flew through the air. Screeching girls smashed their fists through windows. Others surged toward the locked glass doors, kicked them open and tore out.

"You can't imagine it," one of the school supervisors recalls. "They were like a pack of wild dogs after a piece of meat."

So began a five-day riot which in destructiveness matched the outbursts which swept the nation's prisons last year; a riot still reverberating, months later, in outbursts and breakouts; a riot which has compelled many communities across the country to re-examine their thinking about one of the nation's toughest problems—juvenile delinquency.

That evening at Los Guilucos, girls in two other dormitories, waiting their turn for supper, heard the uproar—and caught the fever. They threw rocks, shattered windows, ripped toilets from the floors and slashed mattresses.

Within a few minutes, nearly half the 169 girls at the institution were roaming the grounds, screaming, crying or calling for their mothers. The others, terrified, locked themselves in broom closets or hid under beds. Many of the 12 matrons on duty, equally terrified, barricaded themselves in the administration building.

Forty policemen arrived. The sight of their uniforms excited the girls more. They screamed profanities, hurled chairs, challenged the cops. The officers stood bewildered. "You don't like to get rough with a bunch of little girls," one told me later. They tried to herd the children into a compound, where music was played over a loudspeaker. The yelling drowned out the music. One officer fired a blank shell; that launched a fresh wave of hysteria.

Finally California Youth Authority officials, who had rushed to the school from Sacramento, agreed to let the policemen seize the ringleaders. One by one, 60 girls, kicking, biting and scratching, were picked out of the crowd, handcuffed, and taken to jails and detention homes in the vicinity.

The chaos at Los Guilucos lasted five days in all. Thirty girls were injured and thousands of dollars' worth of property was damaged.

The superintendent and the principal of the school resigned. The CYA's top trouble shooters were assigned to temporary duty at the school, and a citizens' committee was appointed by the State Board of Corrections to make an investigation.

Yet seven months later, the school was still having two or three upsets a week.

Why? What kind of institution is Los Guilucos that it roused mere teen-agers to such fury? A gray-walled, iron-barred prison rife with filth and brutality?

Not at all. Los Guilucos has always been considered among the most enlightened institutions in California's correctional system and one of the best in the country. The California Youth Authority, which runs it, was set up by the state legislature in 1941 along model lines suggested the year before by the American Law Institute.

After its experts had found that the nation's jails, prisons and correctional schools actually were breeding new generations of habitual criminals, the institute proposed forming state Youth Correction Authorities—based on the principle of central reception and diagnosis of juvenile offenders—as a partial solution. The authorities were to develop programs for crime prevention in local communities; put their corrective institutions in the hands of trained specialists; and—most important—substitute for the old idea of punishment the new idea of treating the individual offender by providing schooling, vocational training, recreation and, if needed, professional psychotherapy.

California set up its Youth Authority in 1941 and named Karl Holton, regarded as one of the best men in the field, as its director—a position he held until September, 1952, when he resumed his post as probation officer of Los Angeles County.

A number of other states followed suit, but because the California program was first, it has been watched hopefully by officials all over the country. To them—and to all who favor the Youth Authority's centrally administered rehabilitation-instead-of-punishment approach—the Los Guilucos riot came as a stunning shock. Today their fear is that the public will agree with the Sonoma County sheriff's deputy who blamed the riots on "coddling" and added: "What would you do if your kid behaved like that? Whip the daylights out of her!"

Hateful and defiant, Los Guilucos teen-agers jeer from a shattered window during their costly five-day riot

JOHN LE BARON

Superintendent Julia Combs, shown during the rioting, later resigned from school's staff

L. G. HAMILTON

The fact is, the theories embodied in the Youth Authority Act were never really put into practice at Los Guilucos—a fact which first began to emerge from a study made by a team of University of California professors in 1950, three years before the riot occurred. Dr. Alex Sherriffs, research director of the study group, told me later:

"It would be a shame if anyone were to conclude from what happened at Los Guilucos that an institution which tries to give individual treatment in an effort to rehabilitate its inmates is 'coddling' or 'pampering' or that it won't work. The theory has not yet been put to the test at Los Guilucos."

Why?

On the surface Los Guilucos seemed an ideal place for this new type of correctional school. Situated on 315 acres in a lush farming valley, Los Guilucos had fruit orchards, meadows, picnic sites. There was no fence around the grounds; there were no guards, no uniforms. There was a psychologist on the staff; a visiting psychiatrist, a doctor and a dentist; a public-school educational program, vocational work and recreation activities.

Overcrowding Posed Serious Problems

But that was on the surface. The institution was originally built by the Knights of Pythias as a home for old people. The CYA took over in 1943. During the war, no new construction was possible, so the CYA made do with the existing buildings, including two brick cottage-type dormitories already on the grounds. Into them first 100 and then 121 girls were squeezed—up to four in rooms designed for one—as a backlog of hundreds of youngsters in overcrowded detention homes throughout the state waited for the CYA to accept them.

Since Los Guilucos was built for oldsters, it had no real recreation facilities for young people. The CYA converted a reservoir on the grounds into a swimming pool and added outdoor volleyball, baseball and basketball courts. Classes had to be conducted in odd places, such as basements and staff quarters.

A year ago last July one of the buildings was closed and a new group of connected structures opened, containing an administrative and detention unit, a kitchen-dining room, a hospital and receiving unit and two dormitories—handsome white stucco buildings with private rooms for a total of 80 girls, with bright furnishings and huge picture windows. The rooms were not only without locks—they were without doors, to give the girls (now numbering 169) a sense of freedom. As one youth-authority expert wrote: "Los Guilucos is to be first of all a place where girls will get pleasure out of living, believing that if they do they will be most likely to cling to the modes of conduct learned there when they leave."

There was one flaw in that reasoning: the shell was beautiful but the heart of the program was missing. The California Youth Authority's theories, so well laid out on paper, had disintegrated at Los Guilucos.

The school had expanded too fast. Its budget was too low. Individual treatment, the backbone

O and T

Girls Reformatory

institutions. But they rioted with unparalleled destructiveness. Why?

JOHN LE BARON

Authorities finally quelled the hysterical girls by going after their ringleaders and removing them from the school grounds

The new dormitories at Los Guilucos are clean and handsome, with bright, airy rooms, pleasantly decorated. Yet youngsters feel that they had good reason for their dissatisfaction

of the CYA program, was never possible; there were simply too many youngsters and too few supervisors. There weren't enough activities to keep the girls interested—or even occupied. Worst of all, apparently some CYA leaders in Sacramento did not themselves understand the revolutionary ideas on which CYA was based, and did not select a staff able to carry out those ideas.

Girls sent to Los Guilucos are typical of delinquent girls throughout the country. They are not "criminals" in the sense that they are a menace to the public. They are picked up less to protect the community than to protect themselves. Of the 169 girls at the school at the time of the riots, only 14 were there for theft or other crimes against property. The rest were charged with running away from home, truancy or sex delinquency—or all three.

Most of the girls were from fourteen to sixteen years old. Nearly half came from families only recently arrived in California. One quarter were from minority groups—Mexican-Americans, Negroes and three American Indians.

Kids Who've Been Given a Bad Time

Whatever their background, most girls at Los Guilucos share one characteristic: They come from broken or poor homes, or no homes at all. They are confused adolescents, who have been kicked around by their families, roughly treated by the authorities, given a bad time at school. Deprived of the love children need, they suspect all adults, especially those who symbolize authority.

These teen-agers without real roots are accustomed to unusual freedom, to excitement, staying up late, cigarettes, liquor, dope, sex. At Los Guilucos they found themselves confined in a place that, no matter how attractive, was still an institution.

One school official told me: "These girls have experienced more in their fourteen or fifteen years than you or I may in our entire life. The wonder is not that they're bad, but that they're as good as they are. They're taken away from their friends and plumped down here. They get up in the morning and are yelled at by one housemother; go to class, which they probably hate; line up for a tasteless lunch; go back to school or to some drudgery; eat another poor meal and face another irritable housemother. They are put into isolation for every offense. Something just had to pop."

I talked to the girls. Their stories give the picture.

One ringleader in the riot was Carol, a lively dark-eyed girl from San Francisco's tough south-of-the-slot district. Carol's mother had worked since she was a baby. Her father beat his daughter, several times tried to abuse her. By the age of ten Carol found San Francisco streets safer than her own home.

"Every kid on my block is a juvenile," she told me, "and every other store they push dope." Soon Carol was smoking marijuana with the others.

Several times the police picked her up, and the judge warned her that if she did not straighten out she would be turned over to the Youth Authority. By the time she came to the school, Los Guilucos spelled "jail" to Carol.

"Write this down, miss," said Carol. "When I first entered this school I had no faith in no one and I resented to be locked up." So she ran away. As punishment she was isolated for a week. Her first day back in the regular dorm, she didn't make her bed. The housemother scolded her sharply. Carol retorted with a few choice south-of-the-slot expressions. Back she went to lockup. From then on all supervisors were her enemy.

Conchita was a natural leader at the school—smart as a whip, tough as rawhide. "I guess I started messing up when my mother left my father," said Conchita. "I just didn't care about nothing after that." That was when she was eleven. At fourteen Conchita was running with a Los Angeles gang, "going to dances and stealing cars, and getting into fights, things like that," and she already had scars from two knife wounds. Her mother, with whom Conchita and her eight brothers and sisters had been living, disappeared; the children were split up and sent to foster homes. But Conchita kept running away, looking for her mother. Finally she landed at Los Guilucos.

The one possession she brought with her was an old letter from her mother; she would pore over the letter at night in her room and cry. The school tried to locate her mother. Finally Conchita burst out, "Oh, well, if she doesn't care, stop looking." That night she broke several house rules. The exasperated housemother, who knew nothing of Conchita's background, snapped: "You kids just aren't any good. Your own parents don't even want you."

Conchita was another ringleader in the riots.

Mary is a startling blonde beauty of sixteen from a family of migrant farm workers. Painfully shy, Mary did not do well in school. After she'd been picked up several times for truancy, her mother called the juvenile authorities. "You do something," she told them. "I can't."

For eight months Mary was a model of deportment at Los Guilucos. She was given the honor detail of delivering the mail. The other girls ostracized her. One day two girls—one of whom, it later turned out, was a borderline psychotic—asked her to sneak them their letters before they went to the censor. Mary refused. The two beat her so ferociously her face was nearly ruined and she almost lost one eye.

Mary was a changed girl after she returned from the hospital. She swore, disobeyed supervisors, cut classes. "For eight months I was good," she explained quietly, "and they didn't hurry my parole none, so now I've decided I might as well be here for something."

Why did they riot?

"I guess," said one girl, "we just did it for kicks."

What Won't They Do "For Kicks"?

Kicks. It means getting a release from your emotional tension. It's for kicks that girls use dope, run away from home or take up with a soldier. It's for kicks that the girls tattoo themselves, on their faces, hands, arms, legs, anyplace—with sewing needles dipped in ink. One girl had a brief Anglo-Saxon word tattooed across her *derrière*.

It was for kicks, also, that the girls developed an unhealthy-seeming practice called "chick business," which has a taint of homosexuality, although school officials are convinced it is innocent and harmless as engaged in by most of the youngsters.

A Los Guilucos girl may be a "fine chick" or a "vot." A vot slicks back her hair, wears no lipstick and acts like a boy. She can have an "old lady" (wife). She can be a chick one day, a vot the next. As a vot she protects her chicks, but she also has the right to beat them and they cannot fight back. Several chicks proudly showed me black-and-blue marks.

In their own awkward way the girls at Los Guilucos have made chick business into an elaborate family life for themselves. One girl is another's "daddy," "grampa," "brother" or "cousin." Each girl has a "twin," with whom she dresses exactly alike, and with whom she walks about arm in arm.

Relatives lean on one another for comfort, support, solace. During the riots, when girls being loaded into autos to be taken away sobbed, "Where are they taking us? I'm scared," those left behind called out, "Try not to worry. Everything will be all right."

"You can't explain chick business," said the University of California's Dr. Sherriffs, "just by calling it homosexuality. At twelve or thirteen, little girls are beginning to become little women—but we put them into a place where there are no boys. It's normal for them to have crushes on other girls at that age. The most significant aspect of the chick business to me is that the girls have used it to build up a whole family constellation for themselves, something they've never had."

At the time of the riots, the newspapers played up perversion as one of the underlying causes. The girls were hurt and bewildered. "They lied about us, miss," a little sweet-faced youngster told me, clutching her panda doll under her arm. "They

Mrs. Beatrice Dolan, r., now superintendent, talking to one of her charges at the school

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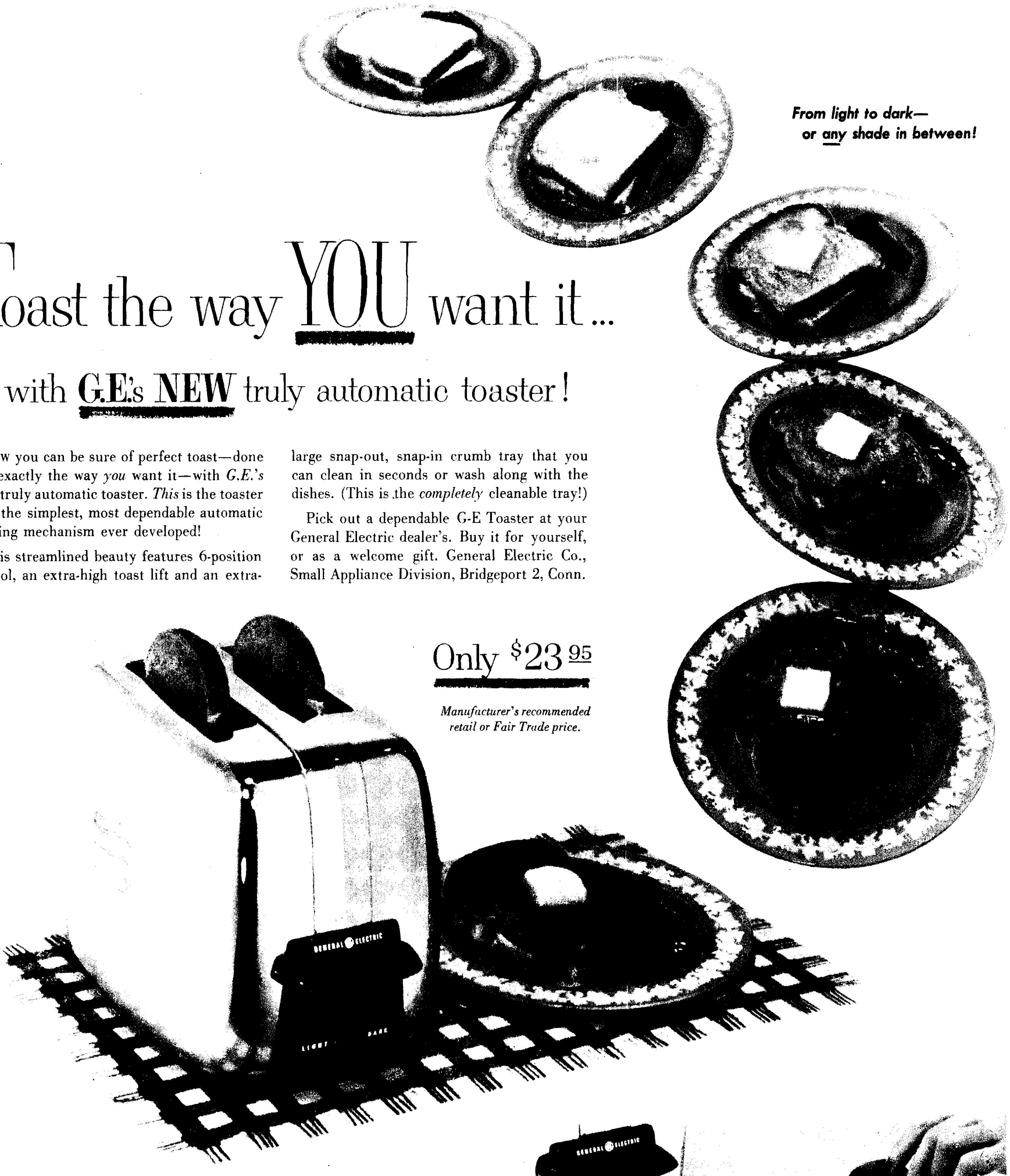

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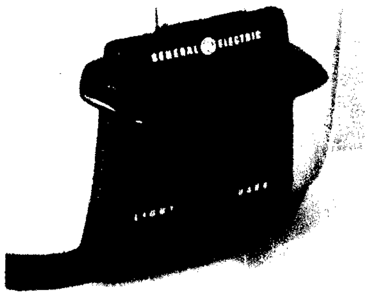

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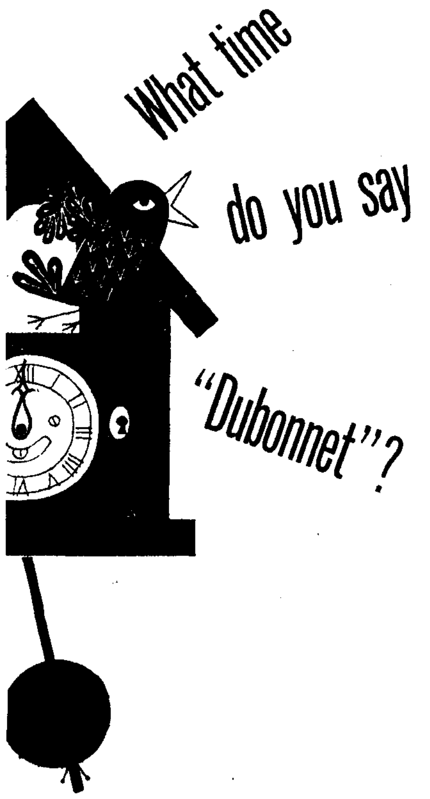

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said we're a bunch of sex maniacs. There's no one here like that."

"They never thought of it that way," said one school official. "There's a real danger, of course, that a girl who's a vot here may develop that pattern for the rest of her life. But I'm convinced that some frank education and inviting a few boys in—maybe for afternoon dances—would help that.

"Last week, we brought in a four-piece jazz band for a dance. A vot walked in, looking like a cocky little boy. She took one look at the male musicians, blushed, and ran out. A few minutes later, she was back, hair fluffed out, lipstick on—a girl again."

No Chance to "Talk It Out"

The fact that the girls had to look to one another for support and affection is an important tip-off to what went wrong at Los Guilucos. The CYA's program envisioned a staff scientifically trained to handle disturbed youngsters, and able to make them feel secure for the first time in their lives. For this, psychiatrists were not essential—in fact most of the girls did not need psychotherapy. What they did need was a chance to get rid of their tension by talking it out. But there was virtually no one in authority to whom they could or would talk.

Obviously, there had been a breakdown in the whole CYA plan. Youth leaders, penologists, social workers all over the country have asked: How did it happen?

Partly it came about because during the war, when Los Guilucos opened, it was hard to find trained personnel. Miss Julia E. Combs, who was superintendent for six years until she resigned after the riots, was a well-meaning ex-public-school principal who worked hard on Los Guilucos, but (critics claimed) was uneven in her handling of both staff and girls—too easy on some, too tough on others.

It was impossible for staff members to get to know either the girls or one another. Staff assignments didn't encourage close contact with the youngsters; there were no consultation meetings on individual problems; progress reports were poorly handled. With no sound way to co-ordinate the findings of the housemothers, teachers, medical staff and psychologist, key decisions about disciplining the girls, placing them in classes and even paroling them were haphazard—and, often, unjust.

Most of the staff thought of Los Guilucos as a jail in which they were supposed to function simply as guards. Their attitude often was antagonistic. This lack of understanding by the staff—most of them housewives from the area—was due to the absence of any real training in the basic Youth Authority views on rehabilitation.

When the team of University of California professors studied Los Guilucos in 1950, at the invitation of Karl Holton, they were discouraged at first by the lack of professional training among the staff. But after a series of indoctrination meetings the professors concluded that a motherly group of women from the neighborhood—with the understanding that came from raising their own families, plus proper training—might do the job better than young college graduates.

Unfortunately, after the University of California team left, the orientation meetings disintegrated into discussions of new shower curtains and similar problems, and CYA officials in Sacramento failed to follow through on the recommendations of the professors.

Besides lacking professional training, the staff was too small—especially as more girls arrived. There had been 31 dorm supervisors for 120 girls, and there were still 31 for 169. In addition, there was considerable turnover among supervisors because of their lack of morale and their low pay, which reached a maximum of $295 a month—without room and board.

Even the physical plant tended to create conflicts between girls and staff. The combination of large open buildings and picture windows (so easy to crawl out of), the lack of fence around the grounds, and an insufficient staff made the superintendent so nervous that the girls were ordered watched more closely than ever. They were herded from building to building, locked in wherever they went. If they gathered in groups to talk, a supervisor stood near, listening.

"Perhaps," said one CYA official privately, "we should have had plain wooden cottages, each with its own living room and dining room and kitchen. The girls would have felt more at home, and the housemothers could have watched them without being so obvious about it."

Harassed housemothers and teachers imposed one petty restriction after another. As more girls came and the rules tightened, arbitrary punishments increased. Girls were put into isolation for such minor offenses as sassing a housemother or being late to class.

The girls' feelings of injustice were intensified by the casual parole procedure. The CYA board is responsible for setting the time for parole on the basis of a girl's behavior and progress at the school. But there were no realistic progress reports or staff meetings at Los Guilucos, so the board was forced to rely largely on the arbitrary judgment of the superintendent. When the girls saw one child who had entered in June leave before another who had come in March, it seemed unfair to them—even though there might have been good reason for it.

Psychological aid? The school psychologist was so overworked that she had not been able to interview or screen 50 new girls at the time of the riots. Without this screening it was impossible to segregate the psychotic and seriously disturbed girls (of whom there were many) and the active homosexuals (of whom there were a few)—a procedure considered essential to the avoidance of trouble in any institution.

Even with all its weaknesses in administration, however, Los Guilucos might have continued to operate without any real trouble had it not been for the CYA's speed-up program.

The number of youthful offenders in California, as in the rest of the country, has been increasing at an alarming rate. Last year the CYA emptied local detention homes of 2,000 youngsters. Today there are hundreds more waiting, enough to fill at least two more CYA schools.

Overcrowding made Los Guilucos begin to come apart at the seams. Girls would spend three hours in the morning with one teacher on two or three subjects; some would return to the same room, sometimes the same teacher and the same subject, for another three hours in the afternoon. In the months just before March, there were as many girls sitting around in the dorms as in the classrooms.

Then the vocational-training program turned out to be a course in preparing vegetables or cleaning up the big kitchen, passing out linens or, mostly, waxing the floors. Whenever a supervisor could think of nothing else for the girls to do, she would put them to work waxing the floors.

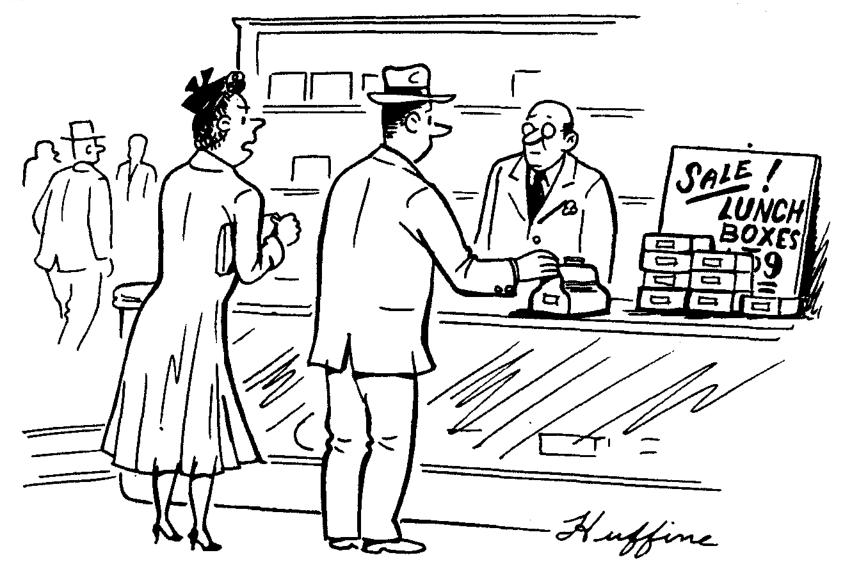
Recreation Spoiled by Routine

Recreation was equally routine: a one-hour-a-day physical-education period, and a few sporadic activities. The girls enjoyed swimming, but the pool was closed all winter. They liked folk dancing, so they were folk-danced until they couldn't stand it any more. Many nights they were locked into their dorms immediately after supper.

Any average active teen-ager would have been demoralized by such a monotonous routine. It was no wonder the girls at Los Guilucos, accustomed to the freedom of the streets, turned their energy to thinking up new "kicks." Runaways increased; in one month there were 23.

Ever since March the CYA has been trying to put Los Guilucos back together again, like Humpty Dumpty.

Heman G. Stark, who took over as CYA director in 1952 when Karl Holton resigned, has taken a number of steps to tighten his organization. He has appointed as Los Guilucos' superintendent able young Mrs. Beatrice Dolan, a trained and experienced social worker. At his suggestion, the



"All right, get the more expensive one, but it just means you'll have to give up lunches for a while"

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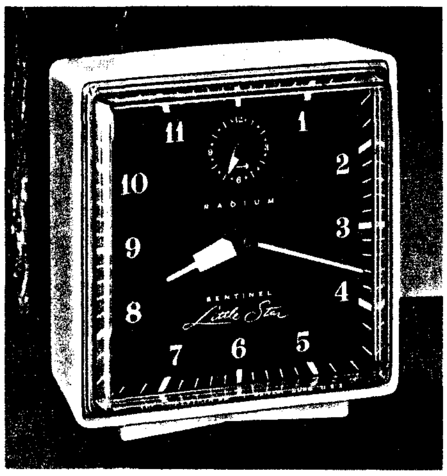

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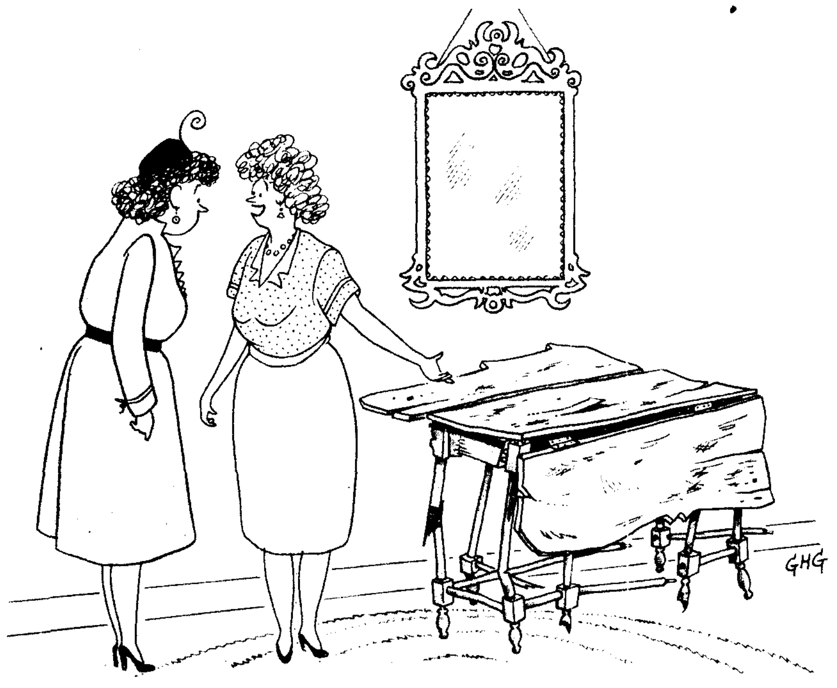


"It's a reproduction of a very old gate-leg table. My husband made it out of a new one"

COLLIER'S G. H. GREEN

CYA board was expanded, to expedite parole procedure. A new school building will be built along with the three new dorms scheduled; when the school's population increases to 250 in another two years there will be classroom and recreation facilities to take care of them.

At Los Guilucos, Mrs. Dolan and her staff are working out a whole series of changes in procedure.

One innovation has been to form a student council. At the first meeting the staff let the delegates air their grievances, and agreed to correct those which seemed reasonable.

The effect of entrusting the girls with some measure of responsibility was apparent before the meeting was over. Halfway through, Conchita, one of the two delegates from Dorm 2, suddenly darted out of the room. "I'll send somebody over to take my place," she called over her shoulder. The next morning Mrs. Dolan discovered that the girls in Dorm 2 had planned to break out. When Conchita saw what was going on at council meeting, she rushed back to the dorm to talk the girls out of their plan. "We don't want anything to go wrong now," she argued. The Dorm 2 girls slept quietly that night.

A full-time classification officer has been appointed, charged with keeping track of each youngster's progress and listening to the girls' problems.

Housemothers have been permanently assigned to dorms, so they can establish a personal relationship with the girls, and staff meetings are being held for training and indoctrination in the aims of the CYA.

Volunteer Aids Are Needed

The girls now go to Santa Rosa on Sundays to attend church. The staff also hopes Santa Rosans will volunteer services in various recreation programs for which there is no budget.

The staff has started to tackle the chick business by educating the girls in the difference between healthy and unhealthy friendships. But they count even more on an active and interesting program, plus growing relationships with the adults on the staff, to eliminate the problem.

"We're not on the defensive about this," said Heman Stark. "Mistakes were made, but we're trying to correct them." The plans are good. Whether they will succeed remains to be seen.

State budget items, already scheduled, indicate a continuation of the old hand-to-mouth financing, and many planned improvements may die on the vine for lack of proper staffing and facilities. The newly assigned classification officer, for example, not only will have to maintain close personal contact with all the girls, but will have to do parole work besides. There is still no budget for a staff member to handle recreation. No real change in school curriculum is planned until the new school building is completed, which will take another year.

Facing the Toughest Problem

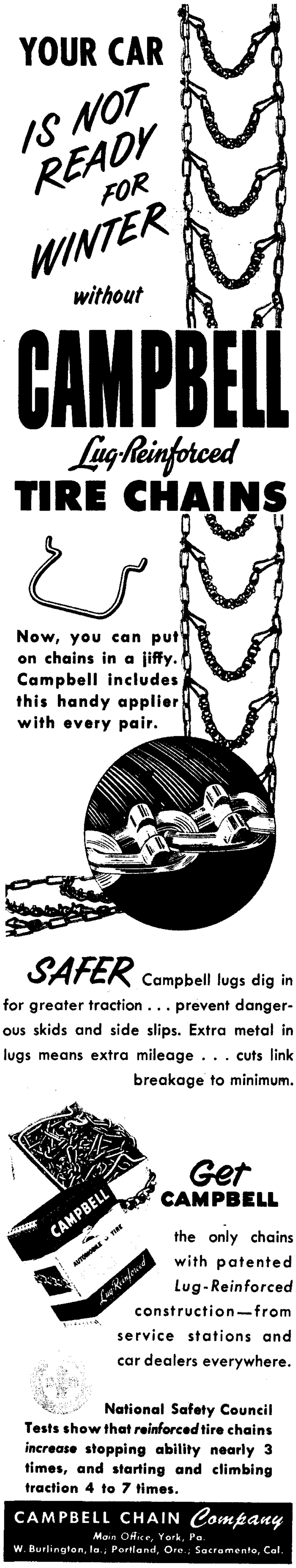
Those are administrative problems. There's another problem that's far tougher. The California Youth Authority started with an idea—a theory that good will and kindness would accomplish more than brutality in the rehabilitation of delinquent youngsters. But how to apply the theory, how to put it into practice . . .

"The truth is," said a Youth Authority official, "no one has yet solved the basic dilemma. How do you remake a child? How do you take youngsters whose personalities have been bruised and distorted and make them into good little law-abiding citizens?"

Today there is a growing feeling among CYA officials that institutions, no matter how good, cannot provide the answer to the social tensions which are grinding out so many juvenile delinquents in this country. Mrs. Dolan thoughtfully said: "Fundamentally, *prevention* is the answer. Perhaps we should try putting more money into youth centers, family counseling and guidance centers, clinics for psychotherapy, right within the local community, instead of putting the kids where they can corrupt one another and get even more set in their self-destructive patterns."

The girls themselves put their finger on the heart of the problem. Almost every girl at Los Guilucos said the same: "A place like this one has been is bad for you, miss. I came in here only half bad . . . but now I'm all rotten."

▲▲▲



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We went to the hottest spot in town. Robert's date is a show girl at this same hot spot, so she left the party momentarily to attend to her professional business—and is she a wow!

THIS happened at HARVARD!

When a girl gets to Harvard for the week end, she's got to be ready for the unexpected: brawls, limousines—even a Harvard win

By OLIVER WYMAN

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

You probably wonder why I am writing to you since it is not your birthday or Christmas or any of the usual reasons. The truth is—and I know you like the truth and detest any fiddling about—the truth is that I am in a jam and I need money.

Fifty dollars, to be exact, although fifty-five would be better. I don't believe you would be interested in why I need this amount so urgently at this particular time. So I won't go into any details.

If you would send it special delivery, everything will be perfectly okay.

Your loving grandnephew,
David

Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

I am not in the habit of lending money without inquiring into the background of the recipient: his references, the value of his collateral and the expectation of return.

In fact, you might say that I am not in the habit of lending money at random.

You are quite right that I like the truth and detest fiddling about. So you will

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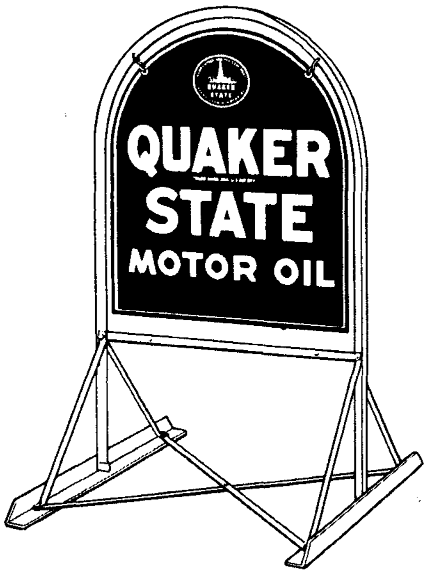

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stop fiddling about and send me the required details.

I am not at all sure that it would be wise to lend you such a sum.

Your devoted aunt,
Abigail

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

You don't seem to understand that I am in desperate need of fifty dollars. But if you must have all the details, here they are:

My allowance, as you probably don't know, is very inadequate. Dad sends it to me regularly but, like all the rest of our family, he doesn't understand that there is an inflation and what was a good round sum in 1920 is barely enough for a couple of beers these days. I struggle along as best I can but I am now penniless, and the Harvard-Yale game is the week after next and I have invited a girl from New York. This girl is used to the best, and she'd be awfully surprised if she got here and found that I didn't even have enough money in my pocket to take her in a taxi from Back Bay Station to the Yard. I could tell her that everyone in Boston rides on the subway but I think she would doubt my word on that and it would be rather a bad beginning. There are also, of course, a chrysanthemum and the girl's ticket to the game, as well as some money on which to dine her and wine her. The dining and wining is the really expensive part. And even fifty dollars seems skimpy when I realize that a perfect week end has got to come out of it. I mean I can't take a girl like Ellen to Sloppy Joe's.

These are the details that I didn't think you'd be interested in. But now that you know what my problem really is, I hope you will mail the money as soon as possible.

I will even go so far as to put up my saxophone as collateral. I considered hocking it but I will need it next week end to play in the club concert, so that is out of the question.

Your loving grandnephew,
David

Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

You do not convince me that this loan is a good risk. It seems to me that you would do much better to invite a Boston girl to these week-end festivities. A Boston girl—Cordelia Whittingley or Anne Foxstall—would not expect you to go to such lengths as to provide the expensive entertainment you outline (although I do not believe either of them would enjoy Sloppy Joe's, whatever that is). I do not understand why you consider it necessary to import a girl from New York and to go into debt as a result.

Your great-great-grandfather, named Thomas Tilton, whose fortune is the very foundation of our family's prestige today, would certainly not approve. Consequently, I do not feel that I could sanction it either. The above-mentioned Thomas Tilton started on T Wharf at the age of seventeen (two years your junior) unloading boxes, and at the age of twenty-five was a millionaire. And you propose to throw his money away on a strange young girl with extravagant tastes who does not even live in Boston.

Your Uncle Edgar, by the way, rides on the subway to work every day.

As for the collateral you propose, I do not care to burden myself with such a useless and noisy possession. By the way, where is the gold watch Uncle Samuel left you? I suppose you have placed it, and other priceless heirlooms as well, with a pawnbroker.

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

You seem to think that Ellen is not the very nicest type of girl and I must defend her, Aunt Abigail, from any such insinuation. She is the most wonderful girl I have ever met, from New York or anywhere else, and she is not extravagant either. She is the kind of girl that lots of men feel they must spend money on. She is used to having men spend money on her and I would just not be in the running with all the competition I've got there if I didn't do my part. Competition is very keen and since competition is the American way of doing things, I feel perfectly justified in playing the game and giving somebody like Brad Towers, who is a guy in New York who has been very attentive, at least a run for his money. Fifty dollars is a mere drop in the bank account compared to what Brad Towers evidently spends on her. He's a Yale man, and his father is very rich. He sends her flowers practically every day, Brad I mean, and he drives her around in a custom-built convertible too. I cannot let a Yale man make me look cheap, particularly at a Harvard-Yale game.

Even if I wanted to ask Cordelia or Anne, which I don't (their mothers and fathers may be all right but you don't know *them*), I couldn't because I have already invited Ellen; and a gentleman—a Tilton anyway—cannot stand a lady up.

Besides, Ellen is not exactly a New Yorker. She was born in Topeka and is a small-town girl at heart. I would not care if she had been born in Afghanistan because she is simply the most marvelous girl that ever was and I'm sure you would like her too, if you could only see her. She has blue eyes and a pilot's license. She is everything that a man could desire, particularly for a Harvard-Yale week end.

I don't know where you got the idea that I am spending the family fortunes on her. I haven't even got fifty dollars to spend on her. Fifty dollars is barely enough for the necessities of such a week end. Surely you see now that I am not spending it in vain. I'll bet old Thomas used a few bits out of his million to give the girl of his choice a fling at the local barn dance.

The situation is desperate now, Aunt Abigail, so I hope you will see your way clear to sending the fifty dollars.

Your loving grandnephew,
David

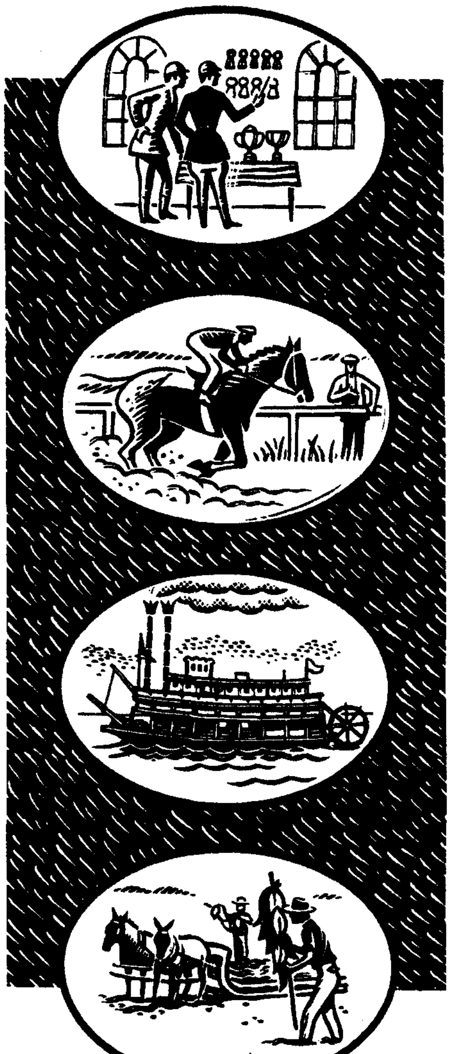
P.S. Uncle Samuel's watch is being repaired. I dropped it in the bathtub; but the damage is not serious, and if that's the kind of collateral you prefer—okay.

Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

Your flippant reference to your

THIS IS KENTUCKY



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EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE 1, KY.

great-great-grandfather confirms my opinion that:

1. You have very little proper respect for your ancestors.
2. You are showing all the signs of fifth-generation decadence.
3. You are not a good financial risk.

I do not wish to be drawn into an argument about the virtues of the girl you are apparently determined to escort. I shall only point out to you that you seem unwilling to mention her last name, and family names mean considerably more than given names. Also, I do not consider the fact that she was born out West any particular recommendation. Ohio is a long way off and we do not have any connections there.

Furthermore, I do not see why a nice young girl should spend her time piloting ships into New York Harbor. There must be other work that she could do if it is necessary for her to augment the family income.

One of your ancestors, a certain Sarah Smith Tilton, went to sea several times with her husband and, the story goes, became a full-fledged captain of a sailing vessel—but, of course, she was always accompanied by her husband and, later, by her sons.

The Mr. Towers you mention seems to typify the kind of vulgar ostentation often found at Yale.

We have had a particularly good apple crop at Longmeadows this fall. I am sending you a box to distribute among your friends. Your Uncle Samuel used to tell me that the food at Harvard was not very nourishing.

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

When I received your last letter, I decided to give up the whole idea of asking you for emergency relief and went out to look for a job.

Since there are no longer any jobs unloading boxes at T Wharf, I took the next best thing, tutoring a kid in English lit. I don't know much about it myself but it brings in two dollars a sitting and doesn't take very much time. The trouble now is that between now and Saturday I cannot possibly earn fifty dollars. Ten dollars is the very most I can get and even that means skipping a couple of classes to cram in a couple of extra hours, which is all the traffic will bear.

So I am now asking for only forty dollars to cover my commitments this week end. If the apples get here soon enough, maybe I could sell them. Or better still, if you could send some of that twenty-year-old home-grown wine from the cellar, I think it would bring more.

Everybody seems pretty well-nourished around here but they're often thirsty, and I really think you would be doing more for dear old Harvard if you could send a couple of cases of Uncle Samuel's favorite beverage. I figure that would settle the whole question very nicely.

Your loving grandnephew,
David

P.S. For your information Ellen does not pilot ships into New York Harbor. She flies. She is also a receptionist at the airport. She is also studying nights at Columbia (psychology, I think). She is also very beautiful. Her last name is Swenson, and Topeka is in Kansas, not Ohio.

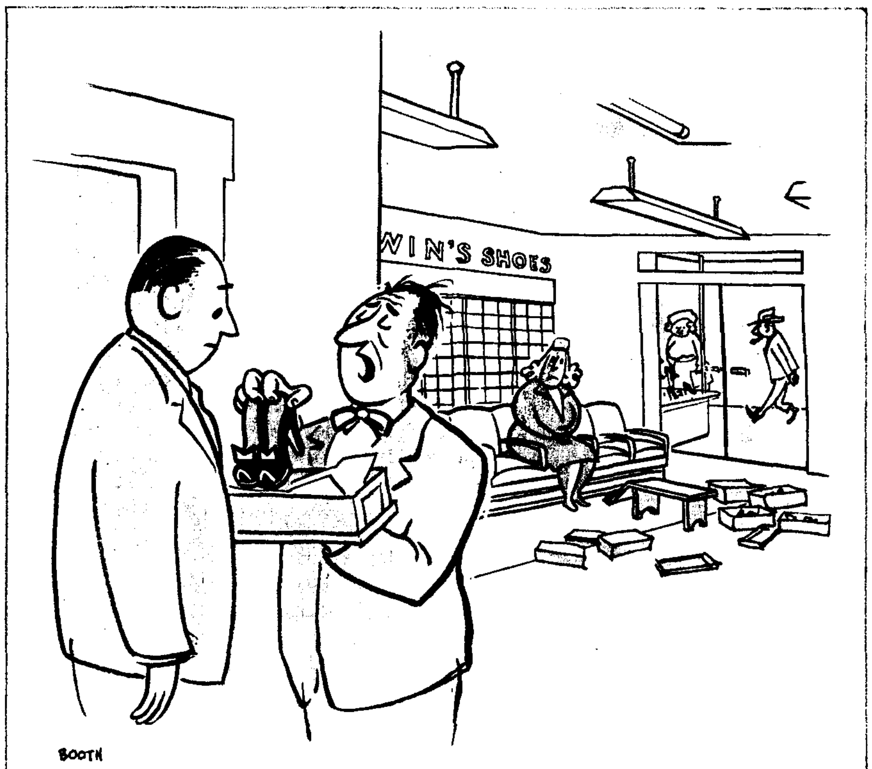
Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

The weather report says that it will snow Saturday so I presume the Harvard-Yale game is now canceled and you will no longer have any need to borrow money, or to go into the retail wine business.

Now that the problem is settled, I sincerely hope that you will straighten out your finances and operate on a sounder basis than heretofore.

The Tiltons have never lived beyond their incomes, and that is clearly why our fortunes not only have remained intact but have accumulated. Your Uncle Horace is still driving his 1919 Rolls-Royce and it is quite adequate for his purposes. I live quite simply myself, as you know, and have only



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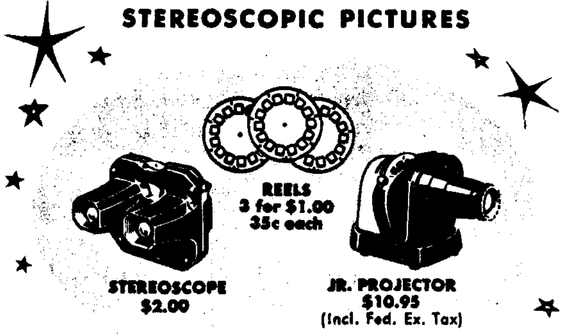

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☐ Coronation of Elizabeth II

consented to the installation of an electric refrigerator at Longmeadows since I am convinced that it does save a few dollars a month on food. Matters such as these are ones that you should begin to consider. I only mentioned Cordelia Whittingley and Anne Foxstall since they have been brought up in the same tradition as your sisters and will someday make excellent wives who will no doubt feel the same way about electric refrigeration as I do.

Since your letters have disturbed me greatly I wish you to come down to Longmeadows on Saturday morning on the 9:10 for a financial discussion. I will see that your Uncle Samuel's room is ready for you, and you may stay until Sunday night.

The last time you were here I noticed that you moved some of his books from their accustomed place on the shelves to the end table by the large armchair. I must ask you not to disturb his books that way again. As you know, I have kept his room exactly as he left it twenty years ago and only allow you to sleep there as a special favor and a mark of my regard for you.

Robert will meet the 9:10 and I shall expect you to be on it.

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

The Harvard-Yale game is not canceled and I'm still going to it—that is, if I can ever rake up the required thirty-five dollars. (I am cutting corners and I think that with the ten bucks from tutoring, thirty-five will now do it.) I have decided to cut out one night club but I do not see how I can possibly take Ellen to the game without a chrysanthemum.

Thank you for your invitation. As things are now, you see I cannot possibly come.

In haste,
David

Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

I am sending you a chrysanthemum from my greenhouse. Robert will deliver it to you at Holworthy Hall Saturday morning at nine o'clock. I have also instructed him to stay with you and to be at your service with the limousine during the day. This will save taxi fare and should cut down your expenses considerably. I have reserved a hotel room for him at the Commander Saturday night.

On Sunday he will drive you to Longmeadows, where we can discuss your financial situation and personal involvements quietly.

Your loving great-aunt,
Abigail

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

You are a lamb and I am very fond of you. That was an absolute stroke of genius on your part—lending me Robert. I wish I had thought of it myself. I have a feeling it's going to be a swell week end.

Your grateful nephew,
David

P.S. Could you possibly send twenty dollars with Robert? I think I can get by on this now that I have Robert and the limousine and, I hope, a tankful of gas.

Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Courtesy Robert.

My dear David:

I have provided you with a car, a chauffeur, a chrysanthemum. I am not enclosing twenty dollars.

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

Mr. David Henry Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

I see no reason to use the long-distance telephone except in extreme emergency. People are far too prone to waste money that way. However, when you and Robert did not show up at Longmeadows yesterday and when by noon today there was still no word from you, it seemed justifiable to telephone Holworthy Hall direct.

Your whereabouts were unknown to any of the persons I talked to, including the faculty adviser, who sounds like an extremely vague gentleman.

I am not particularly concerned about you, but I do not understand why Robert, who in all his twenty years of service has never once failed in carrying out his instructions to the letter, did not arrive at Longmeadows yesterday as planned. This is not like Robert.

I shall expect an immediate explanation of this lengthy silence and your absence from Longmeadows and particularly Robert's absence. I like the truth and this is the sort of fiddling about that I detest.

Your aunt,
Abigail

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Tilton:

David has told me about you and I suppose he has told you about me. He said to me rather hurriedly, before the police took him away, that I was to get in touch with you and send you the enclosed bills.

I am carrying out David's instructions, but I am also taking this opportunity to tell you, Mrs. Tilton, that if you pay those bills, I am through—absolutely through—with David, now and forever. You are spoiling him *dreadfully*. How in the world am I ever going to be able to do anything with him?

When a man spends close to three hundred dollars for a week end (a fact I discovered this morning) and then blithely goes off to jail singing Happy Days Are Here Again—it makes you wonder.

Cordially,
Ellen Swenson

P.S. I should have taken the midnight back to New York last night since, after all, I *am* a working girl. But I cannot go away and leave David in jail. He does need somebody around to look after him.

Miss Ellen Swenson
Commander Hotel
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear Miss Swenson:

One of the things David may not have told you is that I like the truth and detest fiddling about. I should like an immediate explanation and a chronological account of the entire week end. I am not accustomed to receiving rude letters from complete strangers. I am interested only in the facts. So will you oblige me by answering the following questions without unnecessary comment?

1. Where is David?
2. Where is Robert?
3. Where is the limousine?
4. Why do I suddenly receive a sheaf of bills amounting to three hundred dollars?

Cordially,
Abigail Tilton

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Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Tilton:

1. David is in the Charles Street jail—or was. He's out now (I bailed him out though I shouldn't have), and he's writing you tonight.
2. Robert is in the hospital.
3. The limousine is in a garage.
4. You received a sheaf of bills amounting to three hundred dollars because that's what the week end cost. (Part of this is an estimated bill for Robert's hospital expenses. I suspect it's going to be even more.)

Now, may I go on for a few minutes, please? I'm sorry if I was rude but I was merely saying what I think. That happens to be a habit of mine. You see, I am going to marry David, although he doesn't know it yet. Since he is soon going into the Army he will have to support me on a private's pay. He hasn't the slightest idea how to do this and he never will have as long as you, Aunt Abigail, keep sending him cars and chauffeurs and paying his bills. So, naturally I am somewhat concerned about this unfortunate situation which is robbing my future husband of his independence.

I think probably we will be married just as soon as he gets into uniform. But I'm letting him have some happy, carefree college days first before the Army and I get him simultaneously. There is really no other course. David's entire future is settled and I will break the news firmly but gently to him at the proper time. However, before this happens I would welcome a little co-operation in training David to live on his income. It will make things a lot easier in the long run because I have no intention of marrying a rich playboy. I loathe them. So that's why I say, please don't pay those bills. He might as well begin right now to toughen up.

My great-great-grandfather, a Lars Swenson, came out to Kansas with a horse and a pick and shovel and a rugged wife. The Swensons have always worked hard for everything they got. And I'm kind of proud of them. They could probably have lived a year on what David spent this last week end.

I suggest that he leave Harvard and get a job. I do love him so much.

Cordially,
Ellen Swenson

Miss Ellen Swenson
Commander Hotel
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Please Forward

Dear Miss Swenson:

Although I am entirely in accord with your general views, aren't you being a bit precipitate in removing my grandnephew from Harvard? I am not averse to his making a living; in fact

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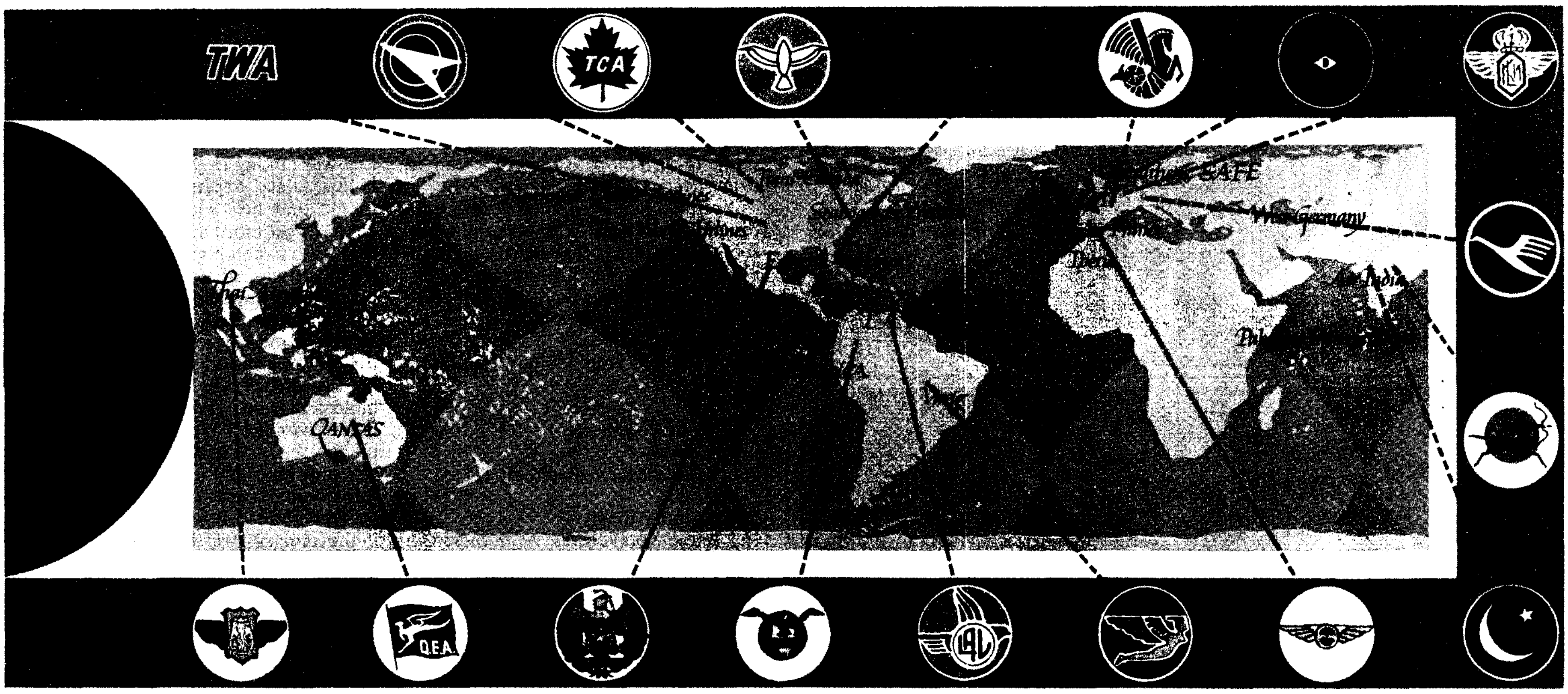

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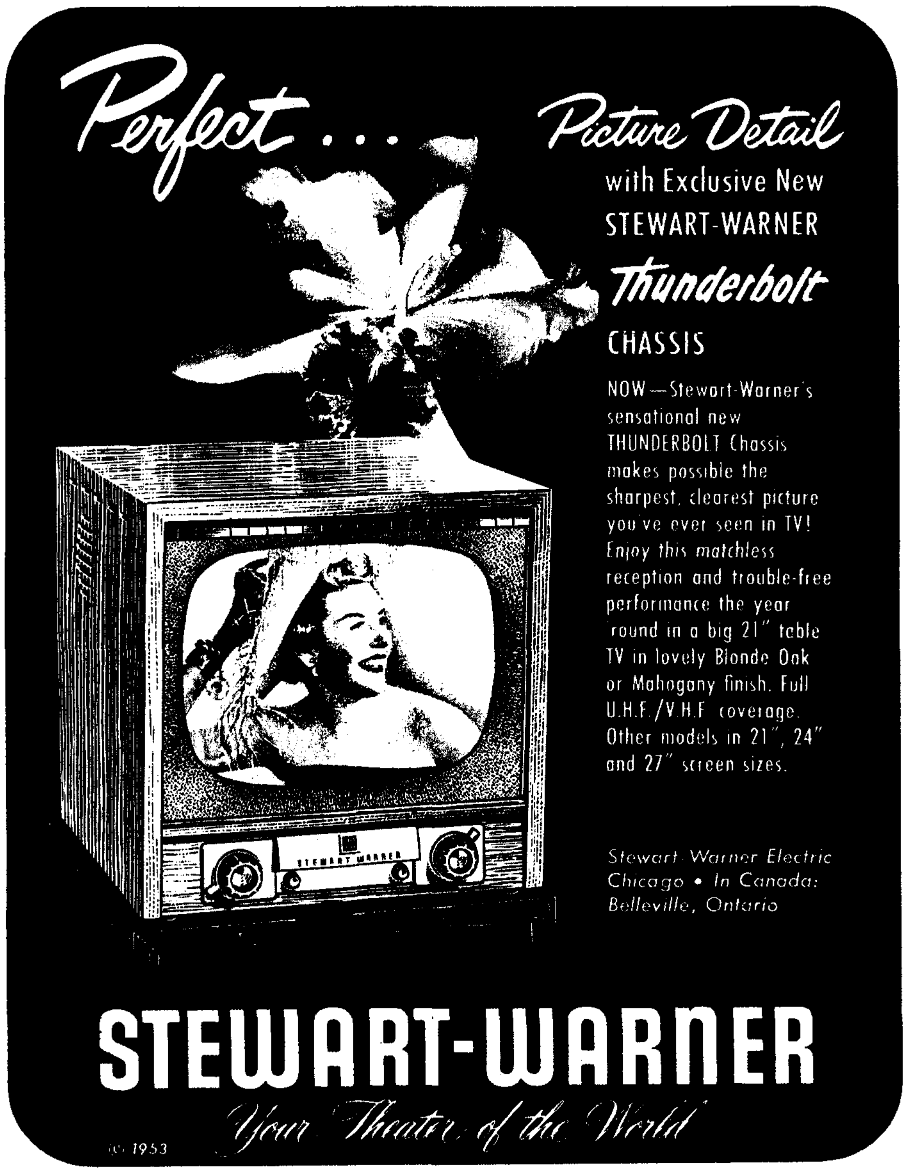
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I have suggested it to him several times, but since in six months' time there is a remote possibility of his achieving an A.B. degree, it might be wise to allow him that much leeway. A Harvard degree may not mean very much out West, but here in the East it is a practical necessity. I am sure you will understand my reasoning in this matter.

You mention my sending him cars and chauffeurs. This is an exaggeration. I merely lent him Robert and the limousine on this one occasion. But I assure you it will never happen again.

I am thinking over your suggestion about *not* paying his bills. Since I have never before had such a request, I am somewhat uncertain how to deal with it.

After I have thought the matter over, I shall write directly to David, without, of course, mentioning our correspondence. I shall send a copy to you and I trust that this will settle the matter satisfactorily for all parties concerned. Unless you consider it unnecessarily expensive, I should be delighted to receive an invitation to your wedding.

Cordially,
Abigail Tilton

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Tilton: (What I mean is, dear, dear Aunt Abigail:)

You are hereby invited to the wedding. I'll let you know the date as soon as I can get that oaf of a grandnephew of yours to propose to me.

But don't expect anything embossed or engraved. I won't have a cent for such nonsense.

Your loving niece-to-be,
Ellen

Mrs. Samuel Tilton
Longmeadows
South Millville, Massachusetts

Dear Aunt Abigail:

I know you always want the truth and detest fiddling about so I think I should give you a complete explanation, leaving nothing out. You will understand when I have finished just why we did not show up at Longmeadows.

Robert was on the danger list Saturday night but they took him off Sunday and I guess he's going to be all right. I certainly hope so because he's one swell guy and I can't say enough for him. But I'll begin at the beginning and give you the works . . .

Robert arrived Saturday morning. Both he and the limousine were all spruced up—honestly, you'd never think that car was fourteen years old—and we proceeded to the Back Bay Station to get Ellen. Ellen's eyes fairly popped when she saw us because she didn't expect a Harvard-Yale game and a car and chauffeur too. I guess it made quite an impression on her. We had lots of time and Robert was pretty chatty so I soon found out that on his way to the Yard he had procured a couple of tickets from a scalper in town and all he needed was a girl. He had a telephone number so naturally I co-operated and we tracked down an A-No. 1 girl for him, and she was only too delighted to join the party. The game was great—10 to 0 in favor of Harvard—so that called for a big celebration.

As you know, I did not have the funds to finance such a celebration but, happily enough, Robert did, and after I had drawn him aside and explained the situation, he insisted that the party was on him. That's why I say you were such a genius, Aunt Abigail, to lend him to me.

We made for the hottest spot in town, missing the house dance, of course, but I didn't mind that and I don't think Ellen did either. Honestly, she's the most co-operative, adaptable girl. Robert's date is a show girl at this same hot spot so she left the party momentarily to attend to her professional business—and is she a wow! Sings and dances and does a fast boogiewoogie on the piano. We played around there for a while, had a dinner in keeping with our mood and, of course, a few drinks. Ellen became more and more beautiful, but then I won't dwell on the details of the happy party, partly because I've forgotten some of them and partly because I want to get to the real point of this letter, which is to explain why Robert and I did not get down to see you Sunday.

Unfortunately, as often happens, Aunt Abigail, the party got a little rough toward closing time. Robert is a great guy, as I have said before. He is also a hot-tempered guy and something of a boxer. The fight was about you, Aunt Abigail, although I'm sure none of us meant to go quite that far. As clearly as I can remember, this was it: I was talking to Robert about a raise in his salary because it really seems to me that he's such a swell guy he ought to get more money than he does. He wasn't complaining, you understand. It was all my idea. But I happened to mention that you were not what is known as a free spender, and Robert somehow got the crazy notion that I was insulting you. So he got up on his high horse and pounded the table and said, "Abigail Tilton is an honest woman." He was a little drunk, of course, so I tried to shush him. I was only shushing him because I didn't think you'd care to have your name shouted about a Boston night club even if the remarks were flattering. But he thought I was disagreeing with him so he took a poke at me.

Now, if anyone takes a poke at me, particularly in front of Ellen, I poke back. I missed—but some fellows from Harvard at the next table misunderstood our friendly fight. There were some Yale men there too, which was unfortunate. I won't give you the sordid details of what happened next. My first thought, of course, was for Ellen. Grasping her about the waist, I did some fine broken-field running through the assembled throng, and on our way toward the exit, we stumbled over Robert, who was on the floor—out, unconscious.

As you may not know, in affairs of this kind the police generally come. They did then, and since Robert didn't show any signs of coming to immediately, they took him to the hospital.

Now, there was a slight difficulty at the hospital which I straightened out, I think, to your satisfaction. It seems that Robert would have been parked in a ward (which I knew you wouldn't like) unless I agreed to pay for his hospital bill, which I did. Exactly what this will amount to, nobody knows as yet. He has a twenty-dollar-a-day room with a nice view and he had quite a few X rays. But I guess they did a good job on him, so whatever it is, it is probably worth it. They are dismissing him in a couple of days but won't let him out until the bill's paid. So—if you want to get him back, I think the only way to work it is for me to give the hospital a check when they present me with a bill on Robert's way out and for you to cover it immediately by depositing the same amount in my checking account at the University Trust Company. It will have to be pretty immediate though, because there is no money in that account at all. Therefore, I am passing what is known as a bad check. But I think, with careful timing on your part, the transaction will come off okay. I will wire you as to the exact amount.

Now for the other bills. I was trotted to the police station for questioning and they seemed to be unwilling to let me go until Robert got off the danger list or until I put up enough bail. I only had $4.30 left over from the money I borrowed from Robert, which wasn't enough, so I stayed there until Ellen finally bailed me out with her own money on Monday. I have included this amount in the bills sent to you since I cannot allow her, of course, to stand bail for me.

As soon as I got out of jail Monday and collected Ellen, I raced over to the hospital to see Robert. Naturally I was anxious about him. He seemed very happy and I could see why when his special nurse came in. The sight of her would cure anybody. But he was still slightly fuzzy in the head and kept mumbling that you were an honest woman. I agreed with him this time because it seemed the best thing to do under the circumstances. So you see, there's really nothing to worry about.

The bill from the garage may seem high, but I think $105 is pretty cheap. The explanation of this is that during the excitement of Saturday night, I backed into a parked car and bent one fender. Also, something happened to the gearshift. I think it was on the blink anyway, and it should have been attended to before Robert brought the car up here.

It was a swell week end, Aunt Abigail, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for making it possible.

Your loving grandnephew,
David

P.S. I want you to meet Ellen sometime. It's not serious, of course. She isn't the kind who would want to settle down for a long time. It's funny, she reminds me a little bit of you and yet we have a lot of fun together.

Mr. David Emery Tilton III
Holworthy Hall 15
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

My dear David:

I have decided not to send you the usual check for your birthday which is, I believe, today. I am sending you one of Uncle Samuel's neckties this year instead. Since it is so near Christmas, this will also stand as your Christmas gift from me.

Please do not write me a thank-you note. According to Dr. Weems, your handwriting on an envelope is apt to send my blood pressure up several points.

I have not and do not intend to raise Robert's salary. But you will be gratified to know, since you have such a high regard for him, that I have added to his legacy in my will, deducting the same amount, of course, from your inheritance. The check which I have just sent special delivery to the University Trust Company to save you and the Tilton name from the criminal courts is also deducted from your inheritance. Also deducted are the other amounts which I have remitted to pay for your recent week end.

The total sum is considerable. In fact, your ancestor, Thomas Tilton, could probably have lived on it, quite comfortably, for at least a year.

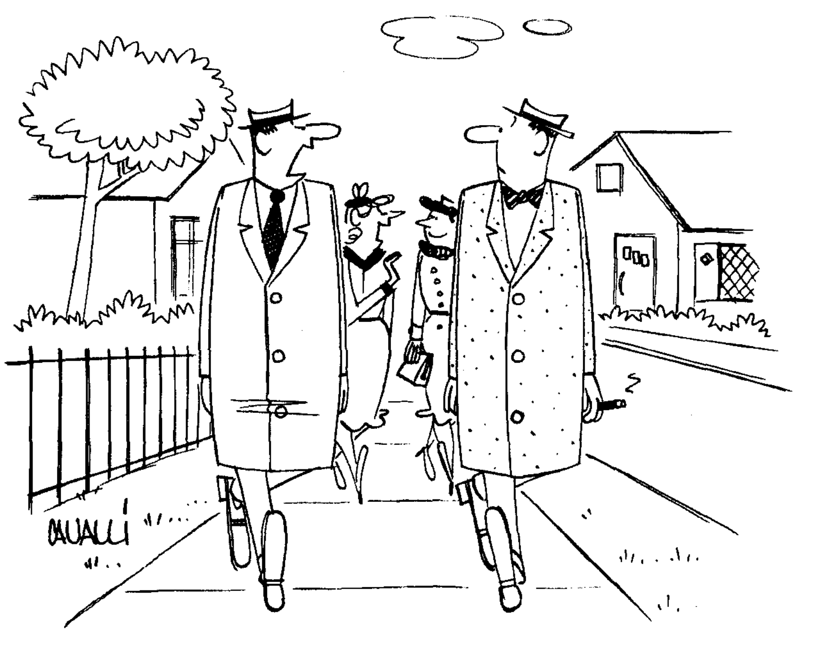
There is one condition on the above changes in the will. If you should, by any chance, have the good sense to marry before you enter the Army, or upon entering the Army, or at any rate no later than twenty-four hours after induction, your inheritance will remain intact.

But I have specified that your future wife is to retain control of the capital.

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

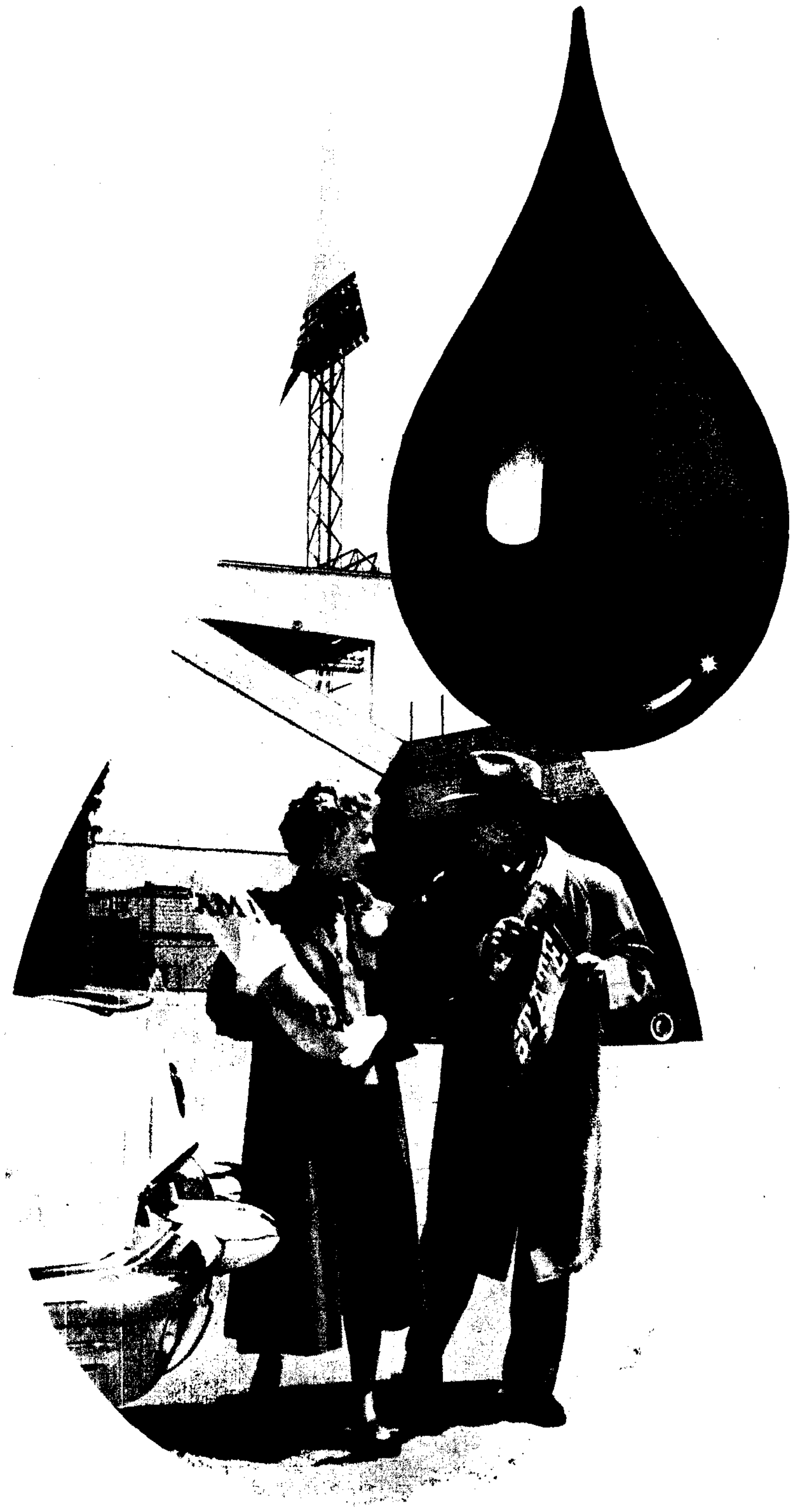
P.S. I have recently discovered that there *are* Tiltons in Topeka. They are called Swensons there, however. They are good, sensible people who work hard and save their money, from what I've heard. I'm sure the Swenson women make excellent wives, ones who feel the same way I do about electric refrigeration and expensive week ends. And I'm sure that Thomas Tilton would feel that it was a very good match.

P.P.S. Don't be a fool and let that girl get away from you. —OLIVER WYMAN



"I have everything to live for; mortgage on the house, twelve payments on the car . . ."

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI



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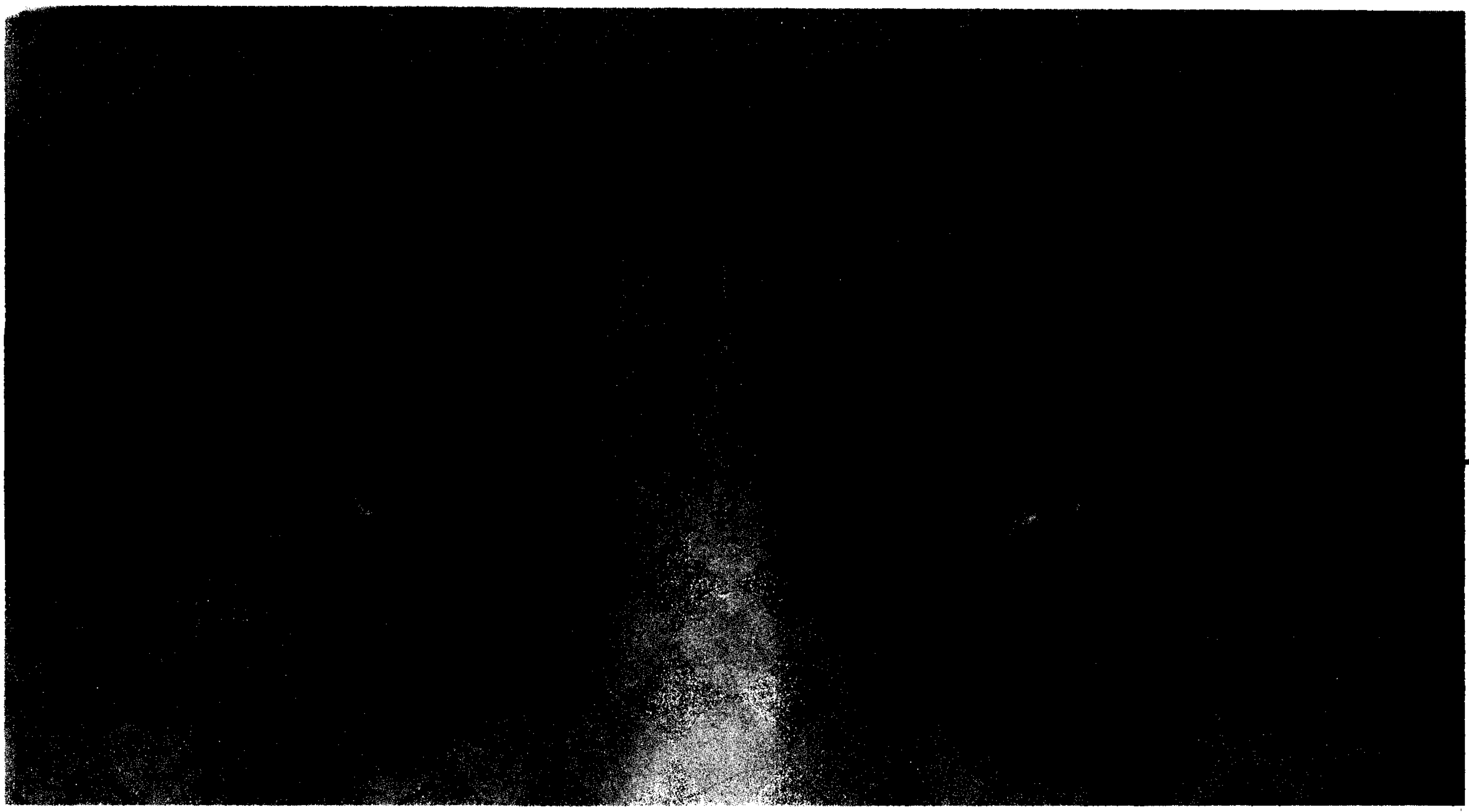
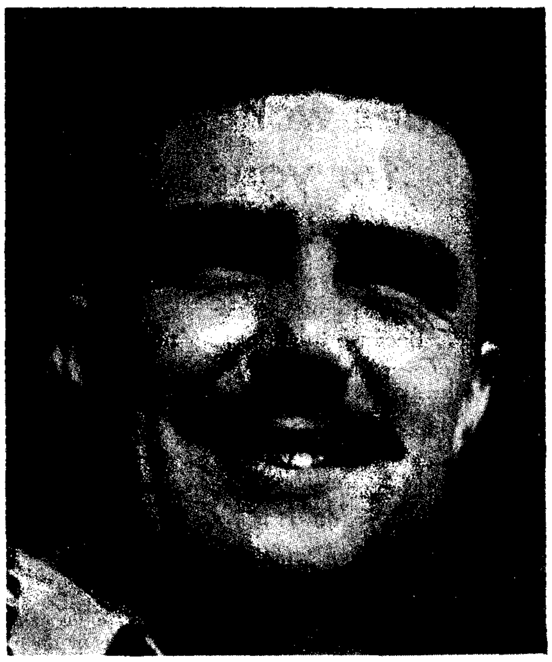


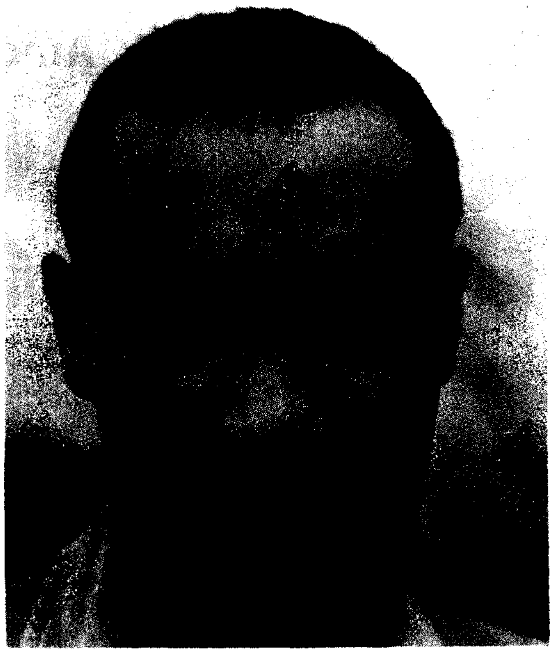
The piercing eyes of Lt. Col. Vermont Garrison, who flew with the Fourth Fighter-Interceptor Wing, typify the kind of optics which makes aces. The thirty-nine-year-old colonel from Mount Victory, Ky., bagged 10 MIGs

It

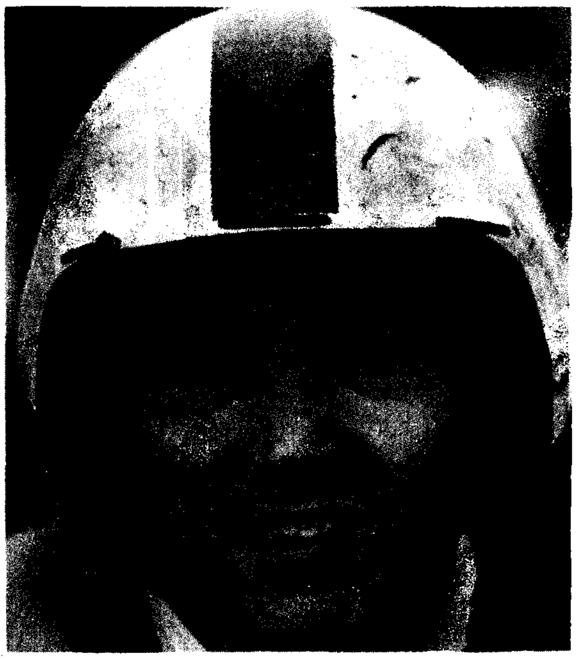
Of the 1,700 pilots in Korea who flew U.S. jets in combat for the first time, only 39 got five MIGs or more apiece. Here's why



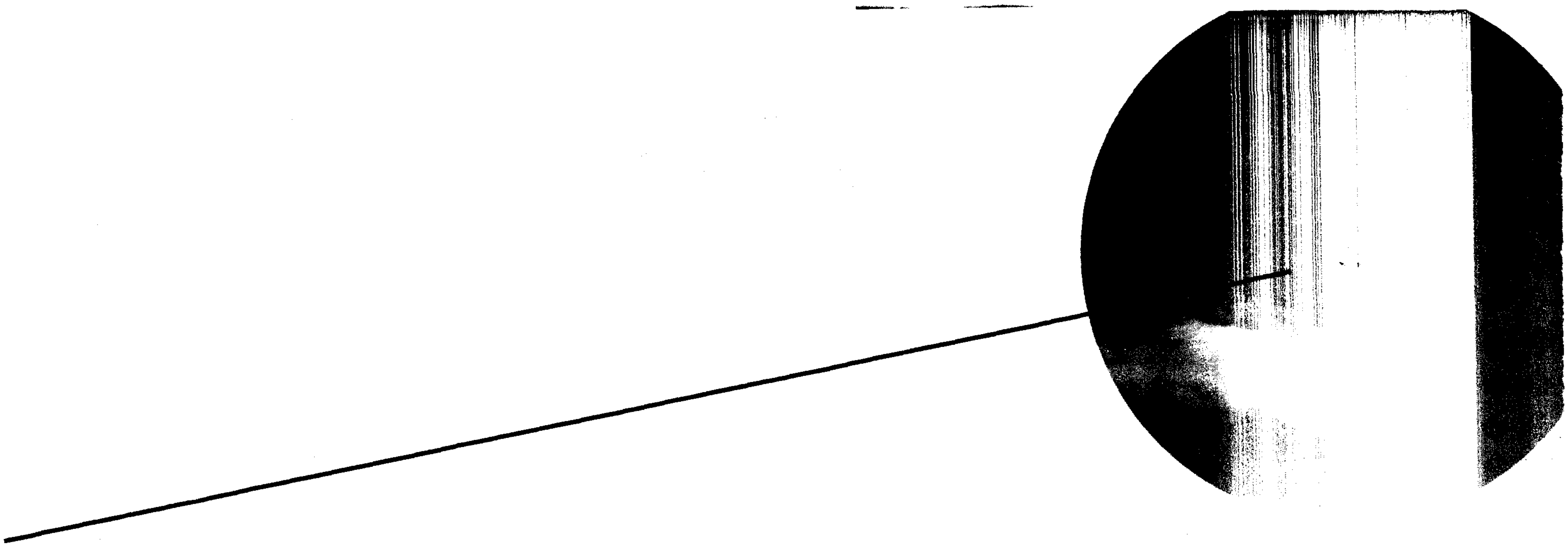
Smiling eyes of 1st Lt. Henry Buttelmann, 24, of Bayside, N.Y., helped him get 7 MIGs



Deep-set eyes of Major James Jabara, 30, of Wichita, Kan., netted him 15 Communist jets



Clear eyes of Captain Ralph S. Parr, 29, of Apple Valley, Calif., killed off 9 MIGs



Place this picture 40 feet away from you and see if you can spot the speck in the sky. It represents a MIG as a fighter pilot sees it from his cockpit

Takes EYES to Make an Ace

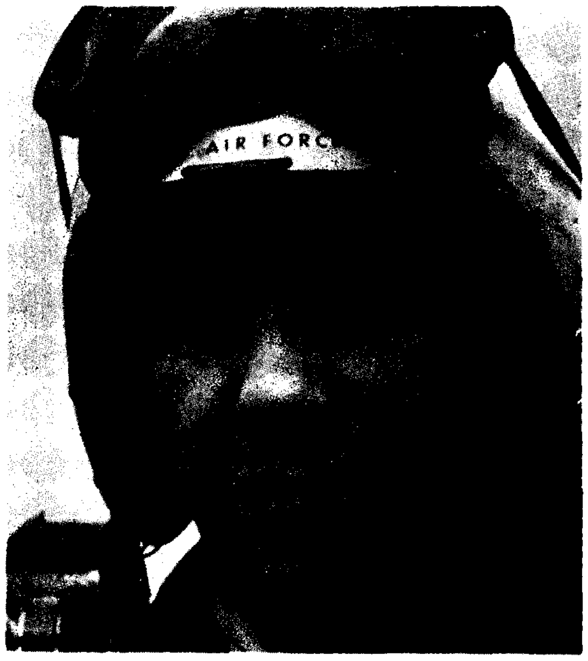
ONE of the most astonishing results of the Korean war was the triumph of American airmen over Communist fliers. The U.S. Air Force destroyed precisely 800 Russian-built MIG-15s—and lost only 58 of its own F-86 Sabre jets. Were U.S. jets in air-to-air combat so much superior to Soviet machines that the thrashing was inevitable? The answer is a frank "no." According to American experts, the F-86 and the MIG-15 are almost evenly matched. The amazing victory in the air wasn't won by nuts and bolts and radar. It wasn't even the accomplishment of a great number of men. It was won, in large part, by only 2 per cent of our fliers. Out of the 1,700 Sabre pilots in Korea, 39 aces—men credited with five or more kills—destroyed 292½ MIGs. What made the 39 better than 98 per cent of their fellow airmen? According to 1st Lieutenant David S. Johnson, a Boston ophthalmologist assigned to the Fifth Air Force, only one thing: abnormally keen eyesight.

Look closely at the seven pairs of eyes on these pages. They are typical of the elite 39. All have 20-20 vision or better. But the full story is not in the fact that they can see farther than most people. The secret of their success, claims Lieutenant Johnson, is their ability to focus sharply on tiny points in the sky, changing focus from one to the other almost instantaneously. While most men would find such a feat difficult even while standing still, these men became accustomed to spotting MIGs, which looked small as houseflies, five, 10 and 15 miles away, while traveling at a possible 600 miles an hour. Add to that the mental hazard of knowing that you have some 30 seconds to keep a speck in the sky from blasting you to glory before you blast it, and you have some idea of the job U.S. airmen did in Korea. To the pilots' maxim that it takes science to make a plane, but guts to fly it, they have apparently added the vital clincher: it takes eyes to make an ace. ▲▲▲

Squinting Col. James K. Johnson of Phoenix, Ariz., sealed fate of 10 Russian-built jets

U.S. AIR FORCE

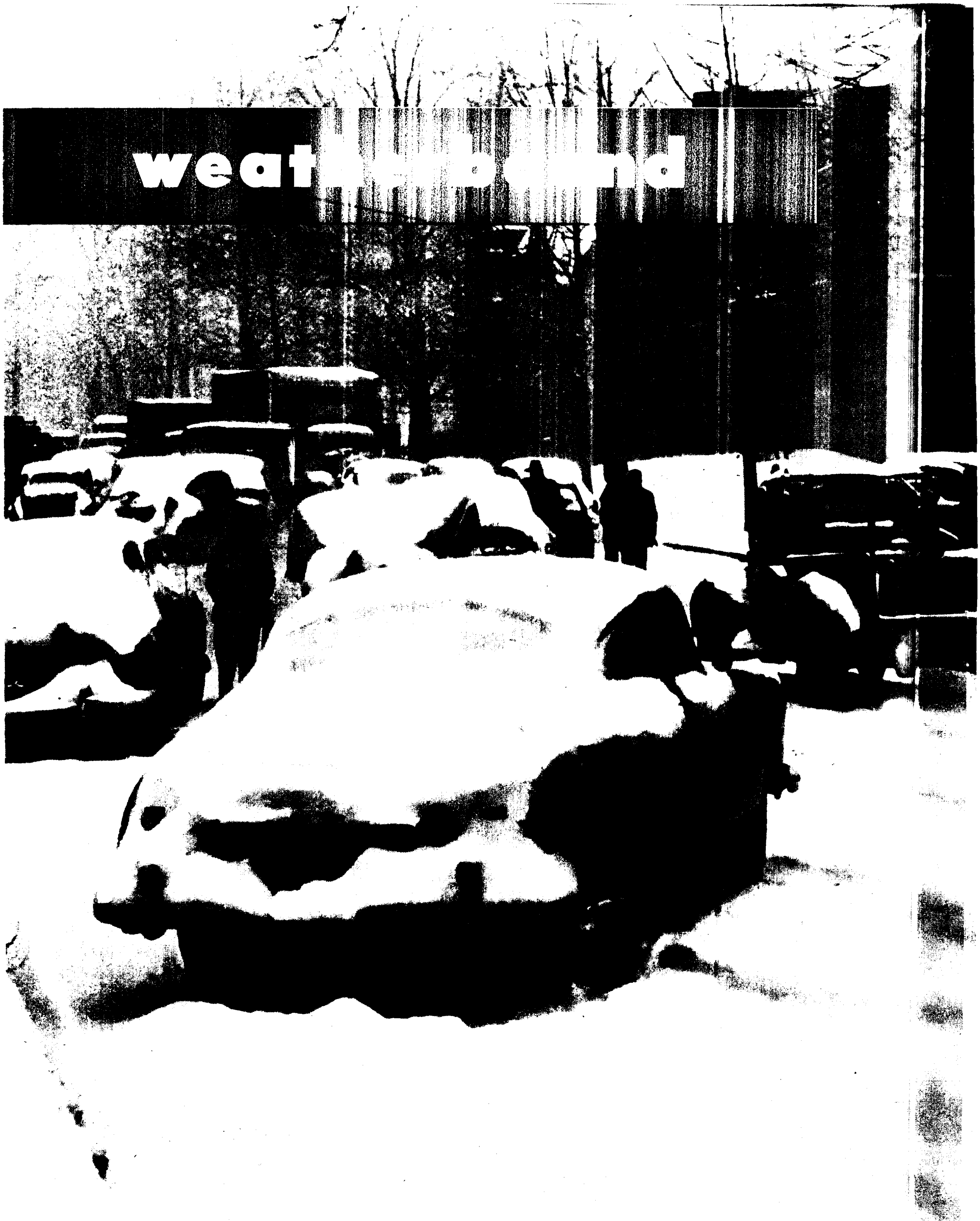
Sky-searching Lt. Col. George I. Ruddell, 34, of Eugene, Ore., got 8 MIGs in 115 missions



Thoughtful Capt. Lonnie Moore, of Fort Walton, Fla., is double ace. He accounted for 11 MIGs

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PETER KALISCHER

weatherbound



It's the same story every year.

At 8:00 a.m. it was clear and cold. The clouds arrived before noon. By 3:00 p.m. thousands of motorists were stranded in a "sea of snow."

Traffic snarled . . . broken appointments . . . shopping impossible . . . home late for dinner . . . and particularly, a jam up at every service station. And it's all so unnecessary.

You can always depend upon your car—*if you take care of it.* Fall, winter, spring or summer your car will take you where you want to go—quickly and economically—*if you take care of it.* Rain, hail, winds, sleet, snow, freezing temperatures can't stop your car—*if you take care of it.*

Don't wait 'till winter strikes. Avoid the "zero hour" rush. Have your serviceman inspect your car today. Have your chains inspected and ready in the trunk—have your snow tires put on. A winter check-up now will save you time, trouble and money later.

Collier's

Winter Safety Check List

(have your service man check off the items)

COOLING SYSTEM:

- Clean and flush radiator
- Seal all leaks and check hoses
- Add proper amount of anti-freeze
- Check fan belt, thermostat, water pump and packing
- Check heater and defrosters

CRANKCASE AND CHASSIS:

- Drain crankcase and refill with winter grade oil
- Completely lubricate chassis, bumper to bumper
- Check transmission lubrication
- Check oil filter. Replace cartridge if necessary

ELECTRICAL SYSTEM:

- Clean and adjust spark plugs
- Clean and adjust distributor points
- Tighten all connections
- Check generator, voltage regulator, and battery
- Check wires and cables

ENGINE:

- Inspect and clean carburetor if necessary
- Test compression. Install new piston rings if necessary
- Check muffler and tail pipe
- Use oil additive if needed

WHEELS AND BRAKES:

- Change to snow tires—if you use them
- Check tire chains
- Check tires for cuts, bruises, and worn treads
  Warning! The last 1,000 miles of rubber is not worth the risk!
- Check adjustment of brakes. Check linings and fluid level
- Check shock absorbers and steering mechanism

VISION:

- Check windshield and wiper blades
- Check headlamps. Re-aim if out of line
- Check bulbs in all other lamps

APPEARANCE:

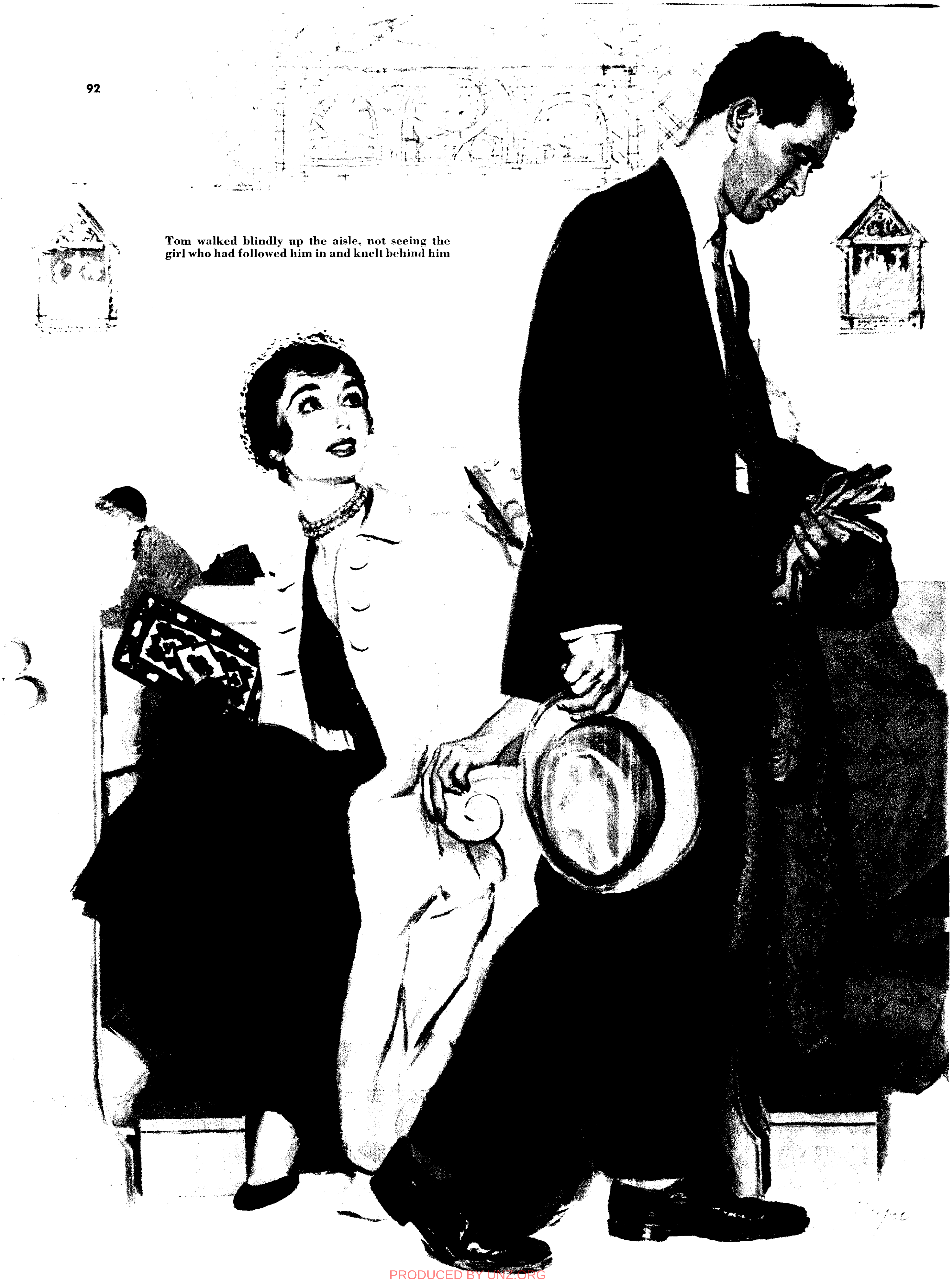
- Remove dents and touch-up scratches
- Clean finish thoroughly and protect with wax or polish
- Replace worn floor mats and seat covers

Care will save your car

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

P.S.

Sponsored by Collier's
For Pleasant, Safe Driving



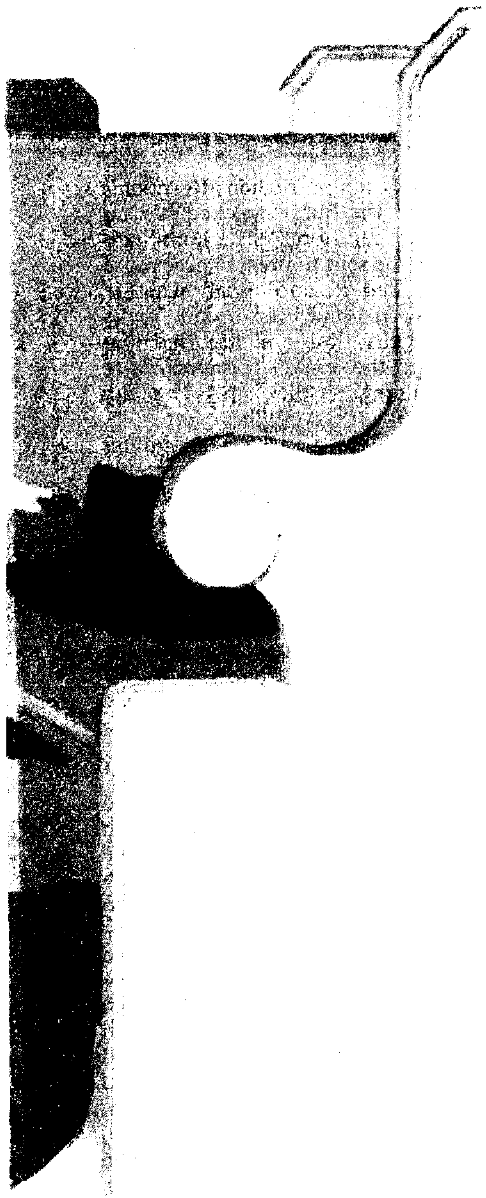
Tom walked blindly up the aisle, not seeing the girl who had followed him in and knelt behind him

the Shadows of THE IMAGES

For the first time in his life, Tom needed help. He had lost Vicky. But finding her again was not enough. First, he knew he had to find himself

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

Author of the best-selling novel The Left Hand of God



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

The Story: PAUL LOGAN, young law student and devout Catholic, was in love with BEVERLY COLTER, whose parents had always given her money but no affection. Beverly had no respect for Paul's religious beliefs, and she delighted in shocking him with a wooden carving of the devil, which she had bought in an antique shop. But her attraction for Paul was so great that he tried to overlook the differences between them and even began avoiding the Church. Meantime, Paul's brother, TOM LOGAN, a detective lieutenant, had fallen in love with VICTORIA LEIGHTON, who lived with her grandmother, ELIZABETH. On the night of a party celebrating Elizabeth's birthday, Vicky and Tom became engaged. This was also the night that Paul left for a summer job in California, not knowing that Beverly was going to have his child. Beverly did not want to marry Paul; instead, she hit upon a scheme that she mistakenly believed would free her from having to bear the child. She had once attended a rape trial in which TONY PELADO and the two GARRY brothers were wrongly acquitted by a confused jury. Using this trial as background, Beverly faked a convincing attack on herself, describing these three men as her attackers. Vicky was the only one who did not believe Beverly's story. Tom was determined that this time the three rapists would not go free. He quarreled with Vicky over the case and their engagment was broken. In the meantime, Beverly, who had found that she could not legally end her pregnancy, had no other recourse than to marry Paul. The time now is almost a year later.

III

FOR nearly a year now, Vicky Leighton had been trying to forget she had ever known anyone named Tom Logan. Early last June, when her nerves could no longer stand the empty corner of the telegraph office where Tom had always waited for her, she had gone to work for State City's largest newspaper, the Sentinel. Vicky's department was called the library, but in cruder days it had been known as the morgue.

The Sentinel library was State City's voice of authority. Any time two people found themselves in dispute over a date, a fact or definition, they called the Sentinel. A good part of the time the voice that settled all doubts and questions was Vicky's.

She was one of several librarians who clipped the various editions of the paper and filed and indexed the clippings under their proper headings. When a reporter or rewrite man needed background material on any subject, the library was asked to supply a file.

After her break with Tom the job had given her a new start in life. She was meeting new people; she felt useful and occasionally important; she had the evenings with Elizabeth.

Vicky clipped the noon edition of May 20, 1952, thinking that it was one of the duller days, until she came to a small story on one of the inside pages. Carmelita Garcia, aged eight, of 1310 Buffalo Street, was still missing after 36 hours.

Vicky paused thoughtfully. She remembered Carmelita vaguely as only one of the several Garcia children, but she knew the house where Carmelita lived very well. Tom Logan had been born in that house at 1310 Buffalo, and he had grown up there. She had walked past it often, trying to imagine how it had looked when Tom was a small boy. It wasn't too shabby now. The Garcias kept their house and yard in good shape.

The telephone rang. It was the second call she had had, asking whether the Garcia child had been found yet. She made a note of it. If she had a few more calls, she would report to the city desk that readers were getting interested. The telephone rang again. A man wanted to know why the state held its election for governor and the state offices in May instead of November. She answered his question, and as she hung up the receiver a familiar voice said, "Look, Ma, no textbook! The girl answers right out of her head."

She looked up at the man standing beside her desk. "Paul!" she said.

Paul Logan was deeply tanned, and he had put on weight. His resemblance to Tom made Vicky catch her breath. His eyes were a deep shade of blue, and there was warm friendliness in them. "How did you get up here?" he said. "Last I heard—"

"—was a long time ago."

He frowned and said, "Yes, unfortunately." He looked around him at the file cases, the other two desks, the bookcases. "You actually work here?" he asked.

"I call it work."

"Then it must be. You were ever a truthful child, Victoria." He was smiling again. "Maybe you're the expert I must turn to for aid," he said.

"You might try me. What's your problem?"

"Factory zoning and smoke control. I need some clippings going back five or even ten years—news articles

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that quote people on the problem in State City."

Vicky got up. "I can get you that," she said. "But what's this to do with law?"

"My father-in-law has a company that wants to build a new factory here. And who do you suppose is fighting it the hardest? The very people who've been saying State City ought to encourage growth!"

Vicky laughed. She brought out the files, and Paul sat down at the long table that was set aside for the use of researchers. She glanced at him from time to time as he made his notes. He was concentrating on his task, and he did not seem to notice the frequent sound of the telephone or the noise of file drawers being pulled out.

When the clock on the roof of the Sentinel Building struck twelve, Vicky got up from her desk. Paul looked up. "Lunchtime, Vicky? I'm through here. How about having it with me?" he said.

She hesitated only a moment. "That would be grand," she said.

SHE walked a half block with Paul to a place called the Press Box, and she was glad that she had worn her new blouse. Paul studied her with friendly interest across the table. "How's Elizabeth?" he said.

"Surprisingly well. She'll be eighty-five soon, but the other day she was talking about finding some new interests. She said she didn't want to get mentally stagnant at her age."

Paul laughed. "I can just hear her saying that," he said. "I used to enjoy arguing with her."

"She hasn't had a good opponent since."

They were both silent for a moment. Then Paul said, "I'm sorry you're not my sister-in-law, Vicky. It was an idea that I liked."

"So many of your ideas were impractical, Paul."

"I don't believe that one was."

"It proved so."

He raised his eyes to hers. "I never heard what happened," he said. "Tom doesn't write the details of anything, but I knew from one of his letters that it was all off between you. I wanted to call him on the phone, but my budget didn't run to long-distance calls." He shrugged his shoulders apologetically. "It wouldn't have done any good anyway," he said. "Tom wouldn't have told me anything."

"There wasn't much to tell. And that's nearly a year ago. How is Beverly?" she said.

"Fine. She hated leaving California and coming back to State City, though. Did you know we have a son?"

"No!" Vicky was startled. It was not surprising that she had not heard about the baby, of course, but it was hard to imagine Beverly as the mother of a son. The baby was a subject on which Paul proved even more than ordinarily eloquent. He told her about his son with gestures, and his face lighted up when he talked. He's happy, Vicky thought. He's happy with Beverly Colter, and he's a proud father. She had to tell herself that to believe it, and it was still incredible to her. She's Beverly Logan now, of course, Vicky thought then. But how could that make such a difference?

Paul pushed his empty plate aside. "What did happen, Vicky?" he said suddenly. "What happened to break it up between you and Tom?" His eyes were intent and concerned. He wasn't idly curious, prying into her affairs. He was Tom's brother, but he was more than that—he was her friend and Tom's.

"Oh, it wasn't an incident or anything that you could sum up in a sentence, Paul. It wasn't another woman and it wasn't a quarrel. . . ."

"I know it wasn't another woman." He said it firmly, watching her quietly, waiting for her.

"He told me once," she said softly, "that I couldn't live in his world. I thought I could. I discovered that I couldn't. That's all of it, Paul."

"That isn't all of it until I know what you mean by 'his world,' " he said.

"His way of life. His attitude. The policeman in him. I was beginning to believe I understood him. I could see that a policeman did certain things as an instrument of the law that he did not want to do as a person, and that he did those things objectively, as a duty."

"Then what?"

"I discovered that a policeman is fighting something, and he learns to hate what he's fighting," Vicky said. "Then he learns to hate people. He does brutal things because they're part of his work, and finally brutality is part of him, a habit of mind and action. He doesn't know it himself, or know when it will come out, but it's always there."

Paul said nothing, and she sensed his dissatisfaction with all that she had said. "A woman has to belong in a man's life, Paul," she said, "or she's better off out of it. I didn't belong. Tom's work is the biggest thing in his life, and he'd have to keep me out of it. His work didn't need me, and his work is so much of him."

She had a feeling that she was being very vague, and she didn't want to be vague about something that had torn and hurt her so gravely. She could not, however, be specific. She couldn't tell Paul that his brother had gone out to arrest a man and had beaten him up, broken his jaw; that the man he'd beaten up was Tony Pelado; and that Tom had been arresting Pelado for raping the girl who was now Paul's wife. Tony Pelado was not the issue—brutality was. She could not explain all that to Paul. Surprisingly, Paul did not seem to consider her vague.

"I believe you're both still in love with each other," he said. "I wasn't sure how you felt until now. Vicky, people in love with each other need each other, and the need doesn't have to fit neatly into words."

VICKY shook her head. "It's all over, Paul," she said. "You don't taper off or cut down on something like that. You stop entirely, or you don't stop. We stopped, Tom and I. I haven't seen him in months, even from a distance."

"Tom is a terribly pent-up guy, Vicky," Paul said. "You ought to know. There's an austerity about his life that would chill him if he didn't have so much warmth and feeling. He lives in that station house and in a bleak, monastic apartment. That's it, and that's all of it. You gave him something else, and now you say he didn't need it."

"I said he didn't need me. I'd complicate his life."

"He needs a complication in his life. There's nothing to balance his life—no mysticism, nothing to love. He lives in a spiritual desert."

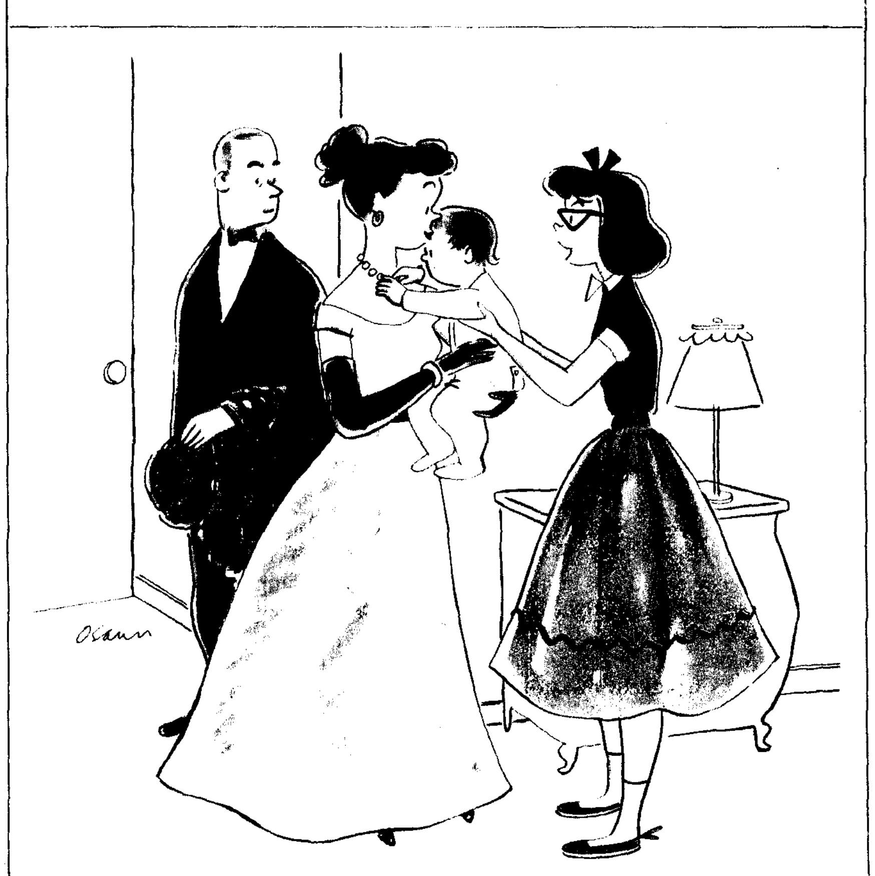
"That's his own fault. It's another thing about him, Paul. He went to church with me, but not without me. It was something to share, but we weren't sharing it."

"That isn't the kind of spiritual desert I meant, Vicky, but I can't explain it to you. You're too pent up yourself."

Vicky shook her head. "I never could follow you when you started off on tangents like this," she said. "Philosophers don't impress me."

Paul started to answer her, but Vicky interrupted. "Paul, I'm late. I just noticed the time. I must dash," she said.

TIZZY



"I'm an expert on child psychology, Mrs. Cooper. My mother's been using it on me for years"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Paul looked at his watch incredulously. "I talked too much, as usual. But there's one thing more, Vicky," he said. "In any way you want to measure a man—in generosity or decency or strength, or in courage, or honor or loyalty—that brother of mine is at the top of the heap."

Vicky felt shaken by the quiet force of this last-minute postscript, and the words rang in her mind in solemn cadence. "In generosity or decency or strength," Paul had said. The power of Latin was in that phrasing, the music of the Mass. Paul had given her, metaphorically, the three chimes of the *Sanctus:* courage, honor, loyalty. When all arguments failed, he had given her the language of faith: generosity, decency, strength; courage, honor, loyalty.

She walked out onto the sidewalk with Paul, and they both hurried, not speaking until they stopped to say good-by at the corner. "I know I intruded, Vicky," Paul said. "You were very kind. If you can't feel something, you can't. I always liked a bit from Dumas *fils* on that: 'Without respect, love cannot go far or rise high; it is an angel with but one wing.' "

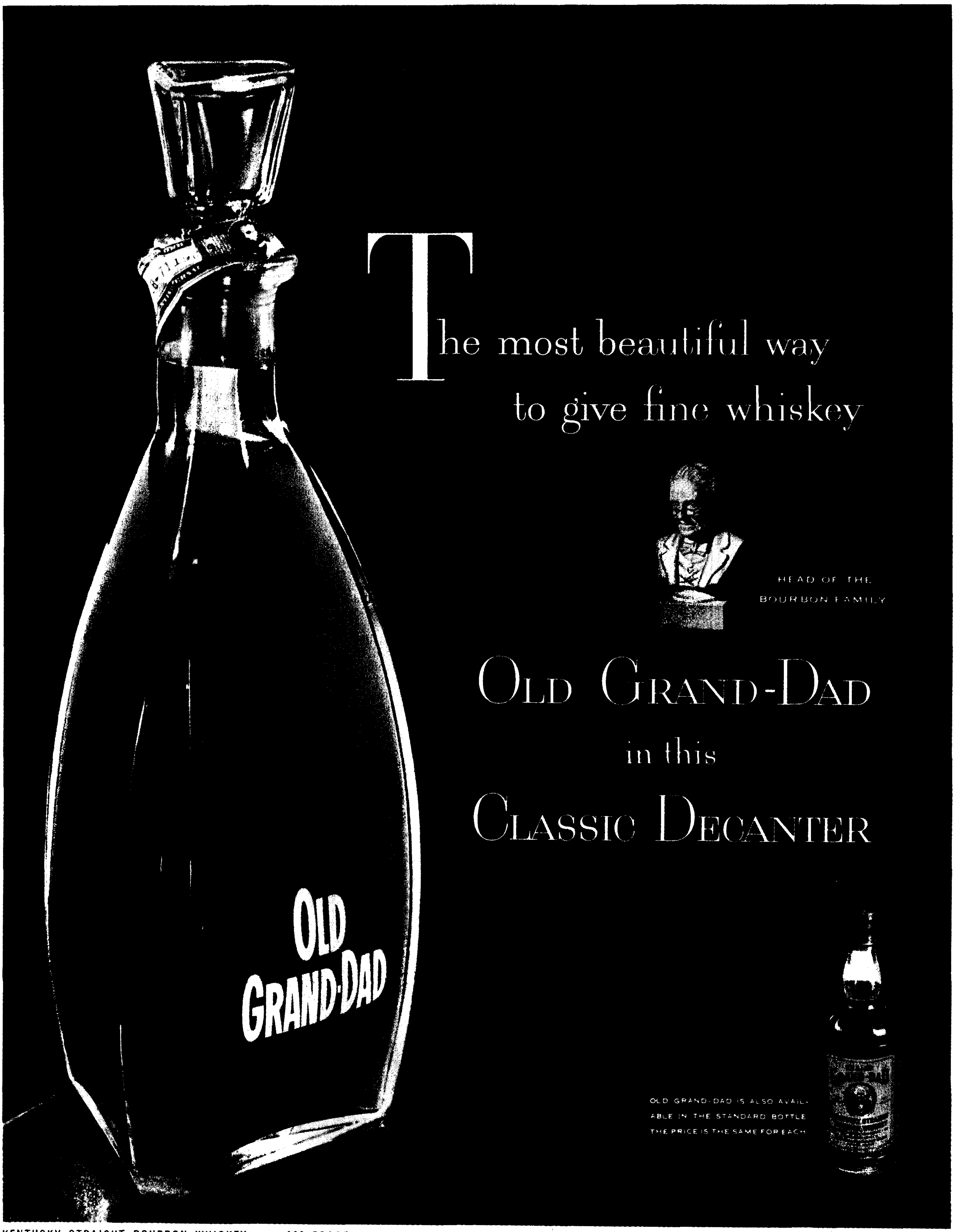
She was watching his face as he spoke. There was a quiet confidence in him, an inner serenity. He did not doubt that there were two wings to his marriage. He liked the quotation that insisted on two. Vicky shook her head. Events that had happened only a year ago seemed very far away indeed. It seemed to her that she must never have known the girl named Beverly, the girl who had married Paul.

THE busy tempo of her afternoon's work at the library picked her up and carried her along. The home edition had to be sent to press. Three more women called in and asked whether the Garcia girl had been found. Vicky called the city desk and reported that interest in the child's disappearance was beginning to pick up. The city editor thanked her gruffly.

When she got a few slack minutes late in the afternoon, Vicky went to the files that she had avoided before. She looked up Tony Pelado and pulled out the clippings on him. Paul had shaken some of her convictions.

Tony Pelado had had a long career in crime, in the space of a very few years. His record showed arrests for car theft, for armed robbery, for assault and battery. He had served time in a reform school and a short term in the penitentiary. He had been paroled, given suspended sentences, released because of insufficient evidence, acquitted by juries. He had been arrested with the Garry brothers in 1950 for the rape of Felipa Galleta, and a jury had acquitted them. The same three had been arrested again a few months later for the rape of Teresita Rojas, and once more they had been acquitted. In September, 1951, the record came to an end. Complainant: Beverly Logan (nee Colter). This time the charge had been armed robbery, not rape, and Pelado had been sentenced to 20 years.

Vicky pushed the clippings aside, feeling a little ill. This was the man who had precipitated the quarrel between Tom and her, opening the chasm of misunderstanding. She could no longer, with the clippings on the desk before her, put the issue of brutality neatly in one column and Tony Pelado in another. Tony Pelado was vile; she felt it merely from reading the newspaper



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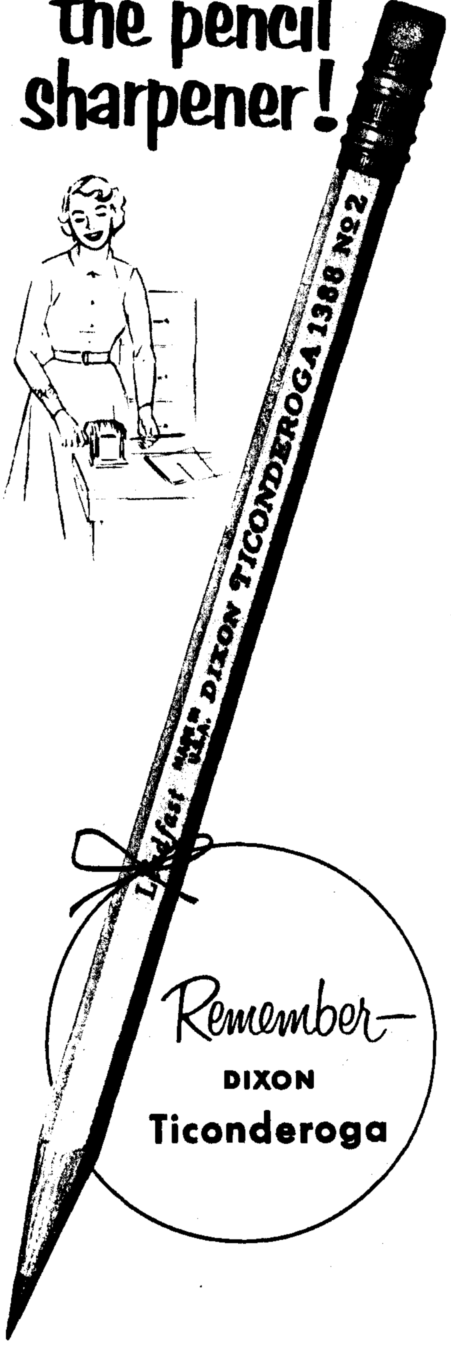
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stories about him. How must Tom have felt? Tom had seen the girls Pelado had attacked. Tom knew things that she, probably, could not even imagine about Tony Pelado.

George Benedict, of the city staff, appeared suddenly beside her desk. "Let me have the clips on missing children," he said briskly.

Vicky got them out quickly and handed them to Benedict. So the city editor had given thought to Carmelita Garcia; the Sentinel was getting to work. She was very busy the rest of the afternoon, and she had no time to think about Tom or about Tony Pelado. When she did have time, the thoughts whirled in her mind like dust in a wind, refusing to settle into a pattern or to take form. She walked home in the dusk, and the air had the warmth of spring. There was a faint breeze, and it carried the perfume of lilacs.

She thought of Paul's quotation from Alexandre Dumas *fils:* "Without respect, love cannot go far or rise high; it is an angel with but one wing."

In her mind, she pictured a high blue sky and flat brown earth. The one-winged angel stood with his feet in the wet clay, looking hopelessly at the sky. He was Love, and she had failed him.

She wanted to cry.

IN a year, much had happened to Beverly Colter Logan. She had had to learn something of the realities of life, and in the process she had discovered surprising qualities in the people she knew. But she had made no discoveries about herself.

A year ago Beverly Colter had lain in a hospital bed, her plans for ridding herself of an unwanted child thwarted She had felt trapped and angry. Then her father had patted her hand gently, and when she had said she wanted to marry Paul, he'd smiled gently and said, "Leave everything to me."

He wasn't smiling at her now, and it was beginning to look as if she didn't know how to handle her father any more. He was sitting in her apartment—the only one she and Paul had been able to find in State City that they could afford—a furnished apartment with fumed-oak furniture, dingy pink walls, and Mother Goose cutouts decorating the bathroom.

"Look at this place," Beverly said. "Would you live in it?"

"What do you expect me to do about it?" Theodore Colter said quietly.

Beverly got up and walked around the room. I could tell him once more, she thought bitterly, that I want an allowance. When I was in the hospital last year he didn't ask me what I expected him to do. He gave me money and I went to California. At that time she had thought he had done his best for her; now she wondered.

He had given her money, and she had married Paul before a justice of the peace in June. When the baby was born on December 28th, she had wanted to name him Theodore Colter Logan, but her father would not consent to it. He believed the baby was premature and the result of the attack made on her. So the child had been named Paul Terance Logan, Jr.

Paul had never doubted his own paternity and had never had cause to do so. She had told him a convincing story of robbery and attempted rape to explain her father's concern for her and the reason for her return to State City as a witness when Tony Pelado and the Garry brothers came to trial. She had insisted on going back alone. The three men had been tried for armed robbery—a charge for which there was a stronger case—and not rape. Beverly had felt confident that neither her father nor Tom would ever mention the rape to Paul; neither was the kind of man who would bring up a subject like that to a woman's husband. And she didn't worry about Paul; he wasn't going to remind anyone that they'd been married suddenly and had a baby six and a half months later.

She forced herself to stop thinking about the past. Things were different now, and none of the old methods were working on her father. She felt his eyes on her.

"Aren't you putting on a little weight, Beverly?" he asked.

"A baby does that to you."

"You're too smart to let yourself go," her father said.

"Maybe I'm not," she said. "You won't give me an allowance of my own, and you're making a sucker out of my husband."

Theodore Colter looked pained. "I have lived up to the terms of an agreement," he said. "The terms were not mine."

"I know. They were Paul's. Neither one of you considered me. Paul wouldn't take any money he hadn't earned, but he had to have money to marry me."

"It was what you wanted. You wanted to get out to California and marry him. I sent you. Then I waited to see what Paul wanted. I gave him what he wanted."

"Did you?"

"Of course. He had to finish his training in law and get his degree before he'd be much good to me or to anyone else. I put him on the payroll while he was still a student. I'm keeping him on it. He doesn't get his degree until September. It seems to me that I've been most liberal."

"You signed him to a contract," Beverly said coldly. "He agreed to specialize in the branches of law that would make him most valuable to you, and he agreed to stay in your organization for five years after graduation. For that you're paying him the salary of your lowest law clerk. You aren't giving him anything. He's training to be your man."

"Paul doesn't think of it that way," Theodore Colter said. "He feels that he's maintaining his independence."

"He kids himself. One of the fine things about him is that if he can't feel honest about something, he won't have any part of it."

"So you fell in love with him after all?"

Beverly raised her head. "He doesn't bore me," she said.

"Then try to understand this," her father said firmly. "Your husband and I have a contract. We both respect it. I respect him. He has a code of honor. That's a rare thing these days. If I went around behind his back making deals with you, I'd betray his confidence. I won't break faith with your husband by giving you an allowance."

"I never thought you'd let me down," Beverly said.

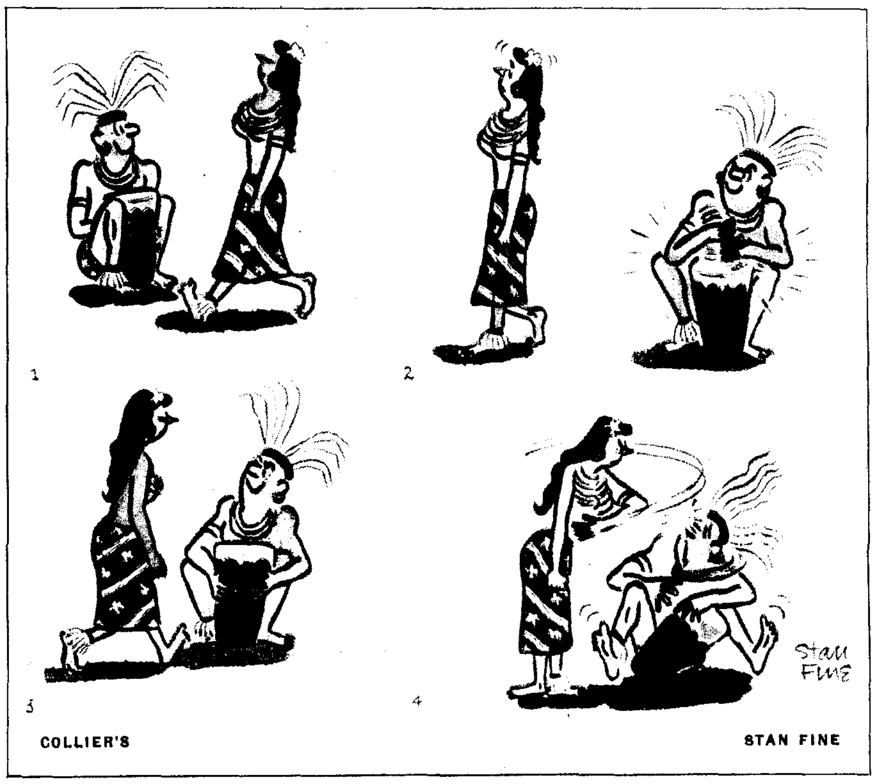
"I'm not letting you down. Marrying Paul was the best thing that ever happened to you. All I could ever do for you was help you be the same kind of silly female your mother is. Being married to Paul means living on his money. You'll have to grow with a young man like that or walk out on him. There's no other choice."

"I'll walk out on him," she said. She stood there defiantly, and then, as if to mock her words, the baby cried in the next room. Her father's eyes narrowed slightly, but he didn't mention the baby.

"Okay," she said bitterly, "so I can't walk out. But don't be too sure. My mother thinks she has kissed me cheerfully out of her life with a horrible French clock as a wedding present. But she used to send me money to keep me happy here because I was an embarrassing reminder of her real age. Imagine her hysterics if I threaten to bring her *grandchild* to Paris for a visit!"

SHE spun on her heel and went into the other room. Paul, Jr., was crying his head off, but when she bent above his crib, he stopped, blinking up at her expectantly. The baby looked unmistakably like Paul, though his hair was a little lighter, and he seemed to have much of Paul's character too. He was a good baby. She felt a sudden rush of tenderness. His bottle was a half hour overdue, and he had waited for it patiently. She reached down and patted him. "All right, champ," she said. "I won't let you starve to death."

The baby had stopped crying. He



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was not exactly cheerful, but he seemed reassured by the attention he was getting. He uttered one short, sharp cry of alarm when she left him to get his bottle, and then stopped, giving her the benefit of the doubt, willing to wait. When she came back, he settled down contentedly with the bottle. She patted him gently and rearranged the covers.

She had never quite made up her mind about the baby. She had not wanted him, and he demanded more attention than anything she had ever owned. She never felt quite free of him, and she hated diapers and the baby smell that seemed to hover in the air wherever he was. But he had his good points: he was cute; he did amusing things, small as he was; and he seemed to like her. But whatever he was, she thought now, she was stuck with him.

SHE walked back into the other room, forgetting the baby and remembering that her father was still there. She had given him an ultimatum. She'd pointed out a way to get money out of her mother. She had threatened to walk out on Paul. Well, that's the way it was. She had to fight for what she wanted. There was no longer an easy way to get things from Theodore Harrison Colter.

When she went back to the living room, her father's face was grim. "Sit down, Beverly," he said. "I want to say one last thing. I gave you the wrong things. Worse than that, I got you into the habit of wanting the wrong things. I'm not going to make it worse."

"You mean that money is the wrong thing?"

"No. It is a very right thing. But it never comes to any man or any woman without costing something. What I have cost me a lot. The money your husband gets will cost him effort and energy and initiative. But he's a man who has a chance of happiness with money."

"He won't get too deliriously happy on what he gets from you."

Theodore Colter waved his hand impatiently. "You're missing the point," he said. "Whatever I might do for you, I'm not going to cheat your husband out of his chance. He should be necessary to you—and he can be. I think you're damned lucky."

He got up slowly. "You can cheat him, and cheat yourself at the same time," he said, "by forcing money out of your mother. I can't stop you. But if you're patient, the man you married will take care of you. And if you think of any other bitter arguments against me, I want to leave another thought with you." He drew himself up. He was not very tall, but he had dignity, a certain force. "Paul Logan is the kind of son I'd have liked to have," he said, "and wouldn't have had, not in a million years. Your mother and I couldn't have bred him. Staying with me won't hurt him. I hope that he won't be hurt staying with you."

"Paul talks well too," Beverly said bitterly. "But words won't pay the rent on a decent apartment. They won't buy clothes or theater tickets."

Theodore Colter shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Think about it, Bevvie," he said. "You're not stupid. You'll understand Paul better, and you'll understand me better, if you'll forget yourself just a little."

"Maybe."

Her father hesitated at the door. He had said all that he intended to say, but he was uncomfortable because his words had not been enough, his intentions not understood or appreciated.

Beverly stood politely, waiting for him to go, wasting no sympathy on him. If he wanted to leave on a note of glory, he knew how he could do it. As it was, he had the best of it. He could walk out of this ghastly apartment, and she could not. Theodore Colter drew a deep breath and plunged his hand into his inside pocket. He brought out his wallet and quickly stripped off a sheaf of twenty-dollar bills. "Buy the baby a present," he said gruffly.

He went away then, hurriedly, ashamed perhaps of his weakness. In the end, he had done what he had done always. He had nothing to give that anyone wanted, except money, so he ended up by giving that. Beverly smiled contemptuously and counted the bills. There were six of them. One hundred and twenty dollars. "As if that solved anything," she said aloud.

She went back into the room with the pink walls, the oak furniture, the wrought-iron flower stand, the faded beige-and-blue rug, the picture of a gondola scene in Venice. This was her makeshift home. She thought of her own things, languishing in storage. How horrible it would be to hang her painting of the dancer here, to ask that ballerina to leap out from that depressing wall! And Lucifer? She could imagine the expression on his lean, sardonic face if she should display him in a place like this. He would sneer openly at it.

She remembered how he had looked on the shelf at the foot of her bed, back in the days when she'd had money to live as she wanted to. His arrogant figure had commanded the room, not a wooden figure of a devil but the Lord of Evil, the Ruler of Darkness, the Alienate of God, the Dark Adversary. She liked to roll off his names aloud leading up to the line from Milton: "Awake! Arise! Or be forever fallen!" That's what he seemed to be saying. He was a carving that seemed to live and breathe, and he was the most exciting thing she had ever owned.

Lucifer had been banished for nearly a year at Paul's firm insistence, but he was not in storage. At this moment he was carefully wrapped in tissue paper and lying under Beverly's slips in a dresser drawer. She was tempted to take him out, just to watch his expression. There was no point in denying that his expression changed. She had seen it change too often. He reacted to environment too; some places were right for him and some were not. If he were put in the wrong place, he wore an expression of sinister animosity; but when the place was right, as it had been right in her bedroom in her old apartment, he was at his fascinating best—arrogant, mysterious, contemptuous, wickedly amused and mocking. In this room? He would look as if he smelled brimstone, she thought.

She did not have to take Lucifer out of the drawer. She could see him vividly whenever she looked around the room and wondered how he would look there. And he would talk to her. It never seemed as if she imagined the conversations or invented speeches for him to say; it was as if he actually said the words that came into her brain. She talked to him now, testing that belief. "You heard all this conversation," she said. "What should I do?"

"Do what you want to do," he said.

"I'm not sure of what I want any more. I'm confused."

"Then find out! Only stupid people are confused."

SHE had a feeling then that he was gone, that he did not want to talk to her any more. Beverly bit her lower lip. "I didn't say what I thought I heard him saying," she said. "I didn't even think it. It just came naturally into my mind. It makes sense." She tried to imagine him saying more, but she couldn't recapture the earlier feeling of closeness with him. She ran over his list of names once more, not noticing that, just as she preferred calling him Lucifer to Satan, she had fallen into the habit of omitting one of the names men had given him through the ages: the Prince of Tears.

THREE days later, the phone rang at 7:10 A.M. Beverly burrowed into her pillow. "Tell them I'm not home," she said sleepily. "I've gone out."

Paul rolled onto his back and blinked up at the ceiling. "I'm not home either," he said. "Ain't nobody here but us servants." He finally reached out and took up the receiver. "The Paul Logan residence," he said solemnly.

The operator said: "Chicago calling. One moment, please."

The voice of Theodore Colter was on the wire almost instantly—the crisp voice of a man fully awake and in command of his world. "Paul," he said, "that was a damn' fine report on the zoning situation."

"Thank you, sir," Paul said, trying to sound wide awake and alert.

"I want to talk to you—there's another assignment you can handle for me. Can you be in Chicago Thursday?"

"Why, yes. I think so."

"Fine. I'll have your plane reservations made. You can fly here Wednesday night. Be at my office at nine A.M. Beverly all right? And the baby?"

"Couldn't be better."

"That's fine. Nice talking to you, Paul. See you Thursday."

The receiver registered a sharp click, and the line was dead. Paul looked at it dazedly before he put it back in its cradle. Theodore Colter always succeeded in overwhelming him.

Beverly's voice was sleepy, smothered, faraway. "What was it?" she said. "Never mind. I wouldn't understand until I had my coffee."

Paul lay back. This was his familiar world again. "It's your turn to get it," he said.

"I know, but you're awake. I'm not."

"I'm not either."

"You are. You were talking on the telephone."

That could go on indefinitely. Paul grinned and swung his legs over the side of the bed. Both he and Beverly liked to stay in bed in the morning, and so they had reached a compromise: one of them was served coffee in bed each morning, and they took turns getting up first. Beverly cheated outrageously, but the system worked pretty well.

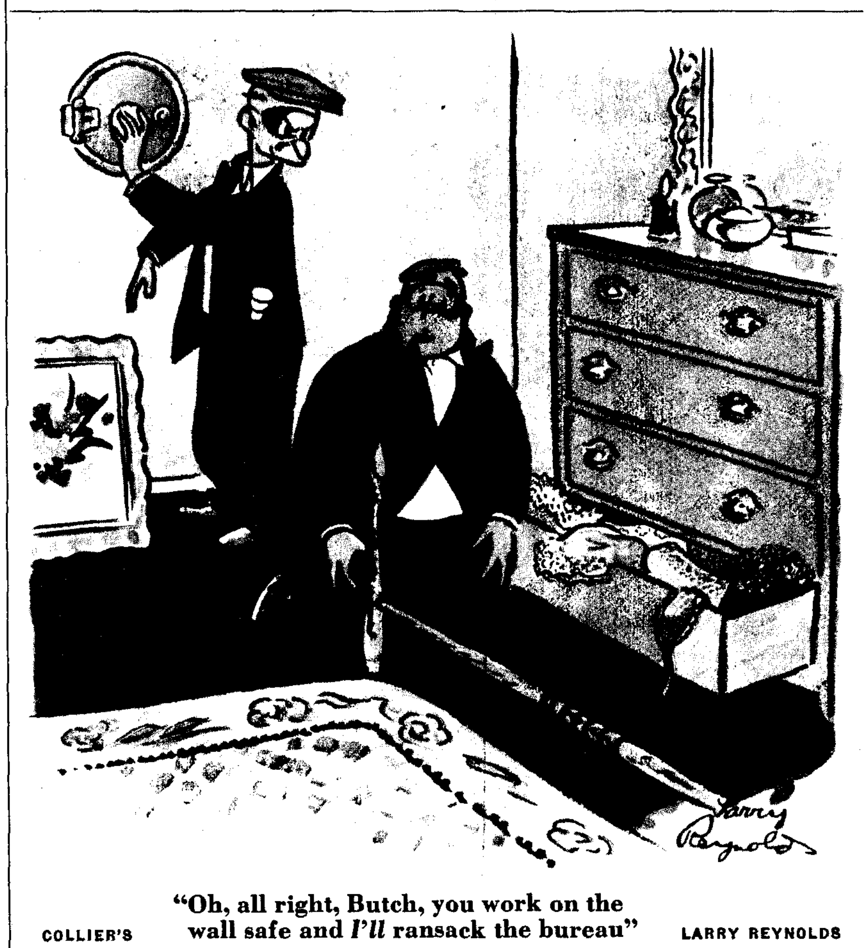
Paul started for the bathroom but made a detour into the living room where Paul, Jr.'s, crib was wheeled every night. The baby was awake. He was talking to himself in an odd, guttural language of his own. He kicked his feet furiously and waved his fists. "Look," Paul said. "That phone call doesn't set any precedents. This is too early. I don't want you to get ideas."

He poked the baby gently with his finger, and the baby gurgled. Paul still felt a little in awe of him. He didn't seem possible—one small life, so very small, that was part of his own life and Beverly's—an extension of what they were. "Poor little devil!" he said.

He changed a diaper deftly and sprinkled on powder with a heavy hand. The baby laughed at him, and he assumed a stern attitude. "It isn't a laughing matter," he said. "Now, keep your mouth shut a while, and I'll do a bottle for you."

He watched a moment longer as the

BUTCH



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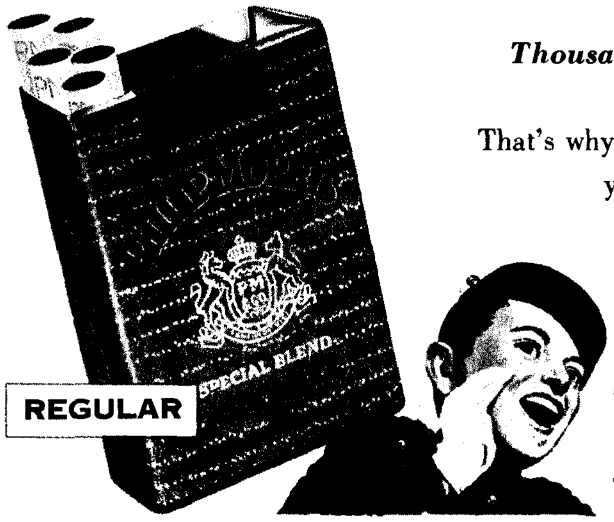
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baby kicked energetically with both feet. He looked forward to such brief, intimate minutes as this. It was difficult to say "my son," or even think it, because "son" seemed a big concept, a pretentious designation, for such a small being. He felt the warm link of life to life, however, and a quick, rich emotion when he held the baby, or touched him, or did anything for him.

Beverly, he knew, did not feel as he did, but that was not Beverly's fault. Beverly made many half-shy tentative gestures toward the things she did not understand, and she had moments of deep bewilderment. "I think that silly little creature is smarter than he looks," she had said one day. "Sometimes I feel sure he would talk to me if only he knew the language."

She had moments of great tenderness toward the baby too—particularly when she endowed him with some generous or unselfish motive that no baby ever had. There was the evening when she had reported to Paul that she had felt wretched all day with a headache, and then she had added solemnly: "I was lying down, and I forgot all about the baby. I went an hour past time for his bottle, and I didn't change him or anything, but he never made a fuss. He isn't a bit selfish or self-centered. If anybody did that to me, I'd simply raise hell."

IT WAS funny in a way; yet, in another way, it was so like Beverly that it was heartbreaking. He saw the pattern of a very great loneliness in her side excursions into unreality, her mixture of fact and fancy in a straight-faced narrative. She had been lonely, bitterly lonely, even if she hadn't realized it, living in camps and boarding schools, any place that was away, with no family warmth, no feeling of being wanted. She had compensated, of course, with the development of a colossal ego, a careless arrogance, an incredible self-absorption. But these compensations did not satisfy her; they left her with a baffled sense of having missed something that she could not quite identify. That bewilderment of Beverly's, earthly though it might be, seemed wistful to him, and he was touched by it.

That, of course, was because he loved her. He was aware that he often endowed Beverly with qualities she did not have, just as she did with the baby—and it was difficult to know where his emotional picture of her diverged from his real knowledge of her; the two were so often merged.

He mixed the baby's formula swiftly, with the sureness of long experience. He filled the percolator and lighted the gas under it. He wondered how Beverly would react to the idea of his going to Chicago. Beverly was predictable only to a point.

She always knew what she wanted, or thought that she did, until her emotional needs collided head on with her clever plans. When emotion stirred her she was capable of destroying her own calculated advantage, of overturning her most cunningly devised plan, in a sudden outburst of temper.

In their personal relationship, Beverly's role in opposition to his was entirely feminine. She allowed him a dominance in their affairs that astonished her no less than it astonished him. She fought that dominance and rebelled against it, but when he stuck to his decisions she accepted them, a trifle awed by the fact that he had the strength to command her. Beverly was complex. She could be very difficult; she was a pagan. She was ardent; she was never a bore. And he loved her.

The baby was beginning to whimper. Paul stretched the nipple over the neck of the bottle and squeezed a drop of the formula onto the back of his hand. The baby was reaching out with his incredibly tiny hands.

"You've got to quit this griping," Paul said. "The service was exceptionally good today."

He propped the bottle into place, adjusted the pillow, and hurried back to the kitchen. The rich aroma of coffee was spreading slowly through the apartment. He poured out two cups and carried them into the bedroom.

Beverly passed the back of her hand across her eyes and reached for a cup. Her eyes were only partly open. She kissed the tip of a finger and waved it vaguely at him. "Thank you, darling," she said.

"I like to watch you wake up," Paul said. "It's wonderful. You should be completely repulsive and you're not."

"I shouldn't be, either. What makes me not?"

"The pink look. You look radiantly alive and act like something not quite dead."

"I'm not quite. I just don't want to wake up. Who was the phone call?"

"Your distinguished father."

Beverly's eyes opened. "Where is he?" she said.

"Chicago."

"Oh," she said, closing her eyes again. "What did he want?"

"He wants me to fly there next Wednesday night."

"What for?"

"He didn't say. He liked my zoning report."

"Good for him. How much money do we get?"

"We don't. It's all part of my job."

"Going to Chicago isn't a part of anything. It's just his idea. Charge him for it."

"I can't. You know I can't."

"How long does he want us to spend there?" she said quietly.

PAUL could feel an explosion building up. He knew that Beverly knew she had not been invited to Chicago, but in answering her question he had to say it outright. "He didn't say how long, Bev. A day will do it, I imagine. And he's only reserving space on the airline for me."

Beverly looked at him, and all the expression left her eyes. "Didn't you remind him that you are married to his daughter?" she said.

"I thought he knew it."

"He never acts like it. You help him to forget it. If he needs you in Chicago for something, we should make some money out of it."

Paul got up. "We'll make it, Bev," he said. "I'm not worth much now. We'll collect when I am."

It was old ground, but he had to cover it again from time to time. Beverly was not a keeper of covenants. Given her way, she would change the rules when circumstances changed. Her lips tightened now. "I want to go to Chicago, Paul," she said.

He stood looking down at her and shook his head. "I can't do anything about it," he said. "When he talks business to me, I'm not related to him. He's my boss."

"He's got you bluffed. I'll talk to him."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"I can't stand this place, Paul," she said. "I want to go with you. Even a day would help."

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"You've been very damned wonderful," he said. "Stick with me for a little while longer, won't you?" With his hand under her chin, he raised her head and kissed her. She had her lips set rebelliously, and she did not respond to him.

While she was in the bathroom, he went into the living room to check up on the baby. He felt a little humble about Beverly. It was costing her a lot to live with him. He dismissed from his mind swiftly the thought of the big thing he had given up for her. He had turned his back on his religion, put it entirely out of his life. It had been the inevitable decision. The Church maintained that the flesh and the senses, no less than the soul, must serve the greater honor and the glory of God. With Beverly as the magnet of his flesh, that could not be. She would make no concession to his faith, and he had become convinced that it was not possible for her to make the concession, that the capacity for faith was not in her. She had been a powerful magnet and she had drawn him with her. They had been married outside the Church and he had stayed outside, refusing to let himself think about what that meant.

HE DID think often, however, of how rough this life was on Beverly, of how poorly she had been prepared for it. She had always taken money for granted. It was something that she had, like eyes and ears. In California, while she still had money of her own left, he had not been able to control her reckless spending of it. It was her habit, and she'd responded to the habit while she still had the means of indulging it. She still had the habit, but she did not have money—and she was a bewildered person learning a new language, faltering and unsure. Amazingly, however, she was trying to learn. She had relapses, like the one that was threatening this morning, but she had been braver than he had believed possible about so many things that were new to her.

She came out of the bathroom now and went into the kitchen. He stepped up behind her. He held her tight for a moment and kissed the curve of her cheek when she turned half away from him. "I love you, Bev," he said.

The smell of frying bacon was coming from the kitchen as he shaved. Since their marriage Beverly had taken over the cooking, without knowing anything about it except the bare fundamentals. She had been pathetically funny at first, but she had been game.

If only he could get her to hold out for another three months. They would do all right then, decidedly all right. He was going to be worth a lot of money to Theodore Colter, and he would get what he was worth. They would be so much better off too—even in a material sense—with Theodore Colter's respect than with his subsidy. But Beverly still did not understand why Paul refused to accept from her father money that he had not earned.

Beverly had timed his breakfast just right. She was taking the eggs out of the frying pan. Fresh coffee was bubbling in the percolator. She opened the oven door and took out the toast. They had promised themselves a toaster, but they had waited too long and their money had run out.

Paul sat down at the small table. "You're wonderful," he said.

"Am I?" Beverly sat across the table from him. Her eyes were a chilly blue, and her lips were tightened.

"Of course, you are. This is magic."

"Any stupid clod can fry eggs and make toast."

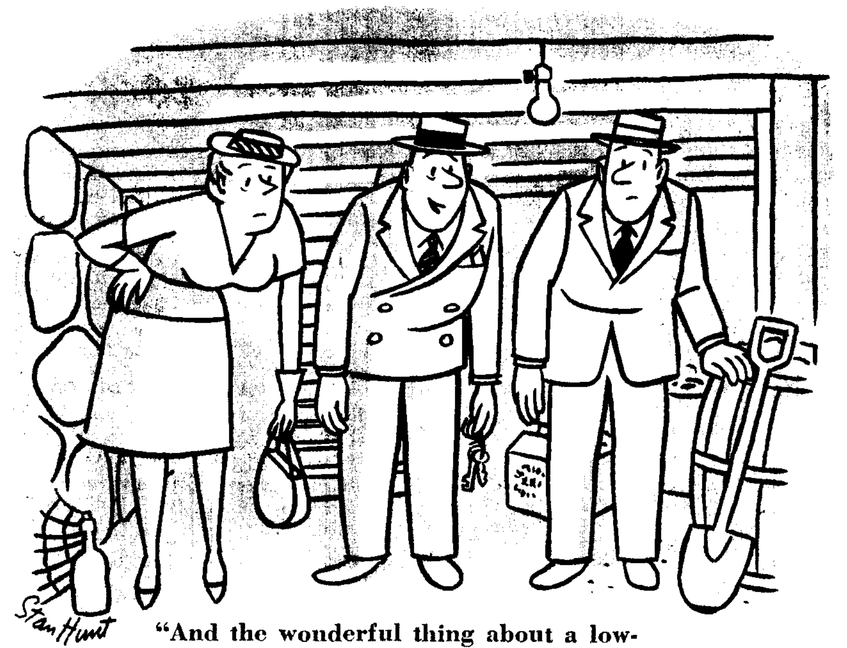
"Not like this."

Beverly shrugged. "There are things I do better," she said.

He knew that. She had no great talents of her own, but she belonged to the world where great talent existed. She had a knowledge and an appreciation of music, an eye for painting. She knew plays and the theater, and was fairly fluent in French. In an evening dress or a smart cocktail dress she looked her stunning, spectacular best. So, Paul thought now, she fried eggs in the dreary kitchen of this incredible apartment for a policeman's son named Paul Logan.

He looked at her across the table and smiled. "You'll do all those things that you do better, Bev," he said, "and you'll do them with me. Stay in the lodge a while and keep the sacred fire burning."

"I've been thinking, Paul," she said. "My father has a good line of talk, but it never touched me. I never paid any attention to it. You talk better than he does. You could make this stinking apartment sound like the Waldorf-As-



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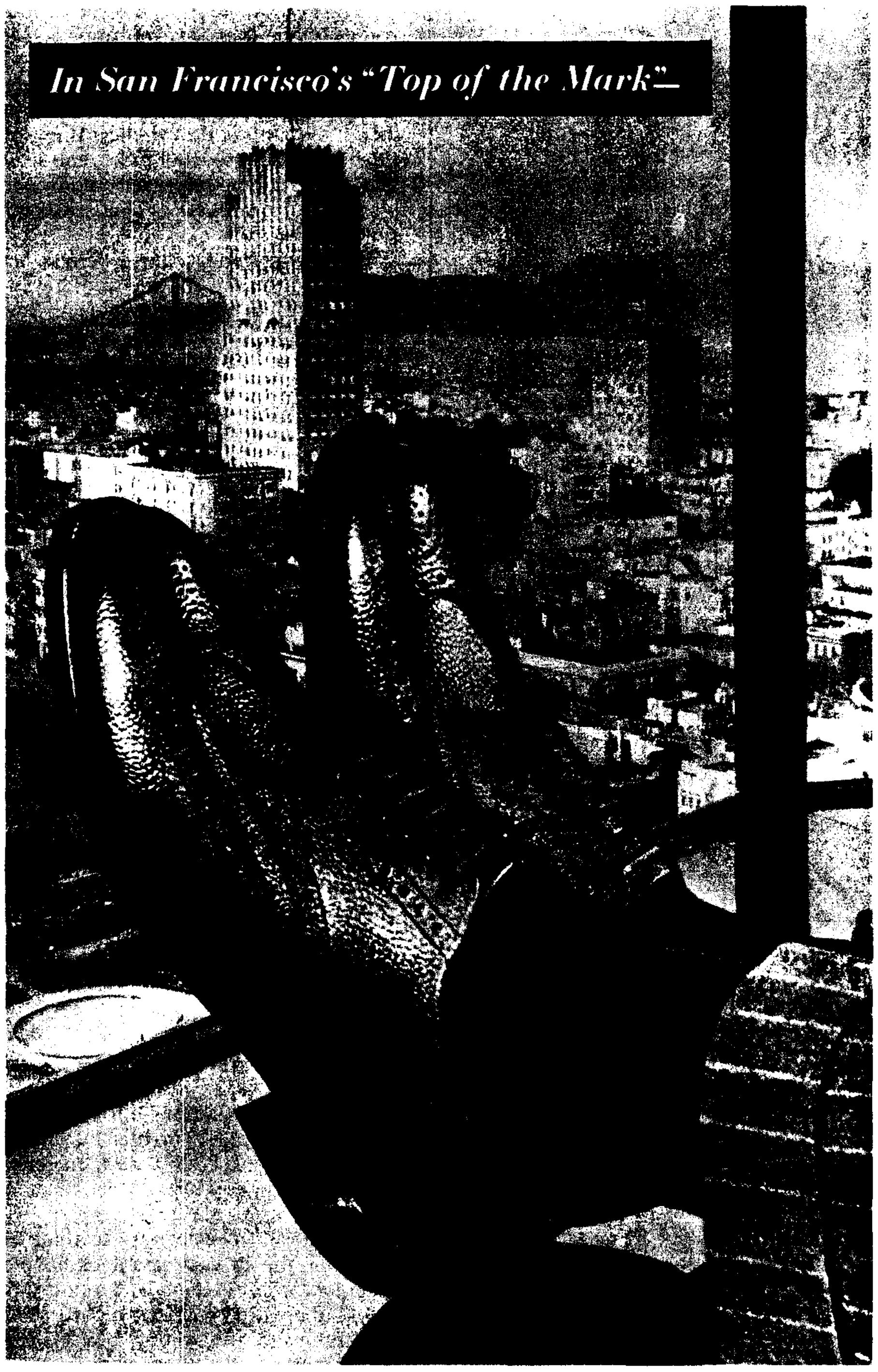

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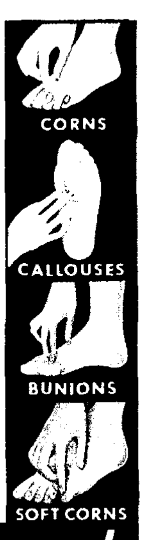

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toria. You make not having money sound better than having money. My big mistake is that I listen to you."

Paul was wary of taking Beverly too seriously when she was in a mood like this. " 'Wealth is the smallest thing on earth,' " he quoted lightly, " 'the least gift that God has bestowed upon mankind.' " He smiled. "That's Martin Luther," he said.

Beverly glared at him. "Don't try to change the subject," she said.

"I'm not changing the subject, Bev. It's just that I can't change things, and you know it. I'll give you all that I've got to give, always. Sometime I hope that all will be quite a lot."

"Words—you're using words again. They don't mean anything, not anything real." There was anger, a gathering storm in Beverly's eyes. "The real thing is that we're living in this dump, that I hate it, that we need things and can't buy them," she said. "And my father doesn't even know how much money he has. We could live the way I want to live on money that he wouldn't even miss."

"It isn't ours."

"Whose is it? It isn't his if he can't use it. And he can't! He couldn't spend all the money he has if he lived to be a hundred years old. He'll leave me money someday. Maybe I'll be too old to care. I want it now. Is it fair to me, Paul?" she said.

"Is what fair?"

"To live like this, pretending we haven't any money when we know we can have it if we insist."

He looked at her seriously. "Yes, I think it is fair to you," he said. "Not comfortable, maybe, but fair, Bev. You've got to trust me there."

She made an obvious effort to keep her temper under control. "I'll wait a while," she said, "but I want to go to Chicago with you, Paul."

IT HAD all been leading to that, he knew—the threshing out of an old argument, the covering of ground that they had covered so often before. The new thing she wanted now became less the object of the discussion than an offer of compromise. "I'd love to have you, Bev," he said, "but your father didn't set it up that way. I'm not going up there as his son-in-law; I'm going up there as a field man who did a pretty good piece of work. He's got another job for me."

"You *are* his son-in-law; you're not just a field man."

"I work for him. It's a separate relationship."

"It's a lot of stupid words. You're *still* married to me while you're working for him. You're still his son-in-law. I want to go to Chicago with you, Paul."

"Bev, I can't take you."

"I want to go!" Her voice rose. She had her fist clenched on the tabletop. A want of Beverly's could become a violent thing.

He pushed back his chair. "Look!" he said. "I've got to go to the university pretty quick now. I have to go as a student. I'm your husband while I'm a student, but I can't take you to class with me. Let's keep things straight, Bev. And let's do those dishes fast."

He looked at his watch and started clearing the table. He always did the breakfast dishes with her before he left. She wasn't adjusted to the domestic chores that fell to her, and she got bogged down so easily. There was the baby's bath, for instance: she hated it, and yet it was one of the first tasks of the day. He had to help with the dishes, help her through that first hour.

He rinsed the dishes and stacked them, and Beverly dried them silently. He worked with concentrated speed and tried to think of something to say that would make her relax a little. He couldn't take her to Chicago: he didn't have enough money, and he couldn't ask Theodore Colter. There just wasn't anything he could say.

When he'd finished the dishes he stepped up behind Beverly and kissed her. He went in then and said good-by to the baby. Beverly was standing in the hall when he picked up his hat and his books. "I love you too," she said, "but I'm not kidding, Paul. If you don't take me to Chicago, you'll be sorry."

He cupped her chin in his hand. "I'm sorry already, sweet," he said. "In a world I ran, you'd be with me everywhere." He went out then, and he was disturbed, but he didn't have any answers. Beverly did not let go easily when she got a grip on an idea. There would probably be other uncomfortable moments before he got on the plane Wednesday night.

He thought about Theodore Colter as he drove southward, wondering about the assignment that waited for him in Chicago. Paul could not see himself as a man dedicated to making money; but now that he knew Beverly's father he could understand people to whom money was all-important. And he could very definitely see a place for himself in the Colter empire, a place where he could earn his way and be as happy in his work as he would have been in following criminal law.

He thought of Martin Luther again and the statement that Beverly had brushed off the tabletop with one impatient hand: "Wealth is the smallest thing on earth, the least gift that God has bestowed upon mankind."

Paul Logan had been drawn into the pursuit of money through his love for Beverly. All his promises to her, and all his plans, depended on his having money someday. He could look ahead and see dimly the price that he would have to pay for money on the Colter scale, and he was more than a little frightened. But he did not draw back. He had already walked a long way on an alien road with Beverly. There was no turning back, because he could no longer imagine life without her. If money was the end, the aim and the object, they were on the right track. All they needed was time.

DETECTIVE Lieutenant Tom Logan was at his desk in the Second Precinct station house at 7:10 A.M. Saturday morning. Since the search for Carmelita Garcia had started four days ago, Tom had stayed on duty except for brief periods of sleep on a cot upstairs in the station house. All he'd had to go on was a vague description, given by the child's tearful playmates, of a man who'd been seen talking to her just before she had disappeared.

Tom's desk was the center from which the search had been directed and controlled. He had talked to dozens of the frightened, furtive, swaggering or sullen creatures who had been picked up for questioning. He'd had to remember always that Carmelita Garcia might still be alive.

It had been a heavy responsibility, but now it was over. Tom had found the murderer. He had also found Carmelita Garcia's body.

Sitting in his swivel chair, he was

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not conscious of fatigue, nor was he sleepy. His body, however, had a strange lightness, as if he were no part of the realities around him. He spoke to people, but his mind made no note of his words, nor of theirs. He was still very close, emotionally and psychically, to that dawn scene beside the river where the murderer had pointed out the small grave. Carmelita Garcia had been an eight-year-old child who had had her picture taken only once in her short lifetime, one picture that the police could use for identification. Tom had looked from her tiny body to the demented creature who had killed her, now screaming his innocence and swearing to God.

It was a memory that shook a man's soul, and Tom had been trying to walk away from that scene ever since. Here, sitting in his swivel chair, he was still trying. He knew what the men and women who had never sat in a station house, who never saw the twisted creatures who had been questioned, who had not had to look at their victims, would say: "It's a matter of psychiatry. These people are mentally ill."

SUCH half-truths were the aspirin tablets of conscience. They consigned all the problems of the modern sex attitude to the future, the bright future when psychiatry would take care of everything. A cop couldn't buy that. A cop had to clean up after those who had no morals, after those who believed that inhibition and frustration came out of living a decent life, who followed their own instincts down a path of evil.

A cop had to question young girls who looked at him with measuring, precocious eyes, young men who cried but would stop crying as soon as the questioning was over, men who stared at the floor, not out of shame, but because they were sullen and resentful that they should be considered criminals.

A cop had to sit in court and look at them and listen to them. He had to put on a stoic mask of indifference, and detachment, while defense attorneys stated profoundly that their clients were poor, sick victims of some mysterious blight that the crude police, of course, could not be expected to understand. The cop listened to the people who quoted psychiatrists and the people who thought laws should be made more "realistic" and the people who sneered at moral issues as being puritanical. Then the cop went back to the station house and tried to find the mother of a baby abandoned in a garbage can.

Tom leaned forward and put his head in his hands. He made himself remember that there were golden anniversaries reported in newspapers, brief unsensational stories of people who had shared the weather of fifty years together. There were youngsters in love who waited for marriage while saving a few dollars a week. There were people who reared decent kids, who nursed them in illness, who squeezed the tobacco budget and the cosmetic budget to buy them shoes. There were young people who held hands on busses and dreamed dreams.

There were a lot of people like that, but a cop never had any business with them. A psychiatrist never did any business with them. They were the kind of people, Tom thought, who gave some meaning to the word sex, a meaning that wasn't covered in clinical reports. Sex, in the fulfillment of a human being, had soul in it. Sex was God, offering man a share in the awesome act of creation.

But man, Tom thought, had tried to take sex away from God. He had tried to make it a plaything, and in denying it the dignity of a sacrament, he had brought a curse on it.

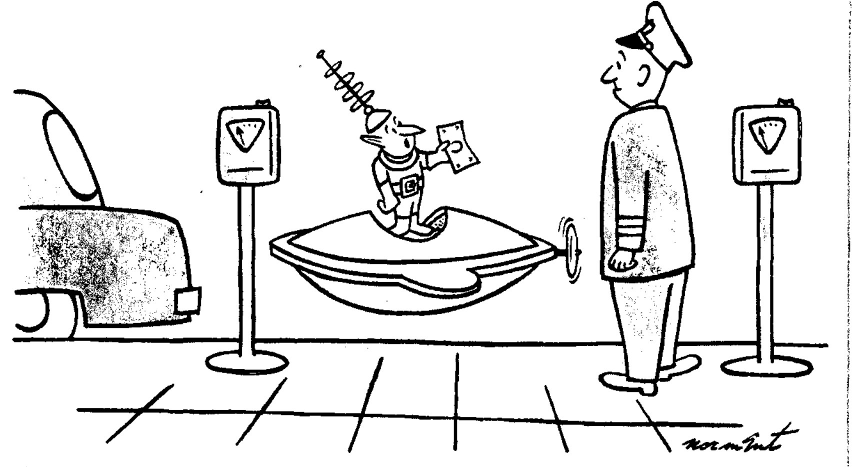
Or was that all wrong—a sentimental, unscientific view? I don't know, Tom thought. I wish I could believe in something all the way, give myself up to believing it.

He had never, even in his most troubled moments, reached the point of denying the existence of the God who created him, nor of an eternity out of which he came and to which he would return. Instead, he had confined himself to a denial of the wisdom of priests, and thus of the authority of priests. He had rebelled against the demands of religion, and thus had denied the necessity for religion. The logic of his mind showed him where such denials and such rebellions led.

Tom Logan got up abruptly now and picked up his hat. He strode through the bull pen and the corridor to the front door. He walked rapidly the few blocks to Fourteenth Street and across to Winchester. There was something he had to know. He glanced briefly at 1411 Winchester, more relieved than disappointed when he did not see Vicky or Elizabeth. He always looked at 1411 when he passed it, half expecting to see Vicky, but not wanting to see her. What point would there be to it? He crossed the street before he saw the curtain move and then saw Vicky's face in the window watching him.

There were a number of people entering the church and coming down the street toward the church. It was, he supposed, nearly time for Mass, but one did not expect to see many people at a weekday Mass in St. Edmund's.

Tom climbed the worn steps and,



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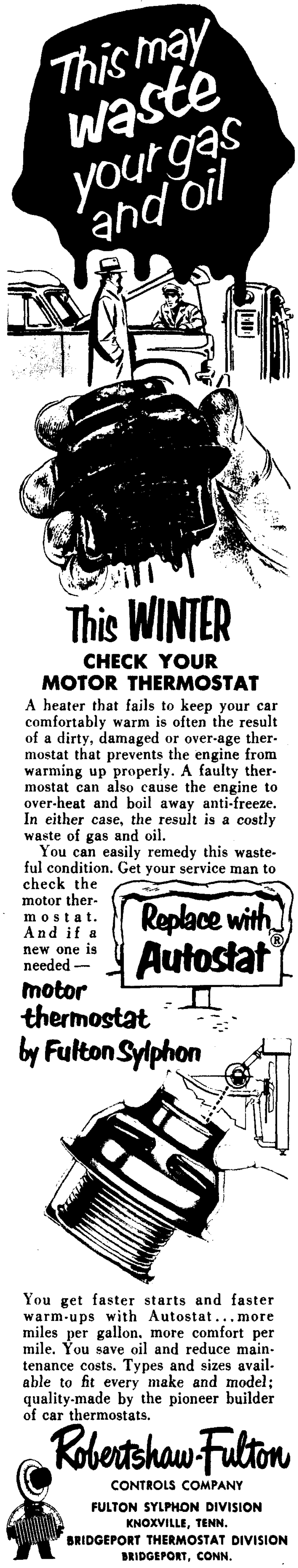

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passed through the vestibule, with its dingy, mustard-colored woodwork. The interior of the church was huge, filled with soft blue shadow. The cool air touched his skin, and his nerves relaxed. He paused for a moment at the head of the long aisle, looking toward the high altar, where the sanctuary lamp gleamed. His right hand moved instinctively to the marble holy-water font, and he made the sign of the cross: “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.”

He had not meant to do that today. He had not come here to pray, nor to confuse issues with prayer. He had come here in doubt, with his nerves taut. He had come here to feel, if there was anything to feel, and he knew what he sought. It was something he could not express in words, but he would recognize it if it were here. If it weren't here now, it would never be—not for him.

He walked down the aisle, and when he paused before a pew just short of the transept he looked up at the dim altar, the gleaming sanctuary lamp, and then he genuflected. That was an act of faith, he thought. I acknowledge the presence of God upon the altar. What other reason could there be for bending my knee?

In the pew, Tom Logan knelt. He stared at the altar. In that moment, it would have been very easy to go back through the years, to respond to an old habit pattern, to start saying the Our Father. He set his lips against it.

He knelt there, looking at the altar. Presently he heard the members of the choir entering the choir loft. He could see them without turning his head. He had been a choirboy once himself, in this church.

THE awareness of human life around him destroyed his mood. He closed his eyes, and the medley of sound increased rather than diminished. Feet scraped, a woman coughed and a man echoed her, someone dropped a rosary and someone else squirmed around on an old pew seat that squeaked and groaned. He opened his eyes. There were many people in the church, and the altar was in mourning. He had not noticed the absence of flowers nor the severe draping before. He was aware suddenly of why there were so many people in the church. They were there for a Mass of Requiem, a funeral Mass.

He would have left immediately, but something held him there. He had come of his own free will, at a time of his own choosing, and under conditions that he himself had laid down. If he walked out, he knew he would never return. Something in his life was suspended in balance.

Then, slowly, the church began to grow quiet. People stopped coughing, whispering and moving about. The growing hush was a tangible thing that spread itself over the pews and rose to the choir loft. Then a voice spoke, the voice of the priest in the vestibule intoning the *De profundis.*

“De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine, Domine, exaudi vocem meam,” he said. (“Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord, Lord, hear my voice.”)

The coffin was placed on the threshold for a few moments while the Church spoke: *“Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat ei.”* (“Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him.”)

The organ joined suddenly, softly, in the appeal to Heaven, and the choir sang the *Subvenite, Sancti Dei.* (“Come to his assistance, ye saints of God.”) The coffin was being carried down the aisle now. An altar boy, bearing a large crucifix, walked slowly at the head of the solemn procession. A woman sobbed.

Tom Logan closed his eyes. He had sung the *Subvenite* often. The people for whom he had sung it were long dead, long forgotten. This choir, too, was a school choir. The Latin sounded strange as it came forth in Spanish accents. It had probably sounded no less strange as the Irish and German voices of his day had intoned it, but the accent did not matter. Wherever in the world, this day, the Church bade farewell to its dead, the words were the same. The words had been the same through centuries, and men were the instruments of those words; the words would survive them.

He kept his eyes closed for several minutes after the choir had stopped singing. When he opened them, the coffin was resting on its carriage at the foot of the aisle between the tall sentinel candles. A military guard of honor knelt stiffly in the pews behind the family. Tom looked at the family, recognizing them, and looked again at the coffin. He knew now whose funeral this was. José Alano had come home from Korea.

He remembered José. He had questioned him several times in the station house and, if he remembered correctly, they had held him overnight a time or two. He remembered no details of the charges, but they had not been serious ones. Now José was a hero. José was dead.

Father John Brennan, vested in black, walked out of the sacristy behind two altar boys, and the congregation rose. There were six lighted candles on the altar. The priest removed his biretta and genuflected. *“In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen,”* he said. This was the beginning of Mass.

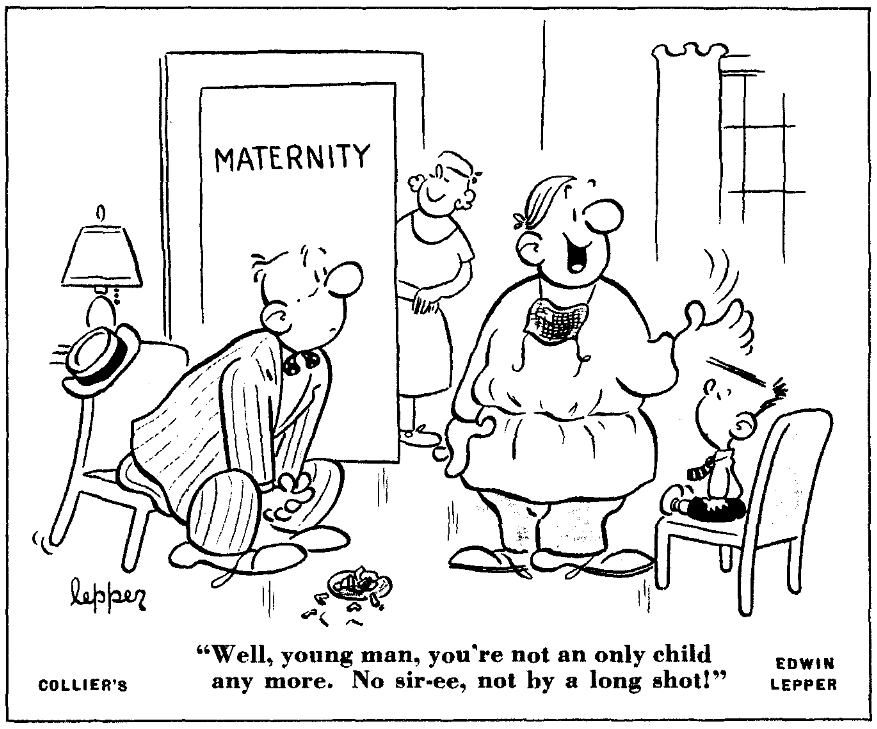
Tom Logan knelt when the congregation knelt, but he offered up none of himself in worship. He did not follow the Mass. In spirit, he was with the choir, singing the responses: *“Suscipiat te Christus qui vocavit te, José Alano.”* (“May Christ receive thee, Who has called thee.”)

The Church, whether José Alano had served it well or badly, was saying a solemn farewell to him. He had been a soldier, but he was not a soldier now. He had been a hero, but the Church made no bows to heroes. He was, as he had been from the beginning, an immortal soul, and for that soul the vested priest recited the ancient liturgy of the Mass, a choir sang supplications. Emperors had died and had lain, as José Alano lay, in an aisle before a high altar—popes and cardinals, bishops and kings—and none of them exceeded in dignity this boy of the Second Precinct who had died in Korea. They all stood, stripped of the flesh and its honors, before the throne of God, and the interceding voice of the church was raised for them: *“Requiescat in pace.”*

THE music and the voices and the sonorous rhythms of Latin became the accompaniment of Tom Logan's thought. He looked at the black vestments of the priest, the yellow candles burning, and he thought of the phrases of the Mass of Requiem—awesome phrases, some of them. He accepted the fact that he was a realist, and that a policeman's work required of him that he be no less; but here was stark realism under the beauty of liturgy, the sad sweetness of young voices. Before José Alano's family and his friends, above his body, the Church donned no mantle of hypocrisy, no vestment of pretense. The ritual was not designed to honor a saint. This was a Mass of Intercedence for one who had sinned. Black was not the color of sainthood, of death into glory; it was the color of sin, of penance. *“Si iniquitates observavaris, Domine: Domine, quis sustinebit?”* (“If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?”)

On a Monday or Tuesday the remains of Carmelita Garcia would be brought to the church. Tom Logan glanced at the coffin in the aisle. José Alano could not have understood his death any more than Carmelita Garcia had understood hers. The lust and hatred that walked in the world was not of God, but against Him, and against the slayer no less than against the slain. *“Libera nos a malo, Amen.”*

You came here seeking one thing in which you could believe, Tom Logan said to himself. Do you believe in death? The lifeless body of José Alano lay within a few feet of him, and only a few hours ago he had seen the small body of Carmelita Garcia. The answer to that question was very simple. No, he thought. I do not believe in death.



COLLIER'S “Well, young man, you're not an only child any more. No sir-ee, not by a long shot!” EDWIN LEPPER

He was kneeling in a house of souls. Millions of Requiem Masses had been said before millions of altars down through the long centuries; not one of them had been said for a body. The body was an empty house when the Church prayed above it, but the man, the woman, or the child still lived. The Mass today, and all that was said or sung, bore testimony to life and denied death.

". . . et omnis qui vivit, et credit in me, non morietur in aeternum. Credis hoc?" (". . . and everyone that liveth, and believeth in Me, shall not die forever. Believest thou this?") The priest read that question in the gospel of the Mass for the dead. Tom Logan recognized it for what it was. There could be only a simple answer to that question, an answer without qualification. One answered it yes, or one answered it no.

The church was silent again. There was a moment of held breath, a moment of anticipation, and then came the three silver, chiming notes: *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.* The Consecration, the most solemn sequence of the Mass, was beginning.

Tom watched the vested figure at the altar, the hands that hovered reverently above the chalice, then slowly moved apart. That priest was a man he knew, a man named John Brennan, with whom he had talked many times. There was nothing extraordinary about John Brennan. He was not impressive in his appearance or his personality; he was a rather homely man, kindly but not dynamic. There was no apostolic glory about him, nothing to kindle a belief in miracles. It was not possible to meet him and accept that sweeping statement: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." With that behind him, he should move in an aura of power and command. Even a district attorney, if he were a good one, carried that intangible authority in his bearing that was lacking in Father John Brennan, lacking in most priests.

Either make the tree good, and its fruit good: or make the tree evil, and its fruit evil. For by the fruit the tree is known.

Matthew XII: 33

The church was completely quiet now. Tom ached with the intensity of his own concentration upon the altar. He saw the priest and the kneeling altar boys in sharp, clear outline. The priest seemed to move in slow motion as he made the sign of the cross over the Host. His voice rose again, and the silver chimes sounded. *"Hoc est enim corpus Meum,"* the priest said. ("For This is My body.")

The priest knelt, and then raised up the Host, newly consecrated. The words of Jesus Christ were on his lips as he obeyed that solemn injunction of the upper room in Jerusalem: "Do this in commemoration of Me. . . . Take and eat ye all of this. For This is My body. . . ."

Tom Logan's throat felt dry. He had come here to ask questions of God, and he had stayed to find the answers. Had he just witnessed a miracle, or had he not? The humble figure at the altar was no longer the man one met on the street; he was either the initiate of the great mystery, or a mummer performing an empty ritual.

In a few moments the silver chimes sounded again, and the priest knelt, elevating the chalice. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Second Person of the Holy Trinity, Redeemer of the World, was now present upon the altar under the semblance of bread and wine—or He was not. There was no compromise, no perhaps or maybe. The question hung there in the echo of the chimes. *Credis hoc?* (Believest thou this?)

A man kneeling in a pew could not evade that question. He must answer it yes or no.

Tom was keenly aware that the Roman Catholic Church, all that it taught and all that it claimed, rested on these few minutes in the Mass. It rested upon the power in the anointed hands of a humble human being named John Brennan. If the miracle of transubstantiation did not occur upon its altars, then the Church might as well abandon the Vatican and the claim to authority in matters of faith and morals. If God were not present upon the altar at this moment of the Consecration, then the presence of José Alano's body at the Mass was a mockery; the Mass itself was a mere pageant, performed daily without sense or reason or purpose, in every part of the world.

The priest at the altar was praying over the chalice. If the Miracle of the Eucharist were mere pantomime, then he and all like him, bound by the vows of celibacy, were dedicated in mind and thought and deed to the service of nothing. The apostolic succession, the laying on of hands and the anointing, the transmission of spiritual powers, which had continued in an unbroken line for two thousand years, was an empty farce, an elaborate chain of conveyance for the conveying of empty words.

Out of the gospel for the Mass of the dead, the persistent voice asked the question, *"Credis hoc?"* Christ, walking in Galilee, had prepared the ages for that question. He had said: "Unless ye eat My flesh and drink My blood, ye shall not have life in ye."

"Believest thou this?"

The chimes sounded again, and as Tom bowed his head, he said softly with the priest, *"Domine, non sum dignus."* ("Lord, I am not worthy.")

HE DID not know when the Mass ended, and he was not aware that the priest had come down for the final absolution above the body of José Alano until the choir chanted the awesome *Dies irae.* The body would soon be taken from the church and would be on its way to the grave. The soul stood before the judgment seat of God. The choir could cry out this last time for mercy: *"Dona ei requiem, Amen."*

For a long time after the mourners and the friends had departed, Tom Logan stayed in the pew kneeling. The perfume of wax tapers lingered in the church, but the altar was dark except for the glowing sanctuary lamp above it. José Alano had completed his short walk into eternity. The sunlight streamed through stained glass across the empty pews. Tom got to his feet finally, and when he genuflected he made the sign of the cross.

He walked up the aisle and out of the church, and he did not see the girl who had followed him in and knelt in the second pew behind him. But on the front steps of St. Edmund's he hesitated, and Vicky stepped up beside him. "Tom, why?" she asked.

The question did not seem strange to him. "I needed help," he said.

—WILLIAM E. BARRETT

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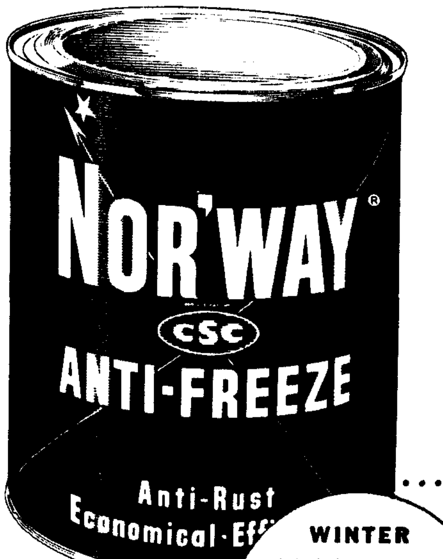

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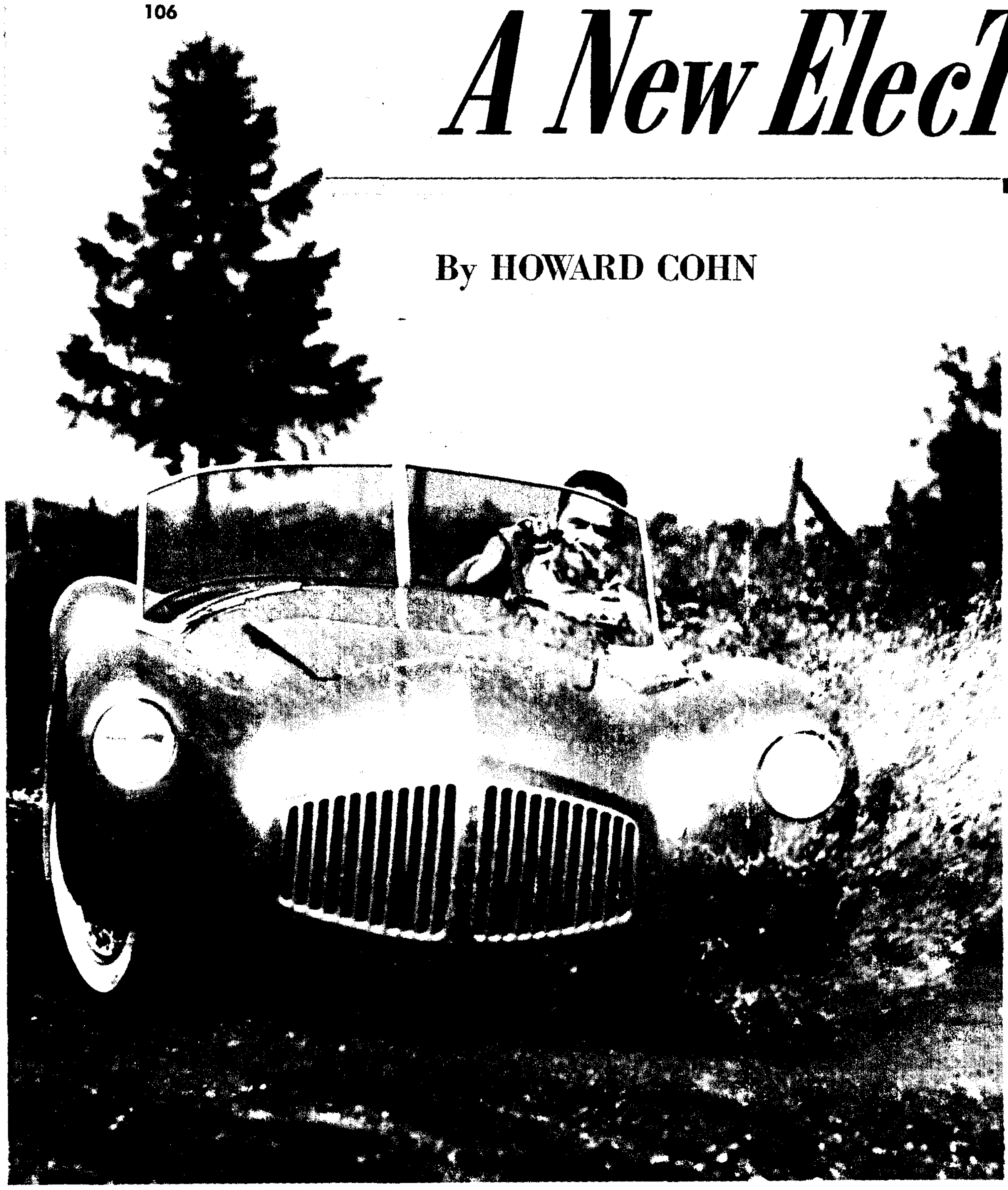

Inventor Gerald Banning takes his Mota car around a curve. Only the right rear wheel is attached to the motor, but the experimental model has plenty of zip. Below, stripped of its gleaming cover, the auto provides a power demonstration by pulling three huge trucks

> *"I'm going to build an electric runabout, Dad . . ."*
>
> *"Hum," remarked Mr. Swift musingly. " I don't take much stock in electric autos, Tom. Gasolene seems to be the best, or perhaps steam, generated by gasolene. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. All the electric runabouts I ever saw, while they were very nice cars, didn't seem to be able to go very fast or very far."*
>
> —TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC RUNABOUT, VICTOR APPLETON, 1910.

TOM SWIFT, of course, went on to build a super runabout, despite his father's misgivings. And in the final chapter of the book, the young inventor dramatically piloted his electric car to victory and a $3,000 prize in the big race.

But outside the pages of fiction, the senior Swift's musings proved unhappily correct for thousands of people who believed around the turn of the century that electricity would be the best possible substitute for the horse in the horseless carriage. They learned that the storage batteries which supplied power for almost all of the electric cars had serious limitations. Not only were the batteries heavy and space-consuming, but they didn't provide enough current to threaten even the lowest speed limits. Furthermore, every few miles they had to be recharged.

By 1912, there was only one electric auto on the road for every 1,000 gasoline cars. Fifteen years later the electric-car market was as dead as a blown fuse.

But today, a new and startlingly different electric car has made its debut on the American road —or, to be more accurate, on a limited number of highways in and around a Michigan town with the unusual name of Zilwaukee. Mechanically, the new car bears no more resemblance to the electric runabouts of Tom Swift's day than it does to the gas-powered automobiles that dot the parkways now. It has no complicated gears, no transmission, no drive shaft, and just a wisp of a rear axle. Yet it provides such amazing power and potential economy that, despite some bugs, it could be a prototype of the car of the future.

Called the Mota, the new electric automobile is a strictly experimental model that was designed and virtually hand-built by Gerald Banning, a thirty-five-year-old inventor and correspondence-school-trained electrical engineer. At the last International Motor Sports Show in New York, the first public showing of the car won Banning an award for "the most unique and advanced concept of automotive engineering in the field . . ."

Unlike the somber, black victorias of the past, Gerald Banning's electric car is as dynamic-looking as a springboard. Minus its bronze Fiberglas body, the Mota resembles a stripped-down, low-slung racer. With the gleaming shell on, it looks like the sleek sports cars now dotting U.S. highways in increasing numbers.

The car as it now stands is very heavy. Banning and the 17 mechanics he employs put the chassis together with whatever material they could find

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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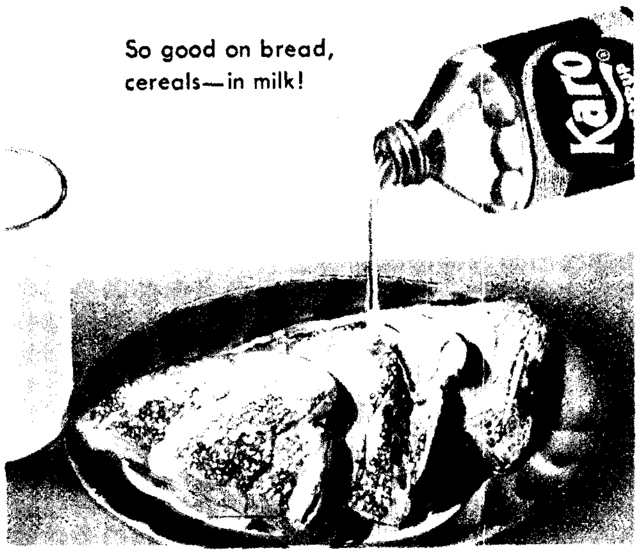

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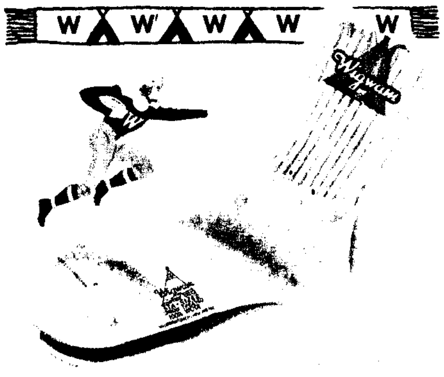

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around his shop. It turned out to be mostly heavy steel, so the automobile weighs 4,500 pounds, about the same as a medium-sized truck. Despite this great weight, the car has no trouble hitting 60 miles an hour on the open road. Starting from a dead stop, it has towed three mammoth trailer trucks weighing a total of 32 tons. Once, for a test, Banning blocked the front wheels to keep the car from moving, then gave it the gun. He literally burned the rubber off the right rear wheel, the only one connected to the motor.

How the Power Is Generated

All that power comes from an alternating-current electric motor with only 20 horsepower—compared with the 75 to 200 horsepower required for most conventional cars. Every electric motor must have a source of current; the old-time runabouts used batteries, and your household vacuum cleaner plugs into a wall socket. But Banning wanted to dispense with the troublesome batteries, and of course he couldn't use power-company current in a moving automobile. So he installed a generator to provide current for his motor, and a little four-cylinder gasoline engine to provide power for the generator. The only operating cost of his car is for gasoline to work the generator—and that comes to about two gallons an hour, regardless of the car's speed.

Why did it take so many years to find the secret of a practical electric car? The answer, Banning contends, lies in the limitations of standard electric motors. "You need a small motor that can provide a variety of speeds and has a compact, long-lasting source of current. The electric motors in general use today don't meet these requirements. There are motors which can provide a variety of speeds, but they're big, expensive and complicated."

Banning began work on the problem during World War II. His goal was to produce an inexpensive alternating-current motor that could operate at all speeds and would have the same horsepower output at 300 revolutions per minute as at 1,800. By 1946 he was on the track of what he now calls Polade Power. Here's how it works:

Banning started with a conventional electric motor of a type consisting of a rotor spinning at 1,800 revolutions per minute inside a fixed frame. The rotor could be hooked up to any piece of machinery to make it run. Then he made one major change: he freed the previously stationary frame, permitting it to spin, too. So he had, in effect, one rotor inside another. So long as the outside rotor, or frame, stays still the motor is like a conventional one-speed 1,800 rpm machine. But suppose you spin the frame at 100 revolutions per minute in the opposite direction; then, for all practical purposes, the inside rotor slows down 100 revolutions. Spinning the outside rotor at 1,500 rpm would slow the inside rotor to 300, and so on.

And that's the secret of Banning's new motor. By using two spinning parts, one inside the other, he is able to regulate the speed of his car. He controls the degree of spin by hydraulic pressure, adjusting the pressure with valves.

Visiting engineers have called Banning's principle an important new development in the field of electric power. The inventor himself, an effervescent, stocky young man with a crew haircut and thin mustache, is less modest. He thinks Polade Power is revolutionary.

Banning's engineering background is practical, rather than theoretical. His only formal training has come from correspondence courses. But his father had an electrical shop, and the son says now that "it seems I've been winding electric motors since I was seven years old." After high school, Banning worked for his father, then spent four years knocking about the various industries in and around neighboring Saginaw. "In each job," he says, "I got acquainted with different machines and tools. I never stayed in a job for more than seven months, but I wasn't fired from any of them." By 1938, Banning was in business for himself, rewinding electric motors and doing occasional experimental work for such major concerns as General Motors.

Banning has never thought of Polade Power principally as a source of motivation for passenger automobiles. His primary interest has been in industrial applications. Three years ago, he persuaded the Saginaw Foundries Company, which makes steel castings, to use three of his experimental electric motors on a huge ten-ton crane. This first commercial test of the Polade Power principle has been a success, although Lenwell Cline, the assistant general manager of Foundries, complains that the inventor tends to neglect a specific motor once he feels he has proved his point.

"The motors have worked well," Cline says, "but in recent months we've had a little trouble with the control system. There really isn't much wrong; if Banning would come around and give us a little maintenance once in a while, the motors would work even better."

One reason the inventor hasn't been around very often is that he and his men have been working into the early hours of the morning building the pilot motors which he hopes will mean riches for him—and for the 160 other stockholders who helped him organize Banning Electrical Products Corporation.

Other Firms Will Do the Selling

The general financial plan is for Banning to design and build Polade Power motors with specific purposes in mind, then turn the sales rights over to outside companies. In return, Banning Electrical Products will get a sum of money, guaranteed royalties on future sales of the motor, and a contract to engineer—and in some cases manufacture—the motors that will be evolved from the pilot models.

The sales rights to three types of Polade Power motors—for passenger elevators, shipboard applications and small hoists—already have been sold, and Banning also is making winch motors for the U.S. Navy.

The rights to still another type of motor will stay right in Saginaw. Howard Doss, a Banning stockholder who is president of a firm which makes house trailers, already has put his money down for control of a power wheel that Banning wants to develop. The inventor's plan is to house a Polade Power electric motor *inside* a wheel, thus providing a vehicle with tremendous direct power and traction. Doss plans to adapt the wheel to farm tractors, heavy trucks and perhaps military tanks.

It was while trying to develop the power wheel that Banning got started on his electric car: the new wheel will get its electricity from a gasoline-driven generator and the inventor needed something on which to test the principle.

Banning is the first to admit that his

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Many medical men now agree that Psoriasis is caused by certain internal disorders which, when treated *internally* by *harmless* glandular substances, can be cleared up amazingly...so amazingly that clinical results show this wonder treatment completely successful in an astonishing number of cases; with even stubborn lesions of long standing alleviated to an almost unbelievable degree. Called LIPAN, this new treatment is so different that its name is registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Guaranteed absolutely harmless, over 8,000,000 LIPAN units have been sold to date. Ask your druggist for LIPAN or write direct for free booklet. Or send for month's supply (180 tablets) enclosing check or money order for $8.50. **SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. C-10, Waterbury, Conn.**

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Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

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present electric car is far from a finished product. "Ideally," he says, "it should have one 10-horsepower electric motor mounted beside each rear wheel. But since we built it with our own money, we had to cut corners sharply. We hooked up just the one 20-horse motor on the right rear wheel because it was the only one around that we could spare. The chassis is welded out of some old heavy steel we had around the shop, and instead of trying to cover the hydraulic pipes that regulate motor speed, we left them unconcealed. At that, the car has cost us $15,000 and 2,500 man-hours to build. And we haven't finished tinkering with it."

Because Banning and his men are still tinkering, the Mota changes appearance almost daily. In all its versions it's crude—in looks (under its Fiberglas shell) and in operation. Banning believes he could build a Polade-powered car that would equal the record bursts of speed the old Stanley Steamers used to provide. Once it had the steam, a Stanley Steamer could accelerate from zero to 60 miles an hour in 220 feet. But with the present Mota, acceleration to that speed takes more like 2,200 feet.

The reason for the delay lies in the valves that control the hydraulic pumps—and therefore the speed of the car. Banning has been unable to buy satisfactory automatic electric valves, so he uses valves that are turned by hand—the same type you have on the hose spigot in your back yard. There are six in all, and Banning says, "I'm kept so busy turning valves I feel like a gardener regulating a sprinkler system.

"But," he adds, "in my electric car of the future there will be just one little lever on the dashboard for forward, and one for reverse. When I want to go forward, I'll just press the proper lever and step on the gas."

Despite his emphasis on what he hopes to do in the future, Banning is proud of the present car and its performance. Actually, part of the credit for converting the dream of a new electric car into a reality belongs to radio and television comedian Herb Shriner, a devoted automobile enthusiast. When Shriner heard early this year about Banning's project, he insisted that the inventor exhibit the car at the International Motor Sports Show in New York, which Shriner was sponsoring.

Shriner's Confidence Justified

The Mota was in select company. The show, which was held last April, featured such prize exhibits as a 1912 Rolls-Royce and a $29,000 Spanish Pegaso. "Not only did the electric car win Banning a prize for advanced engineering thinking," says Shriner now, with the happy air of having spotted a winner, "but it turned out to be the most popular attraction in the show."

Banning hasn't yet decided what the future of his electric car will be. He's received a few nibbles from sports-car manufacturers who want to purchase the rights to the motor, and he's inclined to believe he will accept one of them. "We've proved our principle," he says. "Now I'd like to see a more advanced version of the Mota in limited production as a sports car."

About the only complaint Banning has at the moment is the traditional inventors' lament that "some people just can't see the importance of what's been accomplished."

Last spring, after months of work, the car finally was made ready for the trip to New York. Wire wheels were substituted for the old ones, and the gleaming Fiberglas body was fitted over the scarred handmade chassis. The handful of mechanics who had spent so many long hours helping Banning put the car together joined him to look over the results. "Boy, what a job," said one of his men proudly. "Just think what it could do if only it had a Cadillac motor." ▲▲▲

Next in Collier's

November 13 Issue on Sale October 30

A Polygamist's Story

Why Does A Man Marry More Than One Woman?

A member of the controversial Short Creek polygamist community, charged with breaking Arizona law, tells of his life with five wives and 20 curly-haired youngsters, and the personal disaster that followed his arrest. He makes an earnest, disturbing plea for the right to live and worship as his own conscience dictates

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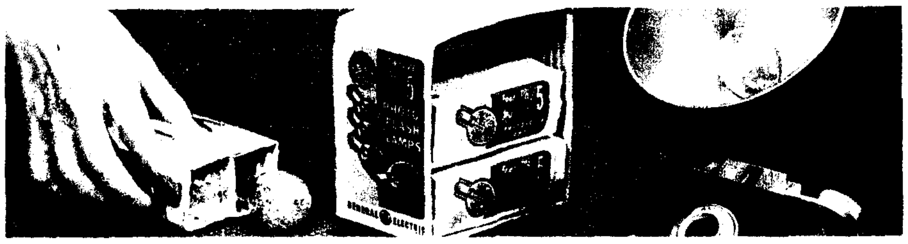

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Collier's Editorials

HARRY DEVLIN

Old Bluenose Rides Again

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT was repealed 20 years ago—on the ground, that is. But up above, in the wild bluenosed yonder, prohibition is still in force. We can't figure why it should be, and apparently the Civil Aeronautics Board can't either. At least the CAB has washed its hands of one domestic airline's complaint that another line is serving drinks illegally to passengers over seven of the ten states where the two companies share routes in common. Airline A wants to be allowed to serve drinks, too, or else it wants Airline B to cease and desist. Airline B says the charges are unfounded. The CAB says the matter is up to the states.

Without trying to judge the merits of the complaint, we would like to say that the whole situation which brought about the complaint seems unrealistic and downright silly. The seven states in question which prohibit airborne drinking—and there are many others—permit the sale of liquor within their terrestrial borders. Of course there are communities in some of the states which are dry by local option. But local option is, after all, local. It is confined to a community. We don't see why it should be the basis for a state-decreed prohibition law affecting interstate commerce. And we don't see how the most ardent teetotaler could be shocked, insulted, injured or otherwise demoralized by the fact that a stranger, traveling at 250-or-so miles an hour a mile or two in the air, might happen to have a drink in his hand when his plane flies over a local-option town.

Domestic and foreign airlines have been serving drinks to overseas passengers for years, and our check with those lines reveals no record of trouble with over-imbibers.

We believe that the legislatures of states which ban the serving of liquor over their territory might do well to reflect that prohibition is no longer a national law. As a matter of principle and realism, we would be happy to see them repeal the prudish technicalities of their present laws and let the airlines serve a drink to them as wants one.

We Can Prosper in Peace

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY is sound and healthy, and the cutbacks in defense contracts which followed the Korean truce are not going to bring on a recession. At least that's the preponderant view of key persons in industry, agriculture and labor interviewed in a recent nation-wide survey by The New York Times. But the optimistic view is by no means unanimous. There seem to be many who fear an increase in unemployment or a "psychological recession."

We recall when war was considered wasteful of money and productivity, as well as of lives. We also recall the slogan, Peace and Prosperity. We still think it's a sensible slogan, but apparently there are some people who have yet to be sold on this newfangled old idea.

Truth Shall Set Us Free

AMONG THE NUMEROUS LETTERS which Collier's received regarding Bill Davidson's recent article, Kinsey: On the Difference Between Men and Women, were some which objected to its publication. Other magazines and newspapers which published syntheses of the new Kinsey Report had a similar experience. The purpose of this editorial is to try to clear up some prevalent misconceptions of the work and purpose of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates.

Many readers have made the mistake of thinking that Dr. Kinsey is editorializing or expressing his personal convictions in his report, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female. But a careful reading of Mr. Davidson's article will show that any conclusions Dr. Kinsey reaches are based on the experiences of the almost 6,000 women whom he and his staff interviewed, and on the answers they gave to the questionnaire which is the basis of the report.

Sexual behavior, though automatic or instinctive in nonhuman forms of life, is a most complex aspect of the human personality. It is the source not only of happiness but of a vast amount of confusion and misery. Ignorance of the subject has been aggravated by centuries of myths, taboos and contradictions. Yet, before Kinsey, sexual behavior had been investigated only to a limited and largely personally opinionated degree.

This neglect is strange, for science does not say, "There are some things that people just don't talk about." If the inquiring, scientific mind had adopted that attitude through the ages, we should still be living in caves. What exists in nature exists to be studied and explained and used.

Sexual behavior exists as a universal phenomenon. Dr. Kinsey did not invent it. He did not invent immorality or promiscuity. He does not advocate immorality or promiscuity, as many readers seem to think. He has simply conducted the most careful and extensive research ever done on his subject.

The present survey, like his earlier Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, was intended primarily for the use of physicians, psychologists, sociologists and members of similar professions. It was not due to any ballyhoo that the first report, issued routinely by a staid publishing house, suddenly became a best seller.

Dr. Kinsey has been accused of anti-Christianity, of corrupting the morals of youth and of many other despicable sins. And he will doubtless be discounted and disputed by some other scientists. That is to be expected. Darwin and Freud received the same treatment, and worse. But they altered the thinking of mankind and, by presenting a new concept of human origin and human behavior, stimulated later study which today advances toward still limitless horizons.

Dr. Kinsey's work is in a smaller sphere. His findings are incomplete. Yet his labors cannot but help others whose professional concern is with mental and physical well-being, with domestic relations and with better social care and social legislation. They can help bring enlightenment to the general public.

We believe that, in spite of present shocks and protests, the years will show that Dr. Kinsey and his staff have made an important contribution to the sum of man's understanding and happiness.

Which Old Fashioned has the Calvert?

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING! You'd like to pick up each of these glasses from the page and take a sip. Then you could easily pick the mellower Calvert Old Fashioned.

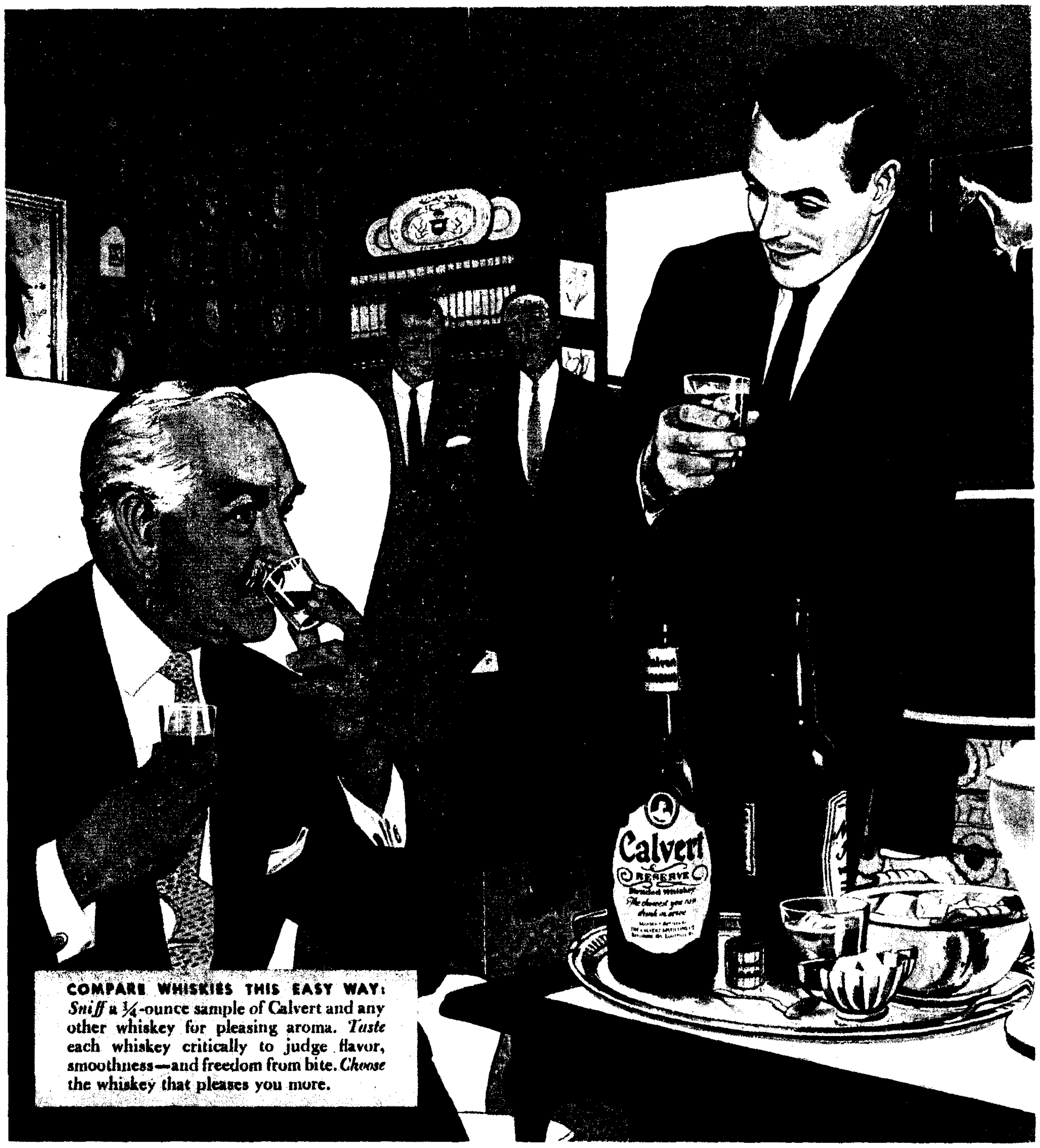
We're sure that you'd agree with us that there is a big difference—and the difference is in the whiskey.

That's why we suggest you compare brands—test Calvert against your present whiskey like the man in the picture at the right.

Once you do, we're certain that your next Old Fashioned, or any whiskey drink, will be the one that has the smoother, better-tasting Calvert.

* * *

TEST BEFORE—AND ENJOY THIS OLD FASHIONED MORE! Into an Old Fashioned glass place: 1 lump sugar, 2 dashes bitters, splash of soda. Muddle. Add ice, orange slice, cherry. Fill with smooth Calvert, stir and enjoy!



COMPARE WHISKIES THIS EASY WAY: *Sniff* a ¼-ounce sample of Calvert and any other whiskey for pleasing aroma. *Taste* each whiskey critically to judge flavor, smoothness—and freedom from bite. *Choose* the whiskey that pleases you more.

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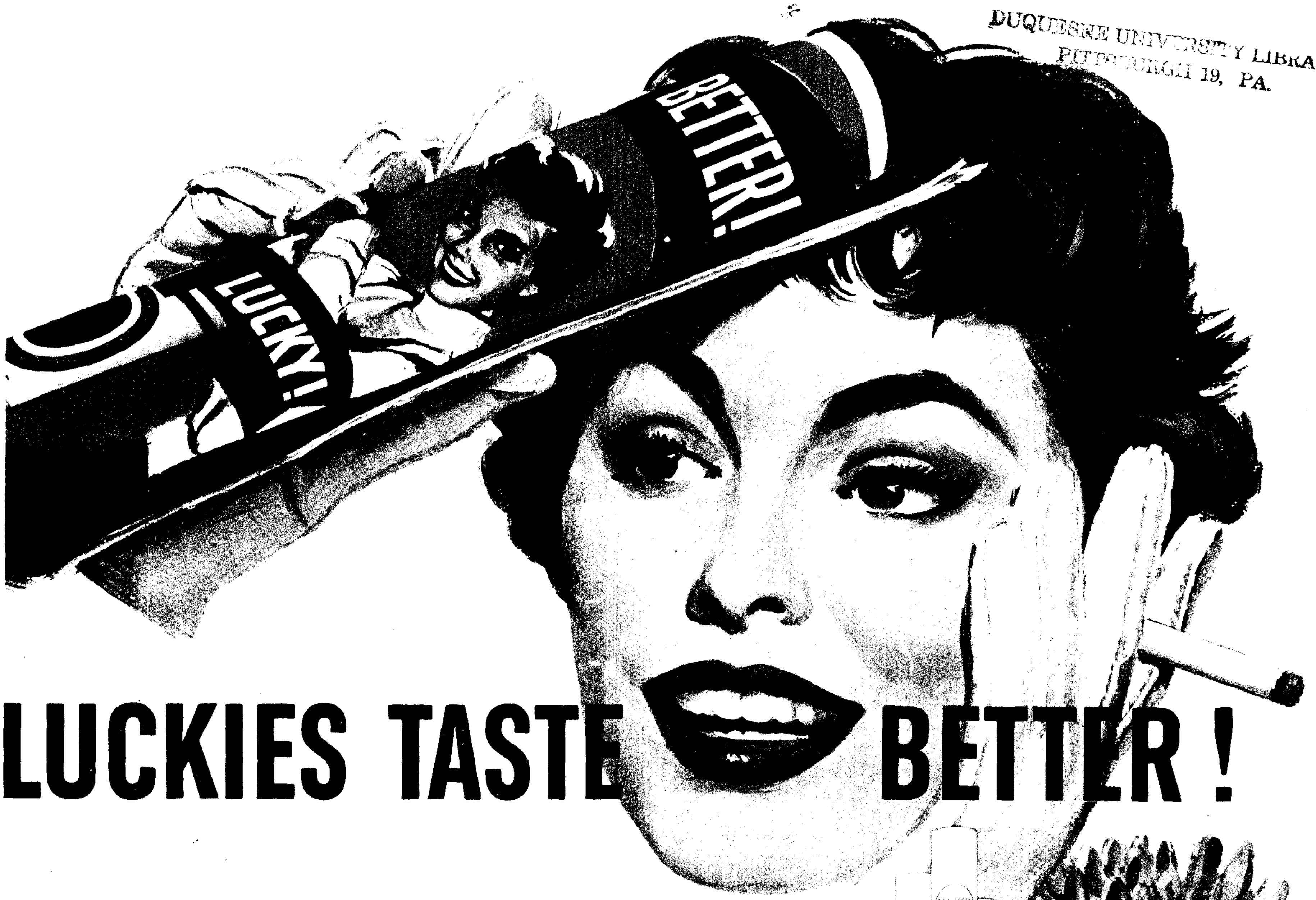
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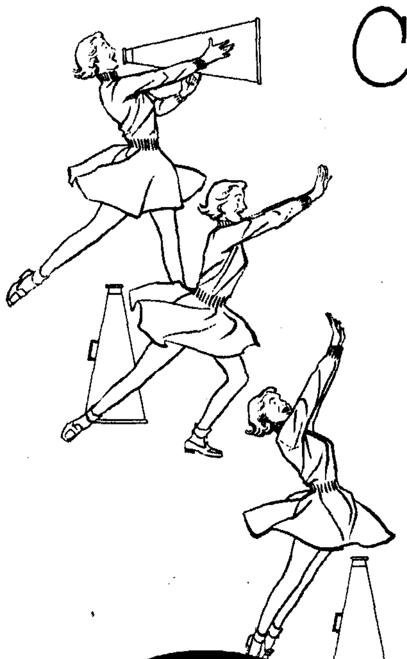

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But actually, there's only one good reason for smoking a cigarette—*enjoyment*. And you get enjoyment from only one thing—the *taste* of a cigarette.

Luckies taste better . . . for two reasons. They're made of fine tobacco—fine, light, mild tobacco—and they're *made* better. It's as simple as that.

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